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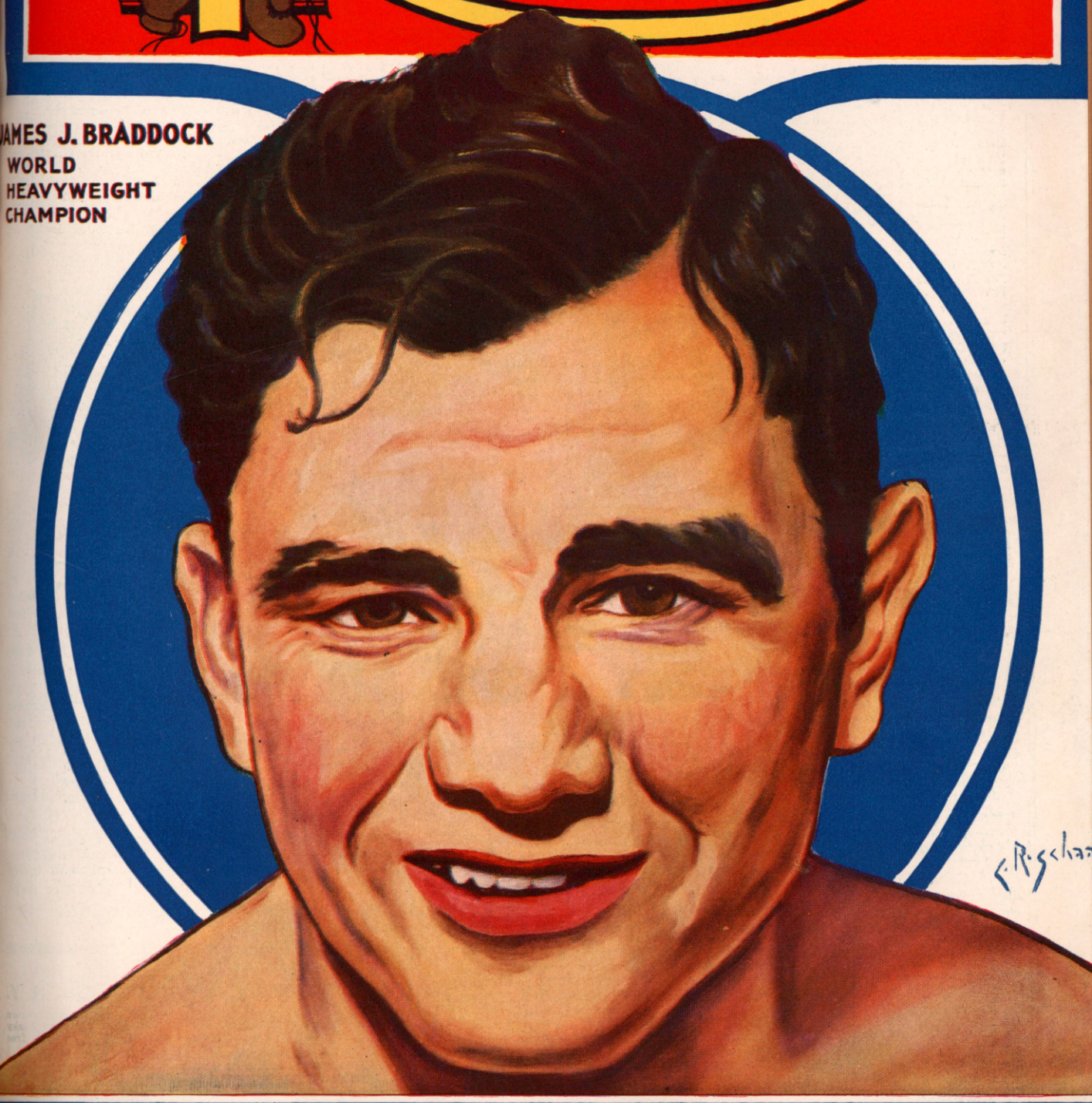

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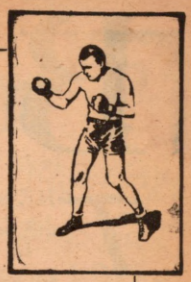

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In Our Next Issue

The heavyweight championship fight reviewed in stories and pictures. As in the past, THE RING'S staff will handle the heavyweight championship contest from every angle. Our staff camera men will be on the scene to snap the thrilling action and the August issue will have considerable of its space devoted to a pictorial resume of Braddock's defense of his crown. In no other publication will you obtain as complete a report both pictorially and editorially as in THE RING.

The question of Negro supremacy in boxing has reached the stage where it is now a common topic for discussion. Joe Louis' rise and that of John Henry Lewis, his rival in the fistic spotlight, has created a new incentive for the lads of the colored race who enter the field of pugilism.

The Negro in Boxing is thoroughly covered in an article that will interest you—"THE SONS OF HAM IN BOXING".

These are only two of the special features which will also include "IN-FIGHTING A LOST ART" by Murray Lewin; "GANG WARS AND POLITICS IN BOXING" by George T. Pardy; "THE GLOBE TROTTER", by Daniel M. Daniel; and Hype Igoe's interesting contribution on heavyweights.

Continued appearance of veteran boxers in ring battles has again raised the question of "Punch Drunk Fighters" by the medical profession. In "RING TRAGEDY", Nat Fleischer analyses the situation and tells how this serious problem can be overcome.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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BRADDOCK'S

THE bell rings on Comiskey Park and Jim Braddock and Joe Louis glide toward the center—and each other!

In my opinion, the story of that Chicago fight will be told in the first solid blow landed by either man.

Who will throw the first telling punch? Braddock is a quick finisher if he connects with his right. Louis is a human threshing machine if he can score with his left hook right off the bat.

Consider the case and the cause of Braddock. He is fighting for a life-long nest egg.

No living man, not even Max Schmeling, the man shunted, decries Jim's getting the promised $500,000 out of this meeting with the Brown Bomber. No member of the New York State Athletic Commission begrudges Braddock's coming into his own, though, officially, they may rant and rave about breach of contracts and public belittling of their efforts to bring about a title bout between Max Schmeling and the champion.

It is the general opinion that Braddock is playing it safe so far as that nest egg is concerned. He and his advisors are convinced that he is taking the only way out.

Those who might condemn Braddock and Joe Gould, his manager, for an obvious "run-out" on Schmeling, scarcely realize to what tremendous proportions the boycott against Schmeling has grown. To attempt the promotion of a Braddock and Schmeling bout, would be folly, his advisors insist, unless of course Madison Square Garden insisted on going through with it as a matter of principle. Financially it would be a fluke venture. Madison Square Garden was conscious of all this when, under cover, its executive force tried hard to swing the bout to Germany.

* * *

BRADDOCK, in my opinion would stand a better chance of whipping Schmeling than he would Louis. Styles would be the dominating factor.

Ordinary spar boys, the fourth rate, great unknowns of the ring, told us over and over again that Louis "was a sucker for a right hand cross." They were in there with him, day in and day out and KNEW!

One sparring partner told us one day before the Bomber's disastrous meeting with Schmeling that he, the spar mate, would go out there and "pop Louis on the jaw eight times without a return."

Sure enough, he went out and did exactly as he said he would. It so happened that I was in Schmeling's camp at the time, I was told of the incident after the defeat of Louis. Had I seen the demonstration I certainly would have checked Schmeling's chances, a great right hand hitter, with what the spar fellow had disclosed. If he could land in that fashion, why not Schmeling, a vastly superior hitter? I would have picked Herr Max.

Louis had been built up sky high. I'm afraid a lot of us were swayed by what he had done to opposition in previous fights and in previous training camps.

There isn't a question in the world that Louis shirked serious training. I know he did. He, like pretty nearly every man in the world thought that Schmeling would be a push over. Why kill himself with training?—thought Joe to himself. I saw him deliberately defy Jack Blackburn, his faithful old trainer and refuse to leave the golf links at Lakewood, N. J., when Jack drove up in a car to remind him that it was a day set aside for complete rest. Of course I was glad that Joe did buck over the traces because I was playing him a dollar a hole at the time and I had him four down.

Louis was slow and fought a surprisingly stupid fight against Schmeling. Max told me the next day that contrary to the belief of the critics, that a right hand punch, landed just before the first round ended and not one which hit the "button" in the second, sealed Joe's doom.

"I knew he was mine when I landed that punch near the end of the first round," said Max. "His body quivered under it and I sensed that he wouldn't get over the effects of the blow. He never really did. I took my time with a dangerous man and knocked the dangerous man out."

Just to convince myself, I went to the movies of that fight four different times and the more often I saw them, just so certain was I that Schmeling was right. It was a devilish blow and Louis had been drilled to the marrow. Few of us noted the effects of the blow or made much of its landing for the simple reason that we were all watching Louis and wondering just what sort of a punch Joe was going to land to bring the German down inside of a round or two. It wasn't what Schmeling did; it was what Joe was GOING to do.

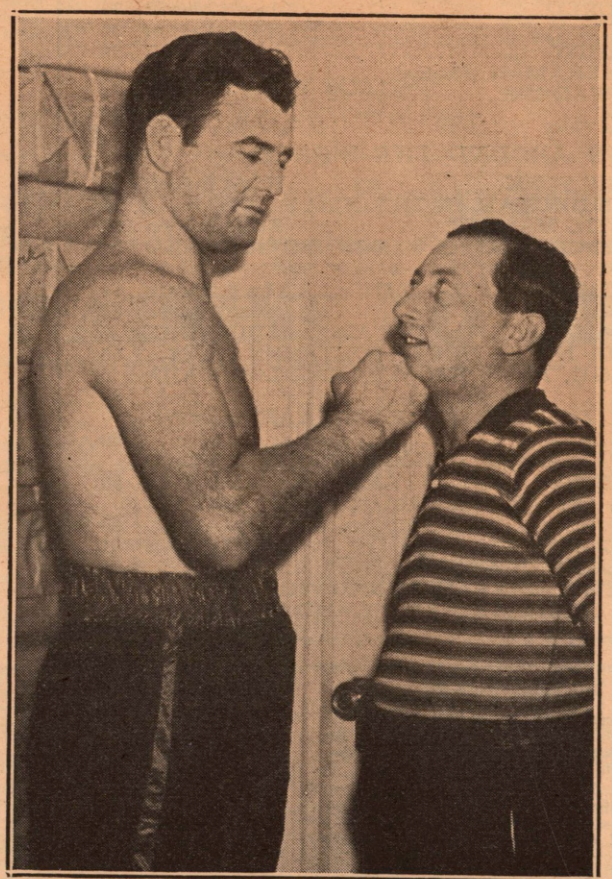
* * *

BRADDOCK is an old-school fighter, seasoned, tough, and endowed with a fighting heart of gold. Fear is no part of his make-up. He will go into the fight realizing that he could, by some slip, be knocked out! What of it? He would have in hand by then, just what he is going after—THE MONEY!

He will be a free-and-easy defender because, while he doesn't expect to lose, he will have no regrets if he does. This angle, to my way of thinking, will make for a better fight and a greater opportunity for Jim to win.

Why? Simple enough. He won't be burdened with the fear that his title is about to slip through his fingers. He will be able to gamble, be free to let them go every-which-way-for-Sunday and this turning loose may send him in to land a right-hand knockout.

Just a word about Jim's boxing as compared to Joe's. Jim whipped John Henry Lewis, the present light-heavyweight champion of the world. John Henry is the best boxer-hitter to come along in twenty years! Jim whipped Art Lasky, top challenger. Jim made Max Baer and his great right hand punch look like a selling plater when Jim took Baer's heavyweight title. Baer had fought inspiringly against Schmeling and Carnera, both of whom he knocked out in swash-buckling fashion. Baer was magnificent on those nights, downright ordinary when he faced Braddock, who could FIGHT, could HIT, could



Champion and Manager Joe Gould. Note the waist line and body build up of Braddock in this recent picture as compared to the picture of Jimmy when he beat Baer.

CASE

BLOCK, could PACE himself, could PLACE HIS FIGHTING HEART ON THE LINE!!

* * *

NO matter who defeats Braddock, now or ever, he will have to whip his heart first and his body afterwards.

Louis is a young challenger, perhaps the youngest in all the history of the ring. Naturally he wants to be the second man of his race to win the title, if only to edge Jack Johnson's achievement off the ring's history pages. Johnson hates Louis and Louis hates Johnson. Johnson has gone so far as to offer his services to Braddock, promising to show him how to cinch victory. I don't think anyone will be able to improve on Jim's technique. He says he will out-game Louis, make a youthful challenger come to respect old age and a King of Fistiana.

What effect has two years of the "Life o' Reilly" had on Jim's stamina, his speed and his self reliance?

Jim has always been a waiter. Opportunity seldom backed him to the wall. He has had to linger for his. Actually he gave up the ring and was lumping on the New York docks when Gould opened the way for a "comeback." Comeback it was, startling, breath-taking and glamorous. Damon Runyon calls him the "Cinderella Man" of Fisticuffs. Certainly no heavyweight champion ever walked out of the old chimney place and into the ermine robes of supremacy as he did.

* * *

ON government relief, his first act, and so characteristic of him, was to refund Uncle Sam out of his first title earnings. Since winning the title and not a great deal of money, Braddock and Gould have lived mostly on borrowed money. It is said that Gould has borrowed at least $10,000 from Mike Jacobs and as much from Madison Square Garden. It is natural to suppose that Jim would want to wipe out those debts before he did anything else, once he got hold of any real money and real money seems to be the great objective back of a Braddock and Louis fight in Chicago.

The uncertainty of the Chicago project may have hurt the bout with Louis so far as Braddock's end is concerned. When Madison Square Garden sought an injunction to prevent the bout, the delayed decision retarded ballyhoo. It might even cause a postponement of the June 22nd date.

Jim Braddock, the "old man" defender? I'm afraid that folks are making an "Uncle Tom" out of Braddock and forgetting that older men than Jim campaigned as champions. Fitzsimmons, the immortal "Ruby" Robert, was going strong at FORTY! Jack Britton was a thorn in the side to aspiring young welterweights when he was thirty-six. Mike McTigue was at his BEST when nearly forty.

Jess Willard was considered unbeatable when he defended his title and lost to Jack Dempsey at thirty-six. Jim Jeffries was the favorite over Jack Johnson when he came back to defend his title at thirty-five. Braddock now is a husky young giant compared to the man who started on a comeback march which ended in his defeating Max Baer for the heavyweight title.

The trim figure of Joe Louis, the Challenger.

By HYPE IGOE

Champion, Fighting for a Life-long Egg Nest, Shelves Max Schmeling to Face Bigger Attraction in Joe Louis

He has not lived riotiously. He never has. Naturally two years of idleness will have taken its toll, yet Braddock with his peculiar style, never has been noted for speed. He was a solid puncher, a game, stoical individual with power in either hand. His best fights have been before "tough guys" against whom he wasn't given a Chinaman's chance.

He'll get up off the floor. He'd never "die" on it while there was a single heart beat left. Only once in his long career was he stopped and that came when eyes, damaged and newly stitched, were reopened in an unimportant bout in Los Angeles. He can take a hard punch and he can hand them out.

* * *

WHAT effect did Schmeling's drubbing have on Joe Louis? Will the memory of that unmerciful clouting have its effect on Joe Louis when an important pinch comes? Has his real confidence in himself been impaired? True he has bowled over a few nobodies since then but he floundered horribly against Bob Pastor.

He got the decision in that bout, though it must be said in justice to Louis, that Pastor ran like a deer for the full distance, only turning to fight a bewildered and tired Louis in the final round.

If Joe Louis, for any reason at all, ever became that weary in front of Jim Braddock, Louis would be in line for a knockout at the hands of the champion.

There can be no question that the clouting he received from Schmeling has impaired Joe's fighting. After a few rounds against Pastor, Louis was ordinary in execution. Then it was that one realized that the Schmeling beating had taken its measure of speed and confidence.

It is one reason why, unless Louis got punch lucky in the first round, Schmeling would defeat him every night in the week. I'm not forgetting either, that the man who thrashed Louis so thoroughly and so methodically, couldn't whip one side of Max Baer, who in turn was duck soup for Jim Braddock!

Style, style, styles my dears! Style plus pluck of the golden kind!

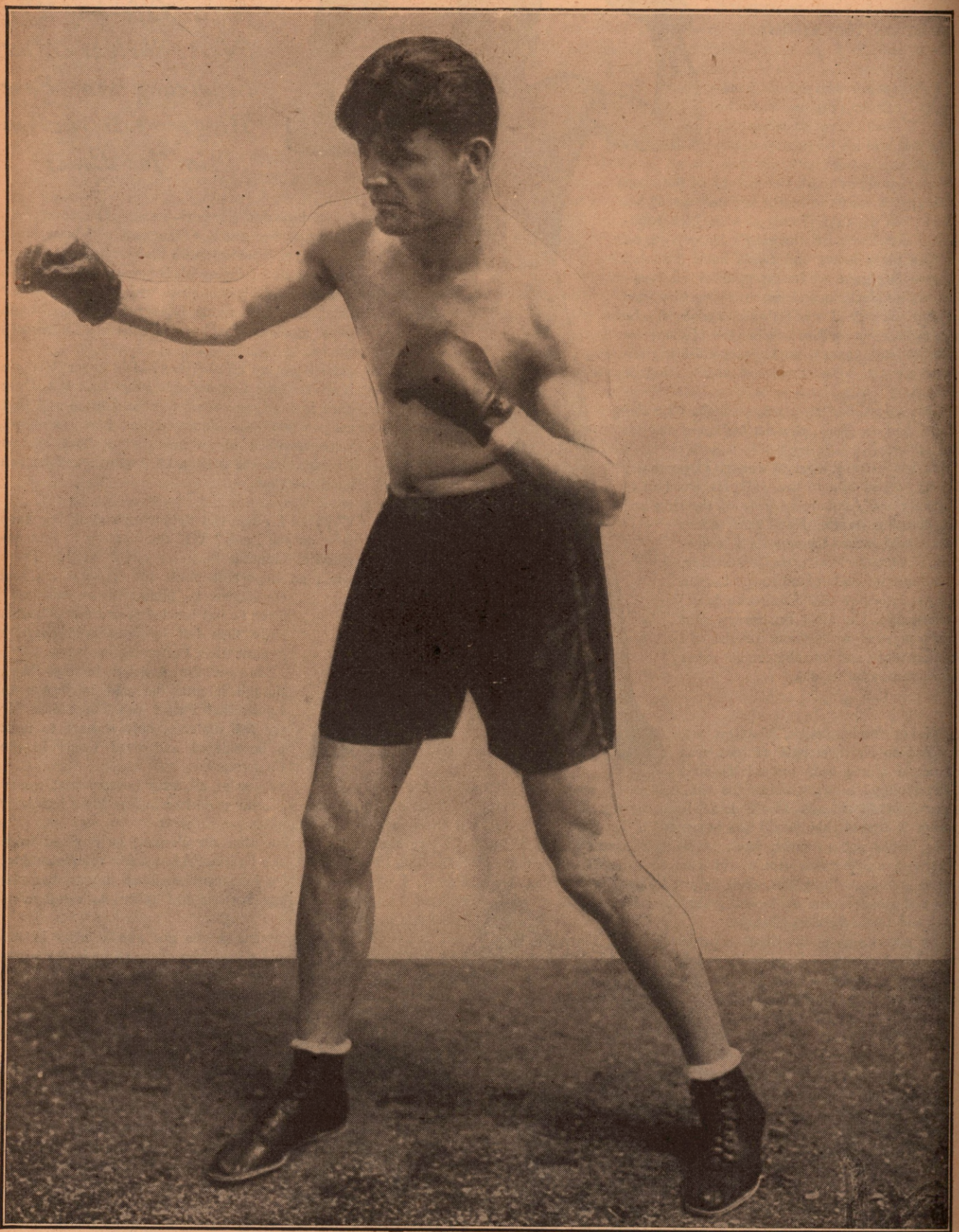
The knowledge that Louis wilted and finally shook his head and gave up—on the floor, will help Braddock immeasurably in the coming fight. Always that picture of Louis on his knees and shaking his head "NO" in answer to Jack Blackburn's pleas of "Get up, Chappie," will remain with Jim. He knows that Louis CAN BE BROUGHT DOWN and made to STAY down!

* * *

BRADDOCK can hit just so hard, if not harder than Schmeling. Jim has TWO good hands, especially a left, something which Schmeling lacks entirely. Therefore Louis will be fighting

JIMMY BRADDOCK

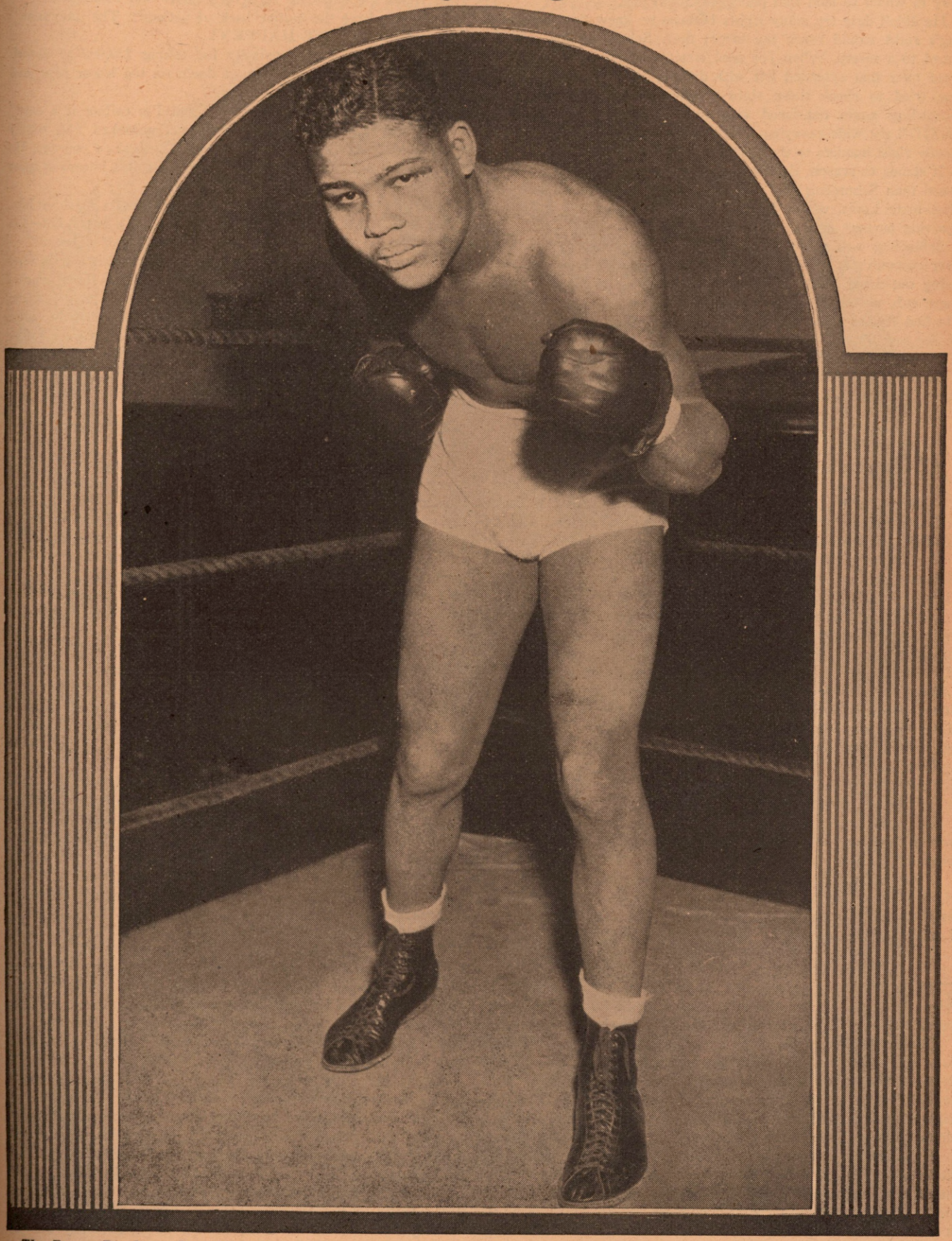
World's Heavyweight Champion



The title-holder as he looked the night that he won the crown from Max Baer in a fifteen-round decision. Here we see the lean, undernourished Braddock before fame came to him—a charge of the Welfare Board.

JOE LOUIS

The Challenger



The Brown Bomber, who, although rated below Max Schmeling, takes the place of the German as the Number One man for Jimmy Braddock. The title-holder decided he would rather meet the Detroiter than the German.

a two-fisted, right-hand sharpshooter in Braddock.

From the Louis angle, Braddock will have Joe's left hook with which to contend. No doubt about its potentency. He can bring down any man he can hook with it. He could find no effective way in which to land that punch on Schmeling.

He didn't dare try many rights because he knew that Schmeling's right would reach the target first. Schmeling had Louis timed to a nicety. When Joe used straight left jabs, Schmeling went over that extended left with drilling right handers. When Joe tried to check these right counters by hooking his left, Schmeling again out-timed and out-smarted Joe by stepping INSIDE the wide-sweeping lefts and shooting shorter and more deadly right handers to the jaw.

It stands to reason, therefore, that Braddock, far more experienced than Schmeling and just so resourceful, will know how to checkmate Louis, whom Paul Cavalier, Joe's star and seasoned sparring partner, says is "as green as grass."

Schmeling was the first good man of experience Joe Louis ever encountered, plus the punch. When Joe Louis found himself being out-timed and consequently out-slugged, he became as a mere cub, unsteady, hesitant, lacking in directness and delivery. He had flashes of the conqueror. He seemed to be coming on in the seventh.

He landed a terrific blow to Schmeling's stomach. Max winced. Then he backed off and planned counters and soon he was banging Joe's jaw again with those rights.

* * *

HERE'S a strange thing about those right handers. They disfigured Joe. Actually, the contour of Joe's face on the left side was changed and today, one side is different from the other. Don't you suppose that a solid hitter like Braddock will again disturb muscles and nerves and sinews under the skin on Joe's left face side when his punches begin to land?

For the sake of research in the matter, I'm sorry that Eddie Simms didn't get an opportunity to land one of his thundering rights on Joe's jaw in their fight at Cleveland.

Simms had just flicked at Joe's body with two lefts and two rights at the sound of the starting bell when he straightened up to settle for a right hand drive for Louis' jaw. BANG! Not Eddie's but Joe's fist landed! Joe beat him to the draw!

I can't remember ever seeing a harder blow struck in a ring. It was a left hook and it blasted Simms right out of the picture. True, he got up and asked: "Which way to the roof? I want to get away from here."

They stopped it as he swayed there an utterly helpless mark for another blow which, fortunately, Arthur Donovan the referee, balked by stopping the bout.

Simms is one of the world's hardest right hand punchers. It would have been interesting for the sake of future argument to have noted the effects of his punch had he been able to land it.

It will be just so enlightening to watch the effect of Braddock's right because, barring a sudden, early left hook and disaster such as was visited upon Simms, Braddock WILL land his right on Louis' jaw at some time or other in the coming fight.

* * *

WHAT will the fight accord the crowd in the way of thrills? Will there be a replica of that never-to-be-forgotten seventh round between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney?

Tunney sinking to the floor under seven or eight rights and lefts to the jaw, his right ankle twisted under him, his eyes trackless and glassy, his mouth drooling as his lips parted in a silly, imbecilic grin of instinctive bravado. Never mind the unhappy eighteen seconds count, the flaunting of printed Illinois knockdown rules by Dave Barry the referee!

We'll forget that, to say that Gene Tunney arose from the deck to soar to all-time greatness because no man stung to the quick, ever conducted himself with finer generalship, keener adroitness and pluck than did Gene Tunney when he got afoot to thwart a killer on a dead level kill!

I doubt that either Joe or Jim will efface the picture of that heart-gripping moment with a little ring drama of their own, yet, who can tell, what man can foresee these great dramas of the ring? —dramas sometimes so tragic in their nature that Dave Belasco, the master play builder, an habitual ringsider, used to shake his snow-capped head and grieve over the fact that even his magic wand could not duplicate such thrillers behind footlights.

There you have the motive back of fisticuffs. The unexpected. The paid-for, MIGHT HAPPEN!

They condemn King Levinsky for taking $33,000 to absorb a Louis punch or two, only to sit down on the lower rope, call over the referee and say:

"Pull the whistle. It's five o'clock and I'm calling it a day!"

To me it was a strange performance, unlooked for, totally unexpected. Nobody ever had challenged Levinsky's courage. He had lashed it out with the bravest and the hardest hitters of them all.

I met him the next day, smoking a fat cigar, not a mark on him.

"Guy's a hell of a hitter, Hype, a HELL of a hitter, but—I'm a cutie, I'm a cutie, but, remember, he's a hell of a hitter!"

Maybe all this is true. We know that Joe can hit and in view of the fact that the Kingfish got $11,000 each for three punches and then sat down to mumble his resignation, we'll have to admit that he was a "cutie" in that instance. Just the same, his utter nonchalance in chucking it with a knockout boiling over before his eyes, was something unique in big-time boxing. It was one for my book of ring memories—a book someday I'll write.

* * *

NEW YORK has been unhappy in the loss of great heavyweight extravaganzas.

Tex Rickard, encouraged by the uncanny "box-office savvy" of Mike Jacobs, often went afield with his huge glove attractions. He was forced out of New York with the first Dempsey and Tunney bout because the license committee, then a thin subsidiary of the New York State Athletic Commission, and oddly enough, headed by General John J. Phelan, now chairman of the same state commission, refused Dempsey a license. Politics, the raw and beefy kind, was back of it.

Catering to the huge Negro vote, the politicians were bound that Harry Wills, their taw, should be shoved into a fight with Dempsey for the world's title.

Dempsey didn't refuse to meet Wills. As a matter of history, he did sign to face the "Brown Panther."

Rickard started off gaily enough to promote that bout because William Muldoon and Jim Farley of the State Athletic Commission, and General Phelan, D. Walker Wear of the License Board and others wanted it promoted.

Articles of agreement were signed! Actually!!

It was to have been Rickard's honest-to-goodness "three million dollar gate." Suddenly, far more sudden than the order to promote the bout, came the shout from Chairman Muldoon to run along with the damned thing. "Get out! Get going elsewhere," was Muldoon's command. Somehow Farley and Phelan never put in with that edict. They still saw, or others were doing the seeing for them, that there was political power to be gleaned from the promotion of that bout.

* * *

BUT out of a clear sky Rickard named Tunney as challenger. Dempsey was off to Tom Luther's White Sulphur Springs on Saratoga Lake in New York, to train for the bout. Suddenly, like the snap of a finger, came Rickard's order to pull up stakes and repair to Atlantic City as the new training camp. Philadelphia was to be the battle ground.

Rickard kept the Dempsey and Wills articles of agreement in his pocket, giggling over what he claimed: "Those fellers down in Washington had done to my Dempsey and Wills match."

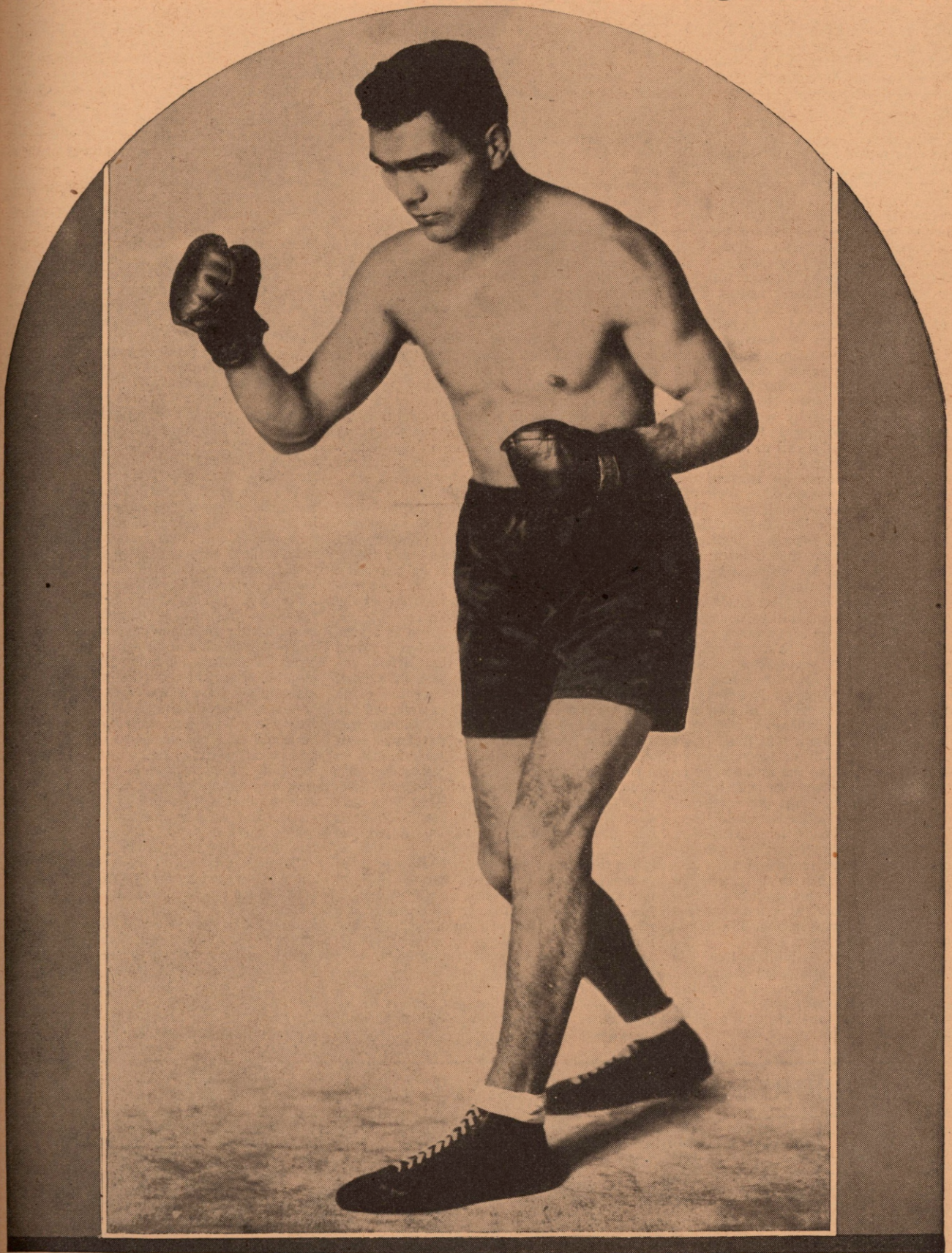
When the present Madison Square Garden was erected and when the bronze corner-stone box was ready for the daffy things which are dropped into such recepticals, Rickard reached into his inside pocket and fished out the Dempsey and Wills agreement and turning to Ike Dorgan, his press agent, drawled:

"Might as well throw these in—I'll never have any use for them."

At the identical moment, the late *(Continued on page 42)*

MAX SCHMELING

World's Outstanding Heavyweight



The conqueror of Joe Louis who fought his way to the front as Number One challenger for Braddock's title, but was shunted aside to make way for Joe Louis.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Jimmy Braddock

BORN in North Bergen, N. J., December 6, 1905. Height, six feet three inches. Weight, 206 pounds. Nationality, Irish-American. Started his professional career in 1926 with some minor engagements in Jersey City, but most of his bouts ended via the knockout route. His first New York contest was staged against Lou Barba, in which he won a decision in six rounds.

Thereafter, Braddock was kept busy, fighting first class opponents in many parts of the country, but he didn't always meet with success. In fact, his record shows quite a number of losses and draws, Joe Sekyra, Tommy Loughran, Maxie Rosenbloom, Yale Okun, Leo Lomski, Billy Jones, Babe Hunt, Al Gainer, Tony Shucco, Baxter Calmes, Charley Retzlaff, John Henry Lewis, Tom Patrick, Lou Scozza, Hans Birkie, Al Ettore, Martin Levandowski, Al Stillman having conquered him via the decision route.

His record is the most unimpressive in the history of the heavyweight division. No other title-holder lost as many fights during his career as has James Braddock.

In 1934, while his family was on relief and Braddock was working on the docks of Jersey City, he received a call to fight Corn Griffin on the Baer-Carnera card, and he took the house by storm by turning the unexpected in a three-round kayo victory over the highly touted Southerner. That brought Braddock back into the spotlight, and in the winter, he was matched with John Henry Lewis in the Garden and gained added prestige by outpointing the clever, hard-hitting Pittsburgher.

Then came his big chance. Art Lasky was being touted as a championship contender and it was agreed to give him a crack at the crown that Baer held, and as a tune-up, on March 22, 1935, Art was pitted against Braddock. Lasky, a hot favorite, was shunted out of the picture when he lost the verdict to Jimmy, who, by virtue of that triumph, was named as challenger.

Then came the climax of Braddock's career. On June 13, 1935, he faced Baer in the Garden Bowl and, to the amazement of the gathering, outpointed the Californian to win the world title. With the exception of an exhibition bout, he has been idle since.

While other champions have reaped a fortune in movie contracts, radio and exhibitions, Braddock has made less than any other champion in the last thirty years. He failed to click as a radio artist, didn't obtain movie contracts because he is too colorless and an attack of arthritis forced him to remain on the sidelines.

That's why the fans are pulling hard for Braddock, one of the best liked champions of recent years, to beat Louis. And because he hasn't made any money out of the title, as have others, the fans are sympathetic towards him.

Joe Louis

BORN on May 13, 1914, at Montgomery, Ala. Full name, Joseph Louis Barrow, and comes from hardy Cherokee Indian and Negro stock. Is six feet one and three-quarter inches tall and weighs 205 pounds. Following the winning of the Golden Gloves championship, won the A.A.U. light-heavyweight title in 1934.

Under the management of John W. Roxborough and Julian Black, and under the promotion of Mike Jacobs.

Started his professional career July 4, 1934, at Chicago. Knocked out Jack Kracken in one round.

His greatest victories since attaining international prestige were knockouts over King Levinsky in one round, Primo Carnera in six rounds, Max Baer in four rounds, Charley Retzlaff in one round, and Paulino Uzcudun in four.

Scored forty-three knockouts, won seven decisions, and lost four bouts in a total of fifty-four contests as an amateur.

As a professional, has scored twenty-three knockouts and won five contests, and was knocked out once in a total of twenty-nine. Is the biggest money-maker for the short time that he has been boxing in the history of pugilism. His most lucrative bout was with Max Baer, in which the gate hit close to the million mark, $948,852.17.

Joe Louis is the first Negro fighter since Jack Johnson who has gained the spotlight as a heavyweight with the prospects of winning a world championship. He has a most deceptive style and carries a terrific punch in either hand.

He is rated by fight critics as one of the best heavyweights of modern times.

In his only defeat since starting as a professional, a knockout in the eleventh round at the hands of Schmeling, the German exploded the myth that Joe was invincible, but since that bout, the Bomber has come back with a vengeance and has cleared the field of all opposition except his conqueror. His only poor showing to date was with Bob Pastor, who made Joe look foolish in a running fight in which Pastor proved that Louis requires a stationary object to accomplish his goal—a knockout. That bout was a most unsatisfactory one and brought a heap of ridicule on the head of the Detroiter.

Since Schmeling whipped him, Louis has taken the measure of Jack Sharkey in three rounds; Al Ettore, five; Jorge Brescia, three; Eddie Simms, one; Stanley Ketchell, two, and Bob Pastor, over whom he won a ten-round decision. In addition, he has fought many exhibitions in a tour of the country, getting plenty of tuning up in ring engagements, while Braddock, the champion, has been satisfied to rest. One cannot blame Louis for jumping at the opportunity to fight for the title, even though Schmeling should get first call.

Max Schmeling

BORN on September 28, 1905, at Klein-Luckow by Prenzlau, Germany. Full name, Maximilian Schmeling. His father was a fisherman and a ship pilot. Max is six feet one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds, and is managed by Joe Jacobs. Started his career as an amateur. Won the middleweight and light-heavyweight championship of Germany before becoming a professional.

Fought nine professional fights in 1925, losing one to Jack Taylor, an American Negro, and then won his first professional championship in 1926 by knocking out Max Diekman for the light-heavyweight crown of Germany. In 1928 he was stopped by Gypsy Daniels in one round.

Came to this country at the call of Tex Rickard in 1928, and in his first start he knocked out Joe Monte in Madison Square Garden in the eighth round. The following year he won over Joe Sekyra in ten rounds, Paulino Uzcudun in fifteen, and knocked out Pietro Corri in one and Johnny Risko in nine.

Won the world title on a foul from Jack Sharkey in 1930 at Yankee Stadium in fourth round. And lost the title to Sharkey at the Garden Bowl in 1932 in fifteen rounds.

Was knocked out by Max Baer in the tenth round and after losing to Steve Hamas in 1934 in Philadelphia in twelve rounds, he made a successful comeback which has led to the Louis battle by fighting a ten-round draw with Paulino in Barcelona, knocking out Walter Neusel in eight at Hamburg, stopping Steve Hamas in Berlin in nine, and beating Paulino in twelve rounds in a return engagement.

Then came his fight with Louis in New York. With the odds against him and public opinion giving him but little chance to remain more than a few rounds against his younger, hard-hitting, colored opponent, Schmeling went into the ring confident that he could take the measure of the Bomber and he did to the Queen's taste. He battered the hitherto invincible Negro into submission and handed him a terrific beating to win the challenger's post in the heavyweight ranks. But after gaining the spot, he was tossed aside in favor of the man whom he had put out of the picture.

Schmeling is one of the hardest hitters in the game and rates among the cleverest. He is a brainy fighter, who can give and take. Schmeling's experiences as a heavyweight have been unique in that he has been in the midst of trouble almost from the day that he landed here. When he came to America he broke his thumb and had to remain idle for a long time. Then, after he had made an uphill climb and had taken the country by storm by his fine fighting qualities, he won the heavyweight title on a foul.

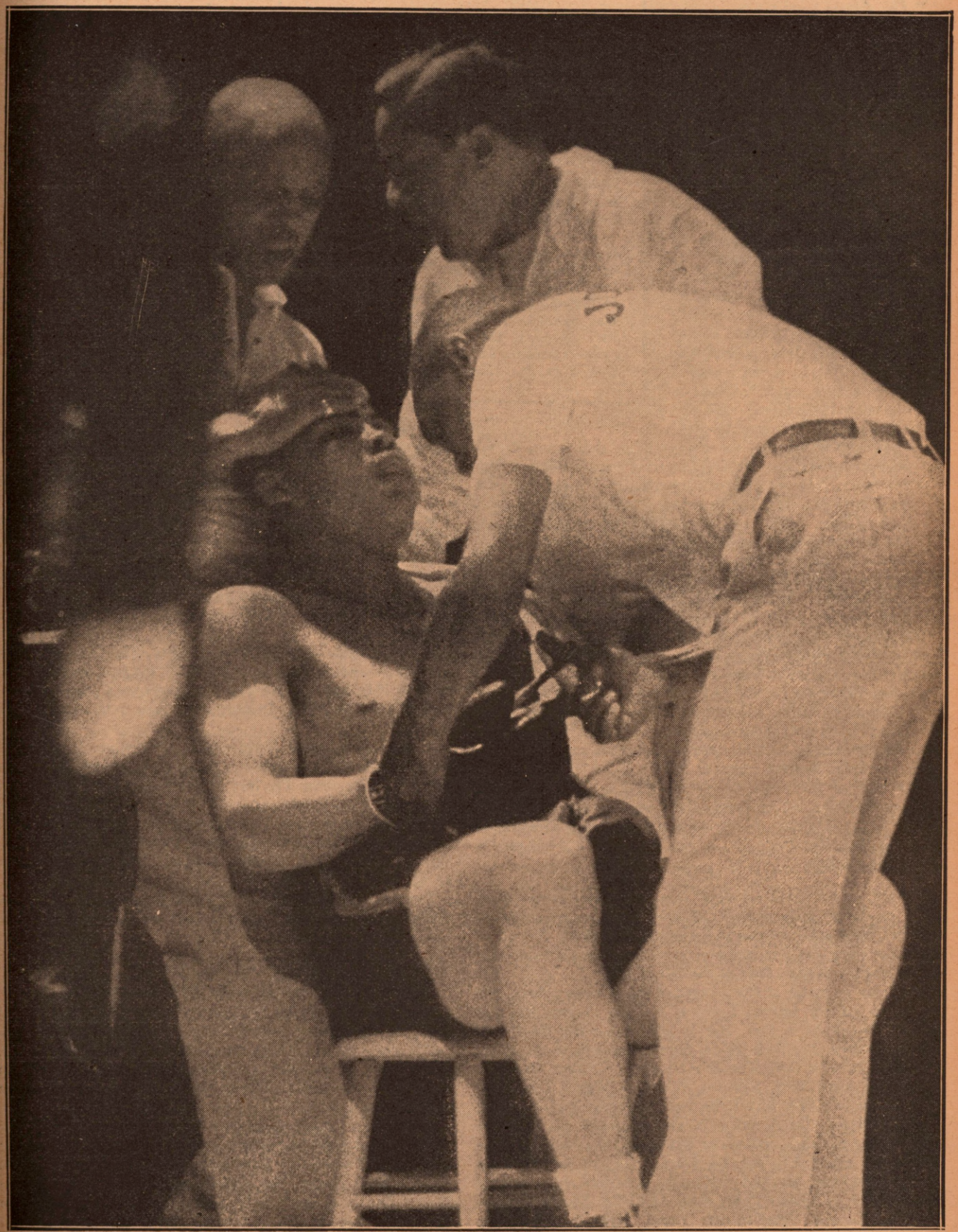
MEASUREMENTS of CHAMPION and CHALLENGERS

	JIMMY BRADDOCK	JOE LOUIS	MAX SCHMELING
Age	31½	23	31¾
Weight	204	205	193
Height	6 ft. 3 in.	6 ft. 1¾ in.	6 ft. 1 in.
Chest (N.)	42	41	43
Chest (Exp.)	45	44	46¼
Reach	78	76	74
Biceps	15	14	13
Forearm	13¾	12½	10¾

	JIMMY BRADDOCK	JOE LOUIS	MAX SCHMELING
Waist	34	34	34
Neck	17½	16½	17
Thigh	23	21	23
Ankle	10½	10	9½
Calf	14½	15	15
Wrist	9	8	8
Fist	13	11½	11

A SAD SPECTACLE

Joe Louis' Only Setback



Before his fight with Schmeling, the Brown Bomber was generally recognized as "THE SUPER-MAN OF BOXING." Schmeling shattered this myth by knocking out the Bomber in the eleventh round.

Nine Old Men!

NINE Old Men! But how old is OLD? Our nine in the Supreme Court will tell you that, in their particular work, a man is in his prime at seventy. In law, a man of seventy has the complete picture, the perfect background. But in boxing, a man at seventy is likely to drool about his feats—that is, if he still is around to drool. Boxers do not usually live to be seventy. There have been startling exceptions. But, at seventy, boxers are mainly reasons for more or less ornate monuments.

In professional baseball, a player begins to show his age at thirty. To be sure, some go on and on, without ever showing any real signs of the toll of the years. Jack Quinn pitched until he was past fifty. In tennis, a man of fifty plays a slow game. He can't be dashing up and down that court. But in golf, a man of fifty may be at his best.

In boxing, the deadline for championship skill seems to be around thirty. Here, too, we find glittering exceptions. But they are not many. And so, when doping a fight—perhaps the very fight we are facing, with Jim Braddock in defense of the world's heavyweight title, as he veers toward his thirty-third birthday. He was thirty-two last December 6.

Nine old men in the court, nine old men in the ring. When do they get old fighting? What are the odds against the man of thirty-two as he battles a younger rival—let us say, Joe Louis, at twenty-three, struggling against Braddock, nearly ten years his senior?

Suppose we run down the histories of nine men of the ring. Suppose we trace the careers of nine battlers for traces of evidence in the situation at hand—evidence as Braddock, thirty-two, buckles on his armor for the contest of his life. To be sure, there are young men at thirty-two and old men at twenty-three. Those things have to do with background, with blood lines, with stamina, with the fight to live, with behavior and condition and the hardening processes of Spartan regimen.

The man of thirty-two who takes good care of himself is younger than the lad of twenty-three who carouses and turns night into day. They say a fight career and carousing always have gone together. But that's just a popular fancy. It's not only a fancy. It's not true.

* * *

YES, in the "good old days" men of the ring were not so careful of their conduct. Matches were made in saloons. Fighters came from saloons and went back to them. Not all of them. But enough to tinge the general picture with the lurid color of the sawdust covered floor of the "pit of hell."

Men may be young at thirty-two and old at twenty-three. But before we go any farther, Louis is not one of your old-type fighters. No carouser, here. Nor is Max Schmeling the booze-fighting pattern. Braddock, Louis, Schmeling—men of the stamp that came in with Gene Tunney's triumph over Jack Dempsey.

Nine old men! Well, let's see. Where to begin? You might start all the way back with Cribb and Molyneux—Cribb, the old gaffer, Molyneux the American Negro who could not leave the gals and the gin alone, and really was much older than Tom the Briton. We might skim over the years to the day in 1880 when the aged Joe Goss, who had claimed the American title, defended it unsuccessfully against Paddy Ryan at Collier Station in West Virginia. In the eighty-seventh round, Ryan hit Joe, then jumped on him, and the title was Ryan's.

It was done that way in the "good old days," when championships went to dock wallopers, and the picture really was not as romantic as it looks at this distance. Dock wallopers and thugs, political lobby rows and barroom battlers. But now Time gives them an aura. Good old Time.

Yes, we could start with Goss. But let's move into the time of John L. Sullivan. Fighting in this country, the records will tell you, goes all the way back to the days before the Revolution. But, as a matter of fact, fighting began with John L. Sullivan. Everything that came and went before the Boston Strong Boy won the title actually is of no consequence today. He put America on the map pugilistically. Before he came along, has-beens from England came over to dispute for our championship—yes, Goss for one. Jem Mace, for another.

Well, let's forget them all before John L.

It was in 1882, then, that our trail of the Nine Old Men started. Let us take up the dramatic sequence from that point.

Braddock's Case Compared to That of Other Champs

BOB FITZSIMMONS, at the age of 37, was the oldest world heavyweight king to enter the roped square in defense of his crown. Here is the age of champion and challenger for each title bout since Sullivan whipped Ryan:

Paddy Ryan, 30; John L. Sullivan, 24.
John L. Sullivan, 34; James J. Corbett, 26.
James J. Corbett, 31; Bob Fitzsimmons, 35.
Bob Fitzsimmons, 37; James J. Jeffries, 24.
James J. Jeffries, 35; Jack Johnson, 32.
Jack Johnson, 36; Jess Willard, 26.
Jess Willard, 30; Jack Dempsey, 24.
Jack Dempsey, 31; Gene Tunney, 27.
Max Schmeling, 27; Jack Sharkey, 30.
Jack Sharkey, 31; Primo Carnera, 25.
Primo Carnera, 26; Max Baer, 25.
Max Baer, 26; James J. Braddock, 30.

1882—John L. Sullivan Beats Paddy Ryan in Nine Rounds at Mississippi City, Miss.

JOHN L., twenty-four years of age. Ryan, verging on thirty. Old at thirty. Flabby at thirty. Forty at thirty. Booze and beer. The Ryan of the eighty-seven-rounder with Goss? No. Sullivan proves it. Mississippi City, with proclamations from the governor of the state posted on nearby trees, calling on the citizens to stop this fight even if they had to get out their shooting irons to do it.

But they fight. Twenty-four and thirty. They leap from their corners, Sullivan lands a terrific right to the jaw, and Ryan goes down as if he had been hit with a bung starter from one of those New Orleans barrooms. London Prize Ring rules—so the round is over.

In the second round, Ryan, who is good at rough-and-tumble, wrestles John to the ground. But in the third, Twenty-Four begins to wear Thirty down. The beer begins to ooze out of Paddy. The fire begins to kindle brighter in John, and he continues a systematic beating until, in the ninth, he raps Pat with a right to the button and leaps over the ropes—the champion of these United States, Canada, Mexico and Central America. Not champion of the world. Just America. But enough.

Twenty-Four takes Thirty. We are on the trail of the Nine Old Men. Old Man No. 1 in this saga of sock is out of the picture. Never to bother us again.

1892—Jim Corbett Beats John L. Sullivan in Twenty-one Rounds in New Orleans.

LET the years fly by. Sullivan champion. Sullivan, young and strong, beating them all except Charley Mitchell, with whom he fights that thirty-nine-round draw at Chantilly, a hard fight in the rain in France. Sullivan winning, Sullivan spending, Sullivan harkening to the roar of the crowd and the call of the siren.

"Set 'em up for everybody in the house!" Champagne in New York, ice cold baths to get him out of it, for a fight. Twenty-four gets older. Twenty-four gets flabby and pussy, and once-tight muscles hang droopy, the once-bright eye is dulled, the once-Strong Boy is aging faster than the passing years would have aged him—thrice as fast.

Comes a young man out of the West, Jim Corbett, the clever, remarkable fighter from San Francisco.

They Warn Braddock

Youth Is Served in the Ring as Well as in Other Places and Professions, and a Saunter Down the Trail Proves It

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

Step by step, Corbett made his way. Into New York, where, with frayed trousers, he begged for the chance. They all laughed at the idea of this young man from beyond the Rockies challenging John L. But challenge he did, and they finally met.

In New Orleans, in a ring with a dirt floor. In New Orleans in September. Purse, $25,000, side bet of ten, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The first big glove fight.

"All I need to beat that so-and-so," elucidated Sullivan, "is a shave and a hair cut."

Sullivan got the shave and the hair cut. He also neglected his training. But perhaps that was not so important. We must not forget that Corbett was twenty-six, Sullivan was thirty-four. The deadly parallel again. But remember, please—Braddock is no Sullivan.

Twenty-one rounds. Corbett, twenty-six, gave the Titan a terrific beating. He wouldn't give in. The whisky and the beer and the easy life jibed at John L. as he took an artistic lacing from this most clever of all the heavyweights we have seen in the ring.

Twenty-six and thirty-four. They did not add up to the happiness of Sullivan. The old champion was gone. A new era had dawned in pugilism. For Corbett was destined to lift the game out of the barroom, to bring to boxing a new clientele, to rub from the game its label, "Plug Ugly."

From Sullivan to Braddock. Here is how the world champion heavyweights looked when they were in their prime, and the date on which each won the crown: 1, *John L. Sullivan, February* 7, 1882; 2, *Bob Fitzsimmons, March* 17, 1897; 3, *Gene Tunney, September* 23, 1926; 4, *James J. Corbett, September* 7, 1892; 5, *James J. Jeffries, June* 9, 1899; 6, *Jack Johnson, December* 26, 1908; 7, *Jack Dempsey, July* 4, 1919; 8, *Jack Sharkey, June* 21, 1932; 9, *Jess Willard, April* 5, 1916; 10, *Primo Carnera, June* 29, 1933; 11, *Max Schmeling, June* 12, 1930; 12, *Max Baer, June* 14, 1934; 13, *James J. Braddock, June* 13, 1935.

1897—Jim Corbett Loses the Heavyweight Title to Bob Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nev., in 14 Rounds.

NOW, here is a startling exception. We trail our Nine Old Men down through the years, and here is a fact that shrieks its encouragement to Braddock, just as it shrieked when Braddock took the title from the much younger Baer.

In 1897, Corbett was thirty-one years of age. His challenger, Bob Fitzsimmons, was thirty-five. They met at Carson City, Nevada, on St. Patrick's Day.

Fitz was a physical freak. He was a fistic freak, as well. In the course of that fight, he was supposed to have invented a new blow. They called it the Solar Plexus Punch, and with it Ruby Robert won the title from Corbett, who was out standing up, in the fourteenth round.

Fitzsimmons hit Jim in the solar plexus. It just happened that way. Bob swung and hit Jim in the nerve center. Bob Davis was reporting the fight, and he said Fitz had invented the Solar Plexus Punch.

Fitz, at thirty-five, was the underdog at five to three. But he had something. Under that hot Nevada sun they fought, from noon on, with Bob forcing the fighting despite the fact that he was up against a much older man. It turned out that Corbett, at thirty-one, was an older man than Fitzsimmons at thirty-five.

Fitz had lived the more rigid life. Corbett had begun to soften up. Once past thirty, you see, the matter of difference in age is not so terribly vital. But twenty-three and thirty-two—well, as the Mexican says, Quien sabe? Who knows?

1899—Jim Jeffries Takes Title from Fitzsimmons in Eleven Rounds at Coney Island.

WELL, let us continue on the trail of the Nine Old Men. The trail leads us from 1897 into 1899. It is June 9, at Coney Island, within sound of the breakers of the Atlantic.

Out of the West, even as Corbett had come, had arrived James J. Jeffries, the Boilermaker. Jeffries with that crouch. Big and strong Jeffries, by many of the old guard rated the best of them all. But who can judge?

Jeffries at twenty-four. Fresh, unspoiled, determined. Far from the Primrose Path. Far from the years of the hollow shell. Twenty-four and powerful, and with not a small quantity of cleverness to back up his strength of blow and purpose.

Fitzsimmons thirty-seven years of age. An old man, let us remind you. No fighter should be defending a title at thirty-seven. But we warned you. This Fitzsimmons person was a freak. He remained a freak.

Twenty-four and strong, thirty-seven and soft from touring

the theatrical circuit. Eleven heats, and a new champion. The inexorable toll of Time, and even the freakish Fitzsimmons could not stave off the inevitable.

Fitz at thirty-seven, almost kayoed in the second round. In the ninth, a blow under the heart almost finished Bob. As a matter of fact, he was done then and there. He kept growing weaker in the tenth, and in the eleventh, two hard lefts set the Cornishman up. A tremendous right made James J. Jeffries champion. Twenty-four whipped thirty-seven, and this the first fight to be filmed. The pioneer effort is in existence somewhere, full of flickers and somewhat hard to see. Twenty-four made it.

1910—Jack Johnson Becomes Undisputed Champion By Beating Jeffries in Fifteen Rounds at Reno.

BACK to the trail. The years flash by. Jeffries quits the ring, Jack Johnson establishes himself as a semi-official champion. Then Jeff is induced to come back. To be sure, the Negro is thirty-two, no spring chicken himself. But that is before Jack has taken to the life which leads him into so much trouble and grief later on, perhaps a lot of it not of his own making.

1910! Johnson at thirty-two, Jeffries at thirty-five. Jeffries not only an old man, but a shell of a man. Before the fight, he is called the Abysmal Brute. After the rise of the Negro, Jeff is called the Hollow Shell. Those who had written of him as the Abysmal Brute, who had been so utterly foolish as to pick this has-been, this mere shred of a once great fighter, over Johnson, looked for excuses. Poison in tea. Hell. Poison in Jack's punches.

How soon could he really have finished the white man? Perhaps four or five rounds, but Jack let it go on and on, into the fifteenth.

The fifteenth round. Johnson eased across the canvas under that hot Nevada sun and landed a left. It hit Jeff on the jaw and he went down. He had made a noble effort in the three preceding rounds, but it was plain that he did not have a chance.

A left to the jaw, and Jeff took ten. He got up, and Johnson gave him a second dose of that lethal prescription. Jeffries, at thirty-five, the Hollow Shell, was counted out sitting on the floor of a ring he never should have entered.

1915—Jess Willard Whips Johnson in Twenty-six Rounds in a Havana Ring in April.

DON'T lose the trail! The Nine Old Men! Gone, gone, many of them, and now comes Jack Johnson, at thirty-seven, to follow the rest. It is a sunny, hot day in Havana, on April 5, 1915. Jess Willard, the Kansas Giant, has come up out of the welter of White Hopes to assert himself as a contender.

Johnson has gone soft. He has been knocked from pillar to post by the Fates. The government has kept him out of the United States. Persecution, prosecution, a trail of wine, women and song, an easy training life full of fried chicken and biscuits—he was a marvellous cook in those days, maybe still is—well, thirty-seven lost the title to twenty-six. The white race got the championship back, and has kept it to now. What is the plan of Destiny with Joe Louis?

This is not the place to discuss all those stories of a laydown by the Negro. Thirty-seven had no right to beat twenty-six, and the forces of Nature, or something, saw to it.

In the twenty-sixth round, Willard dashes all the way into Johnson's corner. One head punch after another. Then Jess buries his right fist deep in the soft midriff of the black battler and as Jack tries to protect his stomach, two hard raps to the jaw send him to the sun baked canvas, where he lies on his back. They count twenty-six into the heavyweight championship of the world.

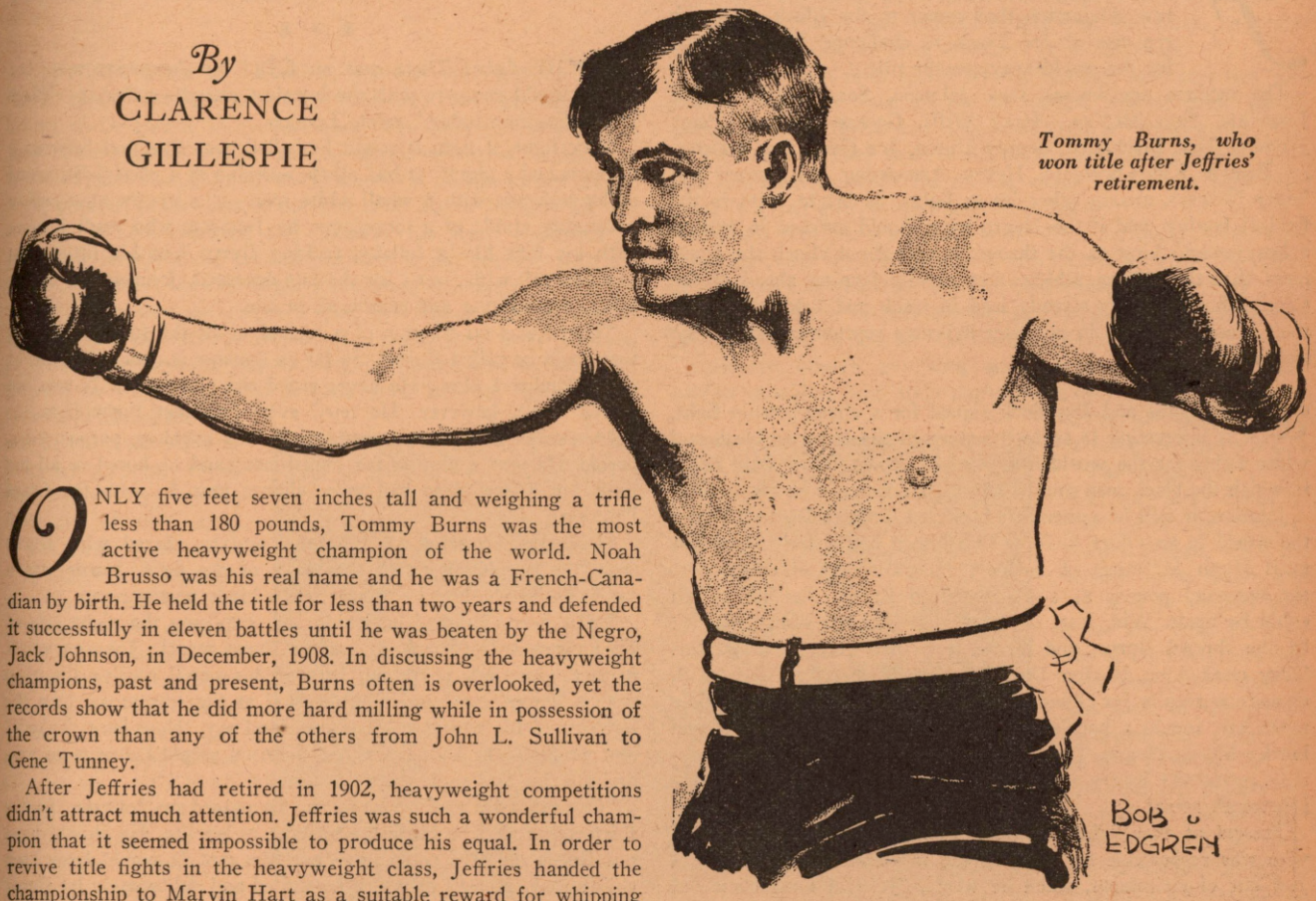
1919—Jack Dempsey Takes Title from Willard with a Knockout in Three Rounds at Toledo.

FOUR years of Willard as the champion. In the meantime, there comes still another man out of the West—Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler. He is the Spartan of Sock. No easy, soft life for this lad. Brake beam rider. Hobo, miner, the rough and tough side of life, and it builds him into a formidable fighter. He knocks out Fulton, and *(Continued on page 48)*

When Sullivan won the title. A scene in the battle at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, for which there was no fixed price for ringside "seats." The Boston Strong Boy beat his opponent, knocking him out in nine rounds. This was the last fight staged under London Prize Ring rules.

BURNS *Smallest*, WILLARD *Tallest* *Heavyweight Champion*

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE



Tommy Burns, who won title after Jeffries' retirement.

ONLY five feet seven inches tall and weighing a trifle less than 180 pounds, Tommy Burns was the most active heavyweight champion of the world. Noah Brusso was his real name and he was a French-Canadian by birth. He held the title for less than two years and defended it successfully in eleven battles until he was beaten by the Negro, Jack Johnson, in December, 1908. In discussing the heavyweight champions, past and present, Burns often is overlooked, yet the records show that he did more hard milling while in possession of the crown than any of the others from John L. Sullivan to Gene Tunney.

After Jeffries had retired in 1902, heavyweight competitions didn't attract much attention. Jeffries was such a wonderful champion that it seemed impossible to produce his equal. In order to revive title fights in the heavyweight class, Jeffries handed the championship to Marvin Hart as a suitable reward for whipping Jack Root. But Hart, early in 1906, lost the title to little Burns on a decision in twenty rounds, the latter's aggressiveness and endurance deciding the issue.

Burns, unlike some of the later champions, didn't enjoy a long rest and, following his victory over Hart, he took on Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, then world light-heavyweight champion, for a twenty-round contest. In spite of O'Brien's remarkable boxing skill, Burns held his own and got a draw.

In 1907, "Boshter Bill" Squires, champion of Australia, tackled Burns, who knocked him out in the first round with a quick right-hander to the point of the jaw. Before that year ended, Burns stopped Gunner Moir of England in ten rounds, defeated Joe Grimm, the Philadelphia Iron Man, in three and won a verdict over Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in twenty.

Burns visited England in 1908 and knocked out three heavies—Jack Palmer in four rounds, Jem Roche in three, and Jewey Smith in five. Then he went to Australia to earn more fame. Squires was knocked out twice by the little champion, the first scrap ending in the eighth round and the second in the thirteenth. Burns also stopped Bill Lange, another Antipodean, in six rounds, after which he accepted the challenge of Jack Johnson, and before 20,000 spectators, Burns, entirely too small and light to give a good account of himself, was stopped in the fourteenth round.

* * *

CORBETT won the heavyweight championship from Sullivan in 1892 and lost it to Fitzsimmons in 1897. Fitzsimmons was idle for more than two years before he reentered the ring and was knocked out by Jeffries in 1899.

Jeffries, as champion, took part in nine battles during the next four years, beating Sharkey, Finnegan, Corbett (twice), Hank Griffin, Joe Kennedy, Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons in a return match and Jack Munroe. After eight years of inactivity Jeffries vainly tried to come back at Reno, where Johnson knocked him out in the fifteenth round.

After beating Tommy Burns, Johnson participated in five bouts during 1909. He stopped one Victor MacLaghlen in six rounds up in British Columbia. Then he boxed no-decision contests with Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman. Stanley Ketchel, world middleweight champion, was dropped for the full count by Lil' Arthur in the twelfth round.

Following the Reno battle, Johnson beat Jim Flynn in 1912. Two years later he outpointed Frank Moran in Paris and drew with Jim Johnson in eight. In seven years as the champion he had nine fights before Willard knocked him out in twenty-six rounds in 1915.

Willard held the title for nearly four years. He outpointed Frank Moran in ten rounds in 1916 and then did nothing in the ring until Dempsey slaughtered him at Toledo.

From July 4, 1919, when he became champion, until September 23, 1926, Dempsey fought five times, beating Miske, Brennan, Carpentier, Gibbons and Firpo. In his sixth encounter in more than seven years he was humiliated by Tunney in ten one-sided rounds.

Enthusiastic admirers of Dempsey insist that he was the greatest heavyweight champion of all time. Veteran ring followers refuse to indorse this opinion. Sullivan was a back number when Corbett put him down and out. John L. won renown as a bare-knuckle fighter, but was beaten in his first glove contest under Queensberry rules.

Corbett's equal as a scientific boxer *(Continued on page 44)*

When Johnson Won

FROM the earliest days, the Negro has played a vital and dramatic rôle in America in pugilism. It is no new distinction that comes to the Black race with the rise of Joe Louis to challenge Jim Braddock for the world heavyweight title.

The modern age knows Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Peter Jackson, Jack Blackburn, George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Al Brown, Kid Chocolate, Henry Armstrong, Al Gainer and Tiger Flowers, among other lesser lights, as bright stars in the field of boxing, and if the Negro race should succeed in getting a heavyweight king on the throne, it will about clinch the argument that the colored athletes are rapidly forging ahead of the Caucasian race. They already lead in track and field sports and their recent progress in pugilism indicates supremacy within the next few years.

* * *

WITH Louis and Braddock signed for a championship fight, it is interesting to trace the story of the last two black and white fights for the world heavyweight crown. They were bouts in which the black man proved himself far superior to his victims.

Johnson, it will be remembered, chased Tommy Burns all over the world in an effort to force him into a battle, but it was not until Hugh McIntosh of Sydney, Australia, consented to post six thousand pounds as a guarantee to Burns, that the match could be made. Win, lose, or draw, that was the sum demanded by the shrewd Burns, and he received just what he asked for. They clashed on Boxing Day, 1908, at Rushcutter's Bay, with disastrous results for Tommy, who, although as plucky as they make 'em, fought a hopeless task against the bigger, heavier and harder hitting Negro. Tommy was mercifully rescued from probably permanent injury when the police halted the contest in the fourteenth round.

Present at that fight was Jack London, the famous novelist, who was responsible for starting the movement that finally got Jeff out of retirement, when he wrote, "Jeffries must come out of his retirement and wipe that golden smile from Johnson's face. Jeff, it's up to you."

And to further the movement, he wrote a vivid account of the fight, one that chilled the supporters of the white race to the marrow. That started a clamor that shook the boxing world to its foundations. Boxing scribes went black in the face demanding that Jeffries should "recover the crown," chief among them being Bob Edgren, an ardent Jeffries follower. It was the account of the Burns-Johnson fight, sent to the States by Jack London, that stirred up action in favor of Jeff's comeback.

* * *

"THE fight! There was no fight! No Armenian massacre could compare with the hopeless slaughter that took place in the Stadium today," wrote London.

"The fight, if fight it might be called, was like that between a colossus and a pigmy. It had all the seeming of a playful Ethiopian at loggerheads with a small white man—of a grown man cuffing a naughty child; of a monologue by Johnson, who made a noise with his fists like a lullaby, tucking Burns into his little crib; of a funeral, with Burns for the late deceased, Johnson for undertaker, gravedigger and sexton all in one.

"There was no fraction of a second in all the fourteen rounds that could be called Burns'. So far as damage is concerned, Burns never landed a blow. He never fazed the black man. It was not Burns' fault, however. He tried every moment throughout the fight, except when he was groggy. It was hopeless, preposterous, heroic. He was a glutton for punishment and he bored in all the time, but a dew drop had more chance than he with the Giant Ethiopian.

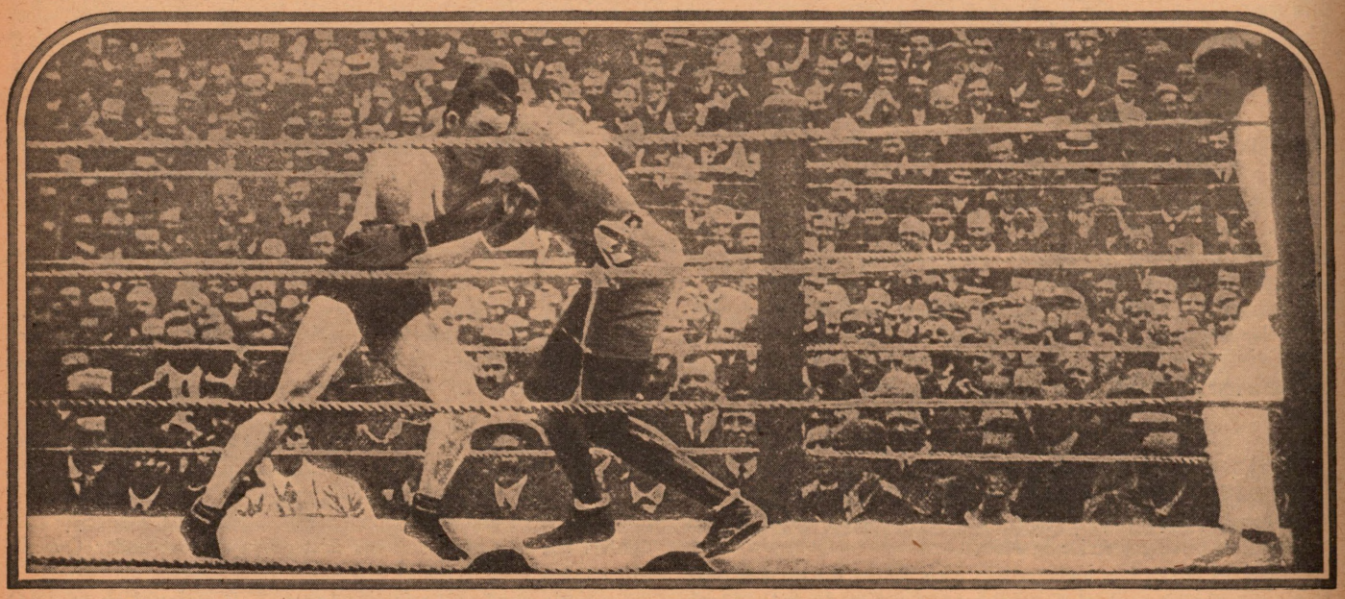
"Johnson play-acted all the time, and he played with Burns from the opening gong to the finish of the fight. Burns was a toy in his hands. For Johnson it was a kindergarten romp.

"'Hit here, Tahmy,' he would say, exposing the right side of his unprotected stomach, and when Burns struck, Johnson would neither wince nor cover up. Instead, he would receive the blow with a happy, careless smile, directed at the spectators, turn the left side of his unprotected stomach and say, 'Now here, Tahmy,' and while Burns hit as directed, Johnson would continue to grin and chuckle and smile his golden smile.

"One criticism and only one can be passed on Johnson. In the thirteenth round he made the mistake of his life. He should have put Burns out. He could have put him out. It would have been child's play. Instead of which he smiled and deliberately let Burns live until the gong sounded, and in the opening of the fourteenth round the police stopped the fight and Johnson lost the credit of a knockout.

"But one thing remains, Jeffries must emerge from his alfalfa farm and remove that golden smile from Johnson's face. Jeff, it's up to you."

And that was the beginning of the ballyhoo which finally brought Jeffries out of retirement two years later to face Johnson in that



The fight between Johnson and Burns at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, Australia. A scene in the eleventh round.

Jack's Victories Over Burns and Jeffries Dug Out of Fistic Drama as Brown Bomber Challenges

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THE RING'S *85-year-old sports writer, who has seen 'em all since John L. Sullivan's days.*

Reno ring where he was brutally beaten by the younger, faster and more powerful black man.

* * *

AFTER a lot of bickering, Johnson and Jeffries finally signed tentative articles in October, 1909, the bids to be opened in December. In the meantime, Tex Rickard had begun to busy himself in the matter, and by dexterous maneuvering, contrived to get a strangle-hold on Johnson. Of course, money played a big part in Tex's success, but you can't blame Johnson for accepting the coin. Rickard and Gleason, his rival, consented to pool their interests and become partners in the venture, with the stipulation that Tex was to get the promotion money.

The public was not satisfied that everything was on the up and up, and as later developments proved, they were justified in their conjectures. It was the original intention of Rickard and Gleason to stage the fight in California, but on June 15, the Governor, who at the time was in Chicago, wired to Attorney General Webb ordering him to force the fight out of that state. In his message he said:

"I have information that the contest will not be fought on its merits."

But where he got that information or on what grounds it was based never was learned. Jeff at the time was a hot favorite, especially in his native state, and his friends resented the attitude of the Governor in giving the contest the air and branding the bout as a suspicious one.

As soon as the battle ground was shifted to Nevada, the odds took a big tumble and the desire to back Jeff to the limit had died out. The educated money became very scarce.

Johnson on the road while training for the fight with Jeffries. Today, a run around a small park over a two-mile stretch looks like bog work for the fighter, but not in the days of the old school, when a ten-mile run over the mountain districts was a daily occurrence.

On the Friday before the fight, which was scheduled for the following Monday, Jack Johnson, at the instigation of Tom Flanagan, sent a message to the Jeffries camp telling Jim and his handlers that the fight would be fought absolutely on its merits. Why that message went forth was unknown until Johnson signed an affidavit, which is in possession of THE RING Editor, saying that he had been approached to toss the fight and that he had decided to give fair warning to all that he would fight his best to win.

* * *

THE story of Johnson's message was printed in the papers and caused a commotion. The bribery offer was repeated by him to newspapermen and was published. He even went so far as to name a woman who he said was in on the plot.

"I'll do my best to prove that the fight is on the level and I'll give Jeffries the licking of a lifetime, just to show up some of the newspapermen who have been riding me and have been belittling my ability in an effort to scare me," said Johnson in an interview with Charles Mathison of the New York *Press*, and what he did to Jeffries, for revenge, is ring history. This despite the fact that Jeff had no part in the plot, if there was one.

When the sun peeped over the sparkling summits of the lofty Sierras, at the feet of which nestles the "neatest, holiest, and smartest of places," as a lady journalist once described Reno, he looked down in dignified surprise upon a city of delirium.

For three days prior to the fateful Monday, strangers had been pouring into the town in the thousands. Special after special pulled into the depot and disgorged "sports" from every point of the compass. They came in the hundreds from the Golden Gate and Los Angeles, while the mining camps of Nevada were temporarily given over to dust and stray dogs.

Chicago sent its delegation, while from far-away New York came hundreds to swell the most representative crowd ever seen at an American ringside. A weird and motley throng they were, "a heterogeneous conglomeration of mixed spirits," to quote a favorite phrase of the late Sir John Astley.

Cowboys, miners, gamblers, and toughs of every description rubbed shoulders with millionaires from New York, and leaders of the aristocracy of the far-away Southern States.

The ubiquitous Chinaman was there cheek by jowl with the copper-colored Indian, while the woolly pated Negro was on hand to support with voice and cash the only son of Ham who has ever held the proud title of champion of the world. A canvas city sprang up in the twinkling of an eye, and ten dollars for a night's shelter was cheerfully paid. In those days public gambling was permitted by law in the Sage Bush State, and "games" of every description, honest, indifferently honest, and flagrantly dishonest, were in full blast on every street.

The hotels and saloons were packed throughout Sunday night and Monday morning, and food could only be come by at a great expenditure of patience and money. Never had such a sight been seen before, and with Nevada now shut tight so far as boxing and gambling are concerned, it is more than doubtful if such scenes will ever be witnessed again.

* * *

ON the whole, however, it was an orderly crowd. Everyone was there to see the fight, the whole fight, and nothing but the fight, and if the local jail suffered from a surplus population of pickpockets and such-like small fry of the criminal world, the gun-fighting fraternity were conspicuous only by their absence.

The authorities, however, were indisposed to take chances of any description, and everyone who presented himself for admission at the huge arena was searched for lethal weapons, whatever his rank or social status. Anyone armed with gun or knife had to deposit the weapon in the "cloak room," receiving a ticket in exchange, which enabled him to recover his hardware as soon as the battle was over.

No fight in western America would have been considered complete in those days without the presence of the veteran announcer, Billy Jordan, and the entry of the portly San Franciscan

into the ring at a quarter to two evoked a storm of applause. For the next hour, Jordan was the busiest man in Reno, for upon him devolved the task of introducing more than a score of fistic celebrities to the expectant public, and how even his brazen throat stood the tremendous strain was a mystery.

And what a galaxy of fistic stars collected in that twenty-four-foot ring! Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey, Burns, Nelson, Attell, and a host of other champions, past, present and to come, made their bow before the crowd.

* * *

AFTER the fighters came other celebrities of the world of sport—Coffroth, Rickard, Gleason, Big Tim Sullivan, McIntosh, and Muldoon.

Just before 2.30 a tremendous shout heralded the appearance of Johnson, who climbed through the ropes, followed by an army of attendants, conspicuous among whom were Billy Delaney, Al Kaufman and George Cotton. Johnson was received with pretty general applause—certainly all signs of hostility were absent—and the efforts of a small gang of Chicago thugs to intimidate him were yelled down by the better elements of the vast crowd.

If Johnson's reception was cordial, Jeff's was a thing to wonder at! A murmur greeted his appearance as he left his dressing-room, a murmur which spread and spread like ripples on a pond as he made his way down the aisle, to crash into an almost terrifying crescendo as he leisurely climbed into the ring. Behind Jeffries were Corbett, Choynski, "Farmer" Burns, Abe Attell, Sam Berger, Jack Jeffries and Eugene Van Court, most of whom might as well have been in bed for all the use they were.

When the men stripped for the fray, it was quickly evident that the tales which had been spread as to Johnson having neglected his training were the merest canards. The Negro was trained to the hour, and showed not the least sign of the nervousness which had been reported as having prostrated him before he entered the ring.

Jeffries, on the other hand, looked like anything but a man confident of his ability to make good his boast of putting the Negro away in ten rounds or less. Sunken-cheeked and haggard-eyed, he looked more than his thirty-five years, an impression which his prematurely bald pate did nothing to lessen.

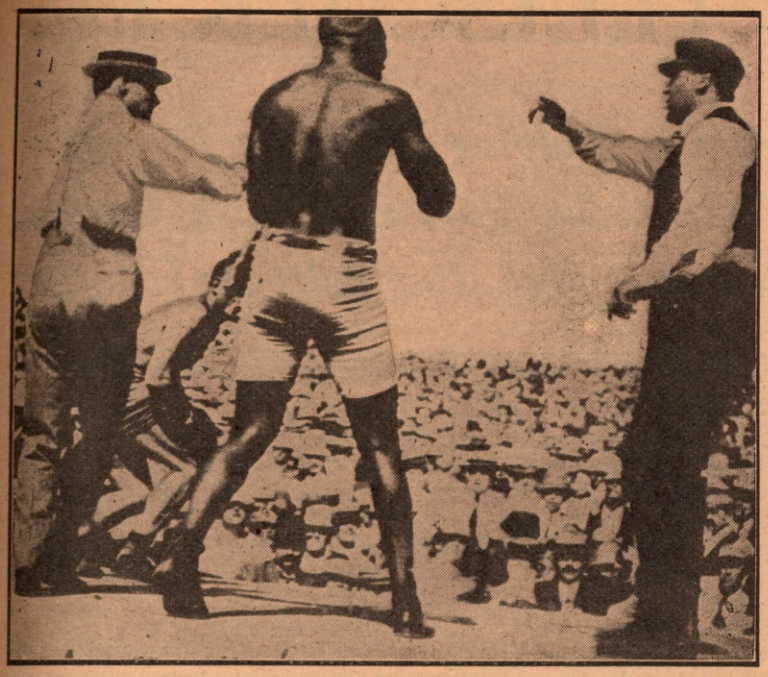
During the eight months which had elapsed since the making of the match he had obviously shed many pounds of the too, too solid flesh which five years of ease had caused to cumber his gigantic frame, but the loose skin which hung in rolls on his chest and stomach showed only too plainly that the fat which had gone to lard the lean earth first round Rowardennan and later round Moana Springs had not been replaced by that good hard muscle which is essential to success in the strenuous sport of the ring.

His eyes lacked fire, and his gaze was shifty and unconfident; in fact, the only part about his make-up which impressed critical onlookers favorably was his legs. Jeff, who chewed gum continuously, was obviously nervous, and when he was led forward by Billy Jordan to be introduced as the "great white unbeaten heavyweight champion of the world," he resembled a criminal being led to execution rather than a champion pugilist about to enter upon the greatest fight of his career.

It transpired later that not only had Jeffries not closed his eyes for two days before the fight, but that he was seized with a severe attack of diarrhœa after reaching the arena, nervousness being at the root of both complaints. At 2.40 Jordan cleared the ring, and six minutes later the bell rang out and the great fight was on.

Jeff, who had been fidgeting about in his corner like a cat on hot bricks during the preliminaries, seemed more natural in his demeanor now that the time for action had arrived, and walked to the center of the ring with a springy step. They feinted and fiddled for a moment, and then Jeff let go a high left swing for

A gathering at Jeffries' camp when he was in training for the bout with Jim Corbett. Note the physically perfect Jeffries as compared to the boilermaker who came out of retirement to meet Johnson. Left to right, standing—Dick Toner, the famous rat catcher; Tommy Ryan, great middleweight; Jeff, the champion heavyweight; Billy Delaney, his manager; Martin Dowling, his trainer. Sitting—Jack Jeffries, brother of the champ, and Ernest Roeber, the wrestler.



Sam Berger tossing in the sponge in the fifteenth round of the Jeff-Johnson mill to save the Californian from further punishment. Tex Rickard is referee.

the head. Johnson picked off the punch without difficulty and then gave ground.

Jeff bored in, and they went to a clinch in which Jeff tried to use his famous left rip to the stomach. This punch had worked all right with Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Ruhlin, but Johnson was ready for it, and as the blow started on its vengeful mission, the Negro's right glove dropped heavily on Jeffries' forearm and the wallop was still-born. With a grunt, Jeff tried to drag the left free, but as his arm went backward, so Johnson's right came forward, and inch by inch, with pitiless persistency, the white man's arm was pressed backwards and upwards until it looked as though the bone must snap.

It was the first great test of strength, and the straining muscles stood out on the men's gigantic frames like veins of ivy on two sturdy oaks. Of a sudden, Johnson released the lock and stepped back. As he did so, he led lightly with the left and reached Jeffries' face. It was the merest tap, but it was the first blow of the fight, and a vibrant yell from the bleachers heralded the fact. A clinch followed instantly, and Jeffries pushed Johnson across the ring, the latter, who had learned all he wanted to know in the first wrestle, contenting himself with lying on his man and letting James J. do the donkey work.

In this Johnson proved himself a master of tactics, as indeed he did in every other department of the game throughout the fight. As they broke from the second clinch, Jeff's left banged against Johnson's neck, and a yell of delight from Corbett brought a fleeting smile to Johnson's face. They clinched again, and this time Jim put a right to the body, though half its sting was broken by Johnson's protecting forearm. Then it was Johnson's turn, and a stiff left to the jaw stung Jeff, who, after vainly attempting to land a brace of short-arm body blows, bumped into a clinch.

* * *

IT was at this juncture that the bell sent them to their corners, a very slow and uninteresting first round having been very slightly in the white man's favor so far as the actual work done was concerned. It was already evident, however, that Johnson was the stronger as well as the speedier, and offers to take ten to six were gloomily refused by the Los Angeles contingent, whose noisy confidence, backed up by real money, had been one of the features of the early wagering.

Johnson had been cautious to a degree in the opening round, but he came up for the second like a bridegroom to a wedding. Feinting beautifully, he drew Jeff's lead, and the golden smile flashed out in all its glory as the brown glove hurtled harmlessly over his right shoulder. Then smack! smack! smick! came the Negro's left hand on Jeffries' face, and a slight reddening on Jim's swarthy skin showed there was powder behind the blows.

"Look out for that left," yelled Corbett, as Jeffries butted his way into a clinch, and Johnson smiled tantalizingly over the white man's shoulder at the hero of New Orleans.

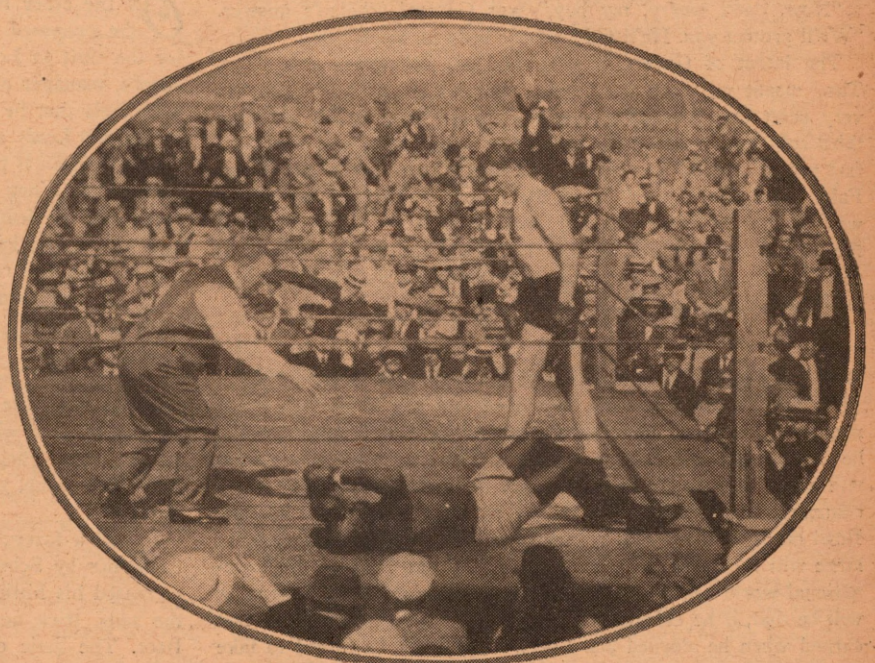
"He saw it all right, Jimmy," he made reply. Then whipping his right loose, he tilted Jeffries' head with an uppercut which had every ounce of his weight behind it.

Jeff replied with a right to the ribs, but once again it was more of a ricochet from Johnson's protecting forearm. Another uppercut rocked the white man's thinking apparatus, and then, served by his superior speed, Johnson got away without a return. The remainder of the round was one protracted wrestle.

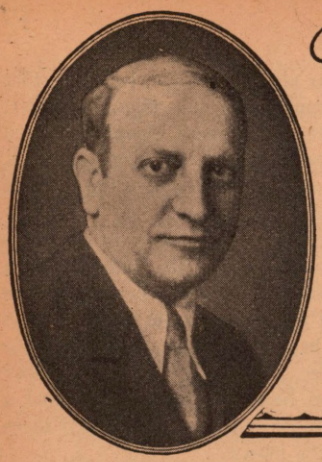
"Take it easy, Jeff," said Corbett, as Jeffries left his corner for the third round, though heaven knows the big fellow's work in the opening rounds wouldn't have injured a man with heart disease. Jeff did just a little bit better in this round, which was less like a wrestling match than its predecessors.

As in the first two rounds, the white man was the first to lead. Indeed, Johnson drew his opponent's lead just whenever it suited him so to do, thus giving color to his boast that he had never during his career met a man who had not had to fight just as he (Johnson) wished. In the clinch resulting from his ineffective lead, Jeffries ripped home his favorite left stomach punch for the first time, his glove slipping inwards and upwards under Johnson's right forearm, which for once in a way was not there when it was wanted.

Johnson missed with a savage right uppercut, but he scored with a left hook to the body, and *(Continued on page 40)*



The much-discussed "shading the eyes" scene in the Willard-Johnson fight at Havana in 1915, when Jess won the title.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Money Speaks in Shelving of Max by Braddock
Broadribb Plays Big Part in British Boxing
Foreign Countries Seek Ring Belts for Champs

AS we go to press, we find that the case of Madison Square Garden against Jimmy Braddock has been decided by Judge Fake of the Federal Court of Newark in favor of the world champion, and thus, by refusing to grant an injunction, the court has paved the way for the first defense of Braddock's championship in Chicago on June 22, with Joe Louis, instead of Max Schmeling, as the challenger. The decision, which breaks the monopoly of the Garden in its hold on the heavyweight champions, will have a far-reaching effect in boxing.

In his decision, the court pointed out that the third contract, the one which was drawn up by General Phelan at the boxing commission's offices and was signed and sealed there before an army of newspapermen, was faulty in that it failed to offer proper protection to the champion by making it possible for the Garden to keep him inactive at its whim for any length of time, thus depriving him of his livelihood.

Judge Fake, in his review of the case, pointed out that under the original contract, Braddock was bound to defend his title against Schmeling before he tackled any other opponent, and that, in the second contract, drawn up after the champion's arthritis had prevented him from fighting last September, the same clause was inserted, but in the contract drawn up by the commission, the clause was left out. Instead, a stipulation was made that "Braddock will not meet anyone until after June 3."

Thus Schmeling can blame no one but the boxing commission and the Garden for losing the fight with the champion. He saw that flaw when he protested to General Phelan before the scribes, with the statement, "But, General, this is not correct. It should read that he cannot meet anyone until after he has defended his title against me."

"Now, don't worry, my boy," was General Phelan's answer. "We'll protect you. He'll fight no one until he meets you."

The intent of General Phelan and his colleagues was there. They meant well, but the Garden lawyers should have seen the very point that Schmeling saw and should have forced into that third substitute contract the clause that would have held Braddock fast to the original agreement. The fact is they didn't, and Judge Fake ruled that, regardless of the intent, the written agreement was all that he could consider, and there being no violation of the June 3 arrangement, in that Braddock had not contracted to meet Louis until after that date, there was no reason for granting an injunction against the Chicago fight.

* * *

THE sports world feels sympathetic towards Schmeling. He won the right to meet Braddock and lost it through gross negligence of those upon whom he had depended—intentionally, he thinks, but that is open to argument. The New York commission will make amends by declaring him the New York State world champion upon Braddock's failure to meet him in the Garden Bowl on June 3, but that is merely an idle gesture. The world at large will recognize the winner of the Chicago fight as the international world heavyweight king and the only solace to Schmeling will be that, if he eventually gets a shot at the title which he had earned when he stopped Joe Louis, he will not be forced to take the challenger's end of the purse. His recognition in New York will enable him to get at least as much as will his opponent, if that opponent should be the winner of the Chicago contest.

As for THE RING, we reiterate what we have already said—Max has been shabbily treated. Regardless of racial conditions in the Hitler government, we in America believe in fair play and, based on sportsmanship, Schmeling deserves a better Fate. I hope that at least he will be considered the opponent of the Chicago winner for a championship bout.

* * *

THOSE behind the scenes in the Braddock camp insist that their only reason for shifting is to enable Jimmy to make some money. They point out that he has made less as champion than any other world heavyweight king in the last forty years and should be given a chance to get at least a fair portion of what usually falls to the lot of a title-holder.

They bring up the boycott as an argument. They say that the Jews and the Catholics, because of the hatred against each in Germany, will remain away from a fight between Schmeling and Braddock in such large numbers as to make it impossible to gross more than a $200,000 gate, thus leaving the champion with little for himself. On the other hand, they say, a fight with Louis will more than double those figures and that is the lure.

Money is what Joe Gould and Jimmy Braddock want. If Braddock can retain the crown, so much the better, but at least, they say, he will retire from the ring with enough to live the life of ease thereafter. This, they point out, can only be accomplished by taking the biggest and best drawing card, and that man, they say, is Joe Louis. Furthermore, they are determined, if Fate rules against Braddock, that the title be kept out of the hands of the German.

* * *

ON the other hand, Schmeling and his supporters insist that the proposed boycott is mythical and that the true reason for the shift to Louis is fear on the part of Braddock. Both Joe Jacobs, manager of the German, and Schmeling insist that Braddock feels that he will have a better chance to retain his crown by fighting Louis, and that is his primary reason for shelving Max.

The German is peeved at Jimmy and his mentor, and one cannot blame him. When Max knocked out Louis, the American public applauded the feat in no uncertain terms. They paid homage to him for having kayoed the "superman." He had knocked out a fighter who had received more publicity than any ring gladiator since Dempsey was at the helm and the championship was once more within his grasp.

With that in mind, is it any wonder that Schmeling is on the warpath? The friends of Braddock think he has a perfect right to select the man of his own choice as the challenger, but the public, as a whole, feels that Schmeling had earned the shot. At any rate, whether you take sides with the Braddock or the Schmeling camp, you must admit that Herr Max has been tossed around.

It isn't a foregone conclusion that Braddock will be beaten by Louis nor by Schmeling. He has gained considerable weight, has increased his hitting powers and is a wise fighter, and may turn the same trick against Louis or Schmeling that he did against Baer. The fistic experts have erred before and may err again in their judgment, although Jimmy's long layoff undoubtedly will affect his fighting ability. I pick Louis to win the title.

THREE more championship belts have been awarded by THE RING to world title-holders during the past few weeks. Following the custom established in 1922, THE RING decided to honor Benny Lynch, world flyweight king; Freddie Steele, middleweight champion, and John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight titleholder, with a trophy, these awards being the sixty-fourth, sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth since 1922. Lynch will receive his belt for having won the title from Small Montana; Steele for whipping every challenger and being the outstanding middleweight of the world, and Lewis for his victory over Bob Olin last year.

By keeping up the awards which originally were made by Richard K. Fox, THE RING Editor is maintaining the interest in the championship fights. There is an added incentive to make good when such a trophy as THE RING awards is at stake.

In addition to sponsoring world championship matches, THE RING has encouraged local lads by offering state championship belts to promoters who sponsor such contests in this country. The interest created by such gifts has been exemplified by the huge turnouts at clubs where the awards have been made. Promoters desiring to stage such championship matches with a RING trophy at stake should get in touch with me.

* * *

ONLY a few days ago I received an offer from Venezuela to make such an award for a lightweight championship tournament and I accepted. During the next tourist season, the best boys in Venezuela will compete for the trophy and the winner and runner-up will then be pitted against two good American lads whom I shall select for the trip, and two New York scribes will be asked to accompany me as guest judges in the international bouts. That is only one phase of the good-will mission of THE RING in foreign countries. The invitation which I have extended to promoters in the United States is also extended to promoters in foreign lands. RING awards are cherished by the victors and are open to all countries.

* * *

I RECEIVED a message from Jorge Brescia, who complained that an item which appeared in these columns a month ago did him a gross injustice in that it read that he had been knocked out by Alberto Lovell, the South American heavyweight sensation who has been bowling 'em over in California. Brescia denies that he ever was in the ring with Lovell, and as there is no reason to doubt Jorge's word, I think that he deserves an apology from Lovell and his mentors, who have been broadcasting that kayo in all of their publicity.

If Lovell is as good as his sponsors think he is, then there is no need to falsify a record with a kayo over a fighter who has such recognized ability as has Brescia.

* * *

THE past month has seen a revival of pugilistic interest in England such as has not been experienced since the early part of 1902, when a visiting troupe of American fighters—the best in our land—visited London to take part in the Coronation boxing program. The victories of Tommy Farr over Max Baer and Jack Doyle over King Levinsky have turned the British sports field topsy-turvy. Not in thirty or more years have the boxing followers of the British Empire gone so daffy over a pugilist as they are over the conqueror of Baer, and well might they feel so enthusiastic, for it is the first time in many years that the Empire has been able to furnish a heavyweight who cannot be ridiculed as a member of the "horizontal clan."

To Ted Broadribb, manager of Farr, and the young Welshman who now holds the Empire championship, Great Britain owes a vote of thanks, for between them, they have taken the play away from America in the European press, in so far as fisticuffs are concerned. So deeply concerned are the British over their new heavyweight title-holder that Farr's name even supplanted that of the British royal family in the public print for almost a week, at a time when the newspapers of the world were playing up the coming Coronation in big headlines.

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a story on Farr and other leading British fighters of the past, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the part that Ted Broadribb has played in the rise of the Welshman, and the part that he has taken in keeping boxing alive in England during its darkest days. Young Snowball, as he was known to Americans when he fought as a bantam and featherweight in pre-war times, has been one of England's leading fistic figures for upwards of thirty years.

It was he, who, during the war, organized many war charities that netted hundreds of thousands of pounds for the wounded. It was he who took under his tutelage lads of promise and by proper coaching, brought them to the front at a time when England needed good boxing talent to keep the sport alive. Through his efforts, the British boys toured the British Empire and aided the development of the sport in places that scarcely ever had any boxing to speak of until Broadribb's arrival with his travelling troupe.

* * *

BACK in 1927, after I had visited London, and at a dinner that was tendered to me, I frankly had informed the British sportsmen what I thought ailed boxing in England, Broadribb made a trip to America with three good lads. When he returned to his native heath, he not only introduced there the American system of training with the American type of boxing gymnasiums, but through his boys, he also introduced the American style of action in boxing that soon revolutionized the British game and brought to the front such stars as Harry Mason, Jackie Kid Berg, Ted Baldock, Len Harvey, Jock McAvoy and many others.

Regardless of whether he had any part in the training of these boys, or managed them, the fact remains that what he brought back from America and foisted on the British was found so pleasing that the cream of the newly developed talent followed his ideas and soon England boasted of a crop of lads in all divisions, except the heavyweight, that could cope with the best the world over.

And now he has developed, from a raw novice, a new British heavyweight king, a boy who, only a few months back, was seldom eating a meal a day, but now can partake of the best in the land. I've known Broadribb for many years, and to me the victory of his man, young Tommy Farr, was exceptionally pleasing, because of the many fine things I knew that Ted had accomplished single-handed, often against big odds, to help the sport of boxing in his country.

* * *

AS for Baer, the victim of Farr's speed and timely hits, he is through and should retire. We in America who follow the sport closely, predicted his defeat because we knew that he had shot his bolt, but that must not, and does not, detract one iota from the stunning victory of Farr over the former champion. Tommy won the fight on its merits and his defeat of Baer was a splendid feat.

The case of Doyle is quite different. When the Irish tenor clouted out a victory over Levinsky, he beat a man who is so far gone as a fighter that we cannot credit Doyle's triumph as a feat extraordinary. Levinsky has been beaten quite frequently in the States. He had passed his peak two years ago after he was scared out of his wits by Joe Louis and knocked out in one round. He made the trip to England only for the purpose of collecting the ten grand promised him for the fight. Doyle may have exhibited a marked change as a fighter, as the British papers say he did, but even that doesn't call for singing his praises to the skies. I doubt that he is any better now than when he showed in the States, and based on his performances here, he is just an ordinary second-rater—his recent triumph notwithstanding.

* * *

AN added surprise in the past few weeks was the knockout of Frankie Martin, bantam king of Canada, by K. O. Morgan of Detroit, a lad who, since his return from England, has not had much luck in inducing the top flight boys to meet him. Little did Martin think that Morgan, whom he regarded as a set-up, would put him out of the running by the K.O. route.

Martin was in line for a shot at Escobar's title and now he'll have to give way to a more deserving *(Continued on page 42)*

Farr's Rise Stirs Empire

By TED CARROLL

FOR the first time since the immortal Charley Mitchell engaged mighty John L. Sullivan in that memorable drawn contest at Chantilly, France, way back in 1888, Merrie England has something to be merry about as far as heavyweight boxing is concerned. Despatches describe frenzied Britons casting aside all traditional restraint and dancing in the aisles following Tommy Farr's great victory over the former heavyweight champion of the world, Max Baer, thereby scoring the outstanding British boxing triumph in a decade.

The Tight Little Isle has had more than its share of great little men, but the English have long since become reconciled to the spectacle of their larger representatives assuming horizontal positions at the slightest provocation. Down through the years, a veritable cavalcade of collapsible heavies have decorated the canvases of innumerable British rings.

* * *

THE sad parade had its inception with the brilliant boxing and terrific hitting Bombardier Billy Wells, whom Nature, alas, equipped with a papier mache chin along with his outstanding natural abilities. Then followed a long line of sometimes promising but always weak-jawed aspirants, slugging Joe Beckett, a puncher who couldn't take any kind of a punch; Phainting Phil Scott, the Phlopping Phireman, a fair boxer, who swooned at the lightest tap about the midsection; and more recently the promising Jack Petersen, who made a fortune in British rings, but could never get by mauling Walter Neusel.

Preceding these contemporary collapsibles there were Ian Hague, who had the misfortune to become embroiled with Sam Langford when that worthy was in his prime; Gunner Moir, Bandsman Rice, Arthur Townley and others of equal or less resistance. A sad lot, indeed, and English exultation over the vertical tendencies shown by Farr can be well understood.

* * *

BUT if the British big boys have been something less than sensational, the smaller Britishers have more than made up for the shortcomings on the part of their larger brethren. England need offer no apologies for the quality of British boxing since the days of Mace for there have always been marvelous Englishmen in the lighter divisions.

For all around ability, there have been few boxers to equal England's Mighty Atom, the tiny Welsh wizard, Jimmy Wilde, uncanny boxer, with the wallop of a man pounds heavier encased in his 105-pound frame. The wonderful Wilde was a fighter of whom any nation might well be proud. English style boxing at its best was embodied in peerless Jem Driscoll, one of the cleverest boxers of all time, whose masterful exhibition with Abe Attell, himself a phenomenal boxer, is still regarded as one of the classics of the ring in America.

Almost equal in ability to Driscoll, Owen Moran displayed great skill and heart in his American campaigns just before the war. A 128-pounder, the swashbuckling Moran disregarded weight differences and usually fought men much heavier than himself.

* * *

TED KID LEWIS was a familiar figure in American rings for years, where he engaged the cream of Uncle Sam's boxers with conspicuous success. The English Hebrew, born Gershen Mendeloff, is best remembered over here for his twenty-five or so battles with clever Jack Britton, and won the welterweight title from Britton in Boston, August 31, 1915.

Matt Wells, also Jewish, was a highly capable lightweight of his day and did very well with the best Americans. Back in the old days, Fred Dwyer, Billy Plimmer, Ben Jordan, Pedlar Palmer and Dick Burge were topnotchers around the turn of the century.

Clever Freddy Welsh is still fresh in the minds of American fight followers as one of the greatest defensive lightweights and former world's champion.

In more recent years, Jack Kid Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, former junior welterweight champion, who defeated Canzoneri, Petrolle, Chocolate, Callahan and other leading Yankees, was one of the most popular figures in America.

The capable featherweights, Nel Tarleton and Teddy Baldock, hard-hitting Jock McAvoy, light-heavy and middleweight contender; Jack Hood and Tommy Milligan, high class 160-pounders, and Harry Mason, Jewish former British lightweight champion, have been outstanding in boxing circles for some years. Len Harvey, although past his peak, is still a competent performer. England has had more than its share of great little men.

* * *

FARR, the new pride of British boxing, is, like Welsh, Wilde and Driscoll, a Welshman, and a native of Tonypandy, Wales. Like most of his famed predecessors, his ring career had its beginning in the boxing booths of his homeland, from whence most of the great British boxers have sprung.

Young Thomas was only a flyweight when he started out, and most of his twenty-three years have been spent in a pugilistic atmosphere, so he is a well-seasoned fighter who knows most of the answers, as Mr. Baer found out. He can now boast the enviable distinction of having beaten three former American champions of the world, as he had previously defeated Bob Olin and Tommy Loughran, former light-heavyweight title-holders. Obviously the young man must have considerable; the Britishers certainly think so, for he is at the moment the greatest figure in British boxing in fifty years.

Farr's sudden surge to pre-eminence adds a further international tinge to the heavyweight situation. For the first time in years, Max Schmeling finds his long time position as the outstanding heavy in the Old World threatened. The British Empire champion is young, strong and ambitious, and a contest between himself and the German veteran would be a magnetic one.

But first, there remains the little difficulty of disposing of Walter Neusel, bane of British champions, who, in some magical manner, takes on a mantle of invincibility when he steps on English soil. And then, if successful against the Blond Teuton, Farr may find his way blocked by, of all people, Jack Doyle, much ridiculed in America, whose easy win over rough King Levinsky has confounded his many critics over here.

These two amazing setbacks of two of the best known American boxers by British subjects—Doyle, although Irish, has done practically all of his boxing in England—has given more impetus to the sport in its birthplace than any happening in the twentieth century, and our English cousins are even looking to the possible coronation of a British heavyweight boxing champion of the world in the not so distant future.

In a message to THE RING Editor, Ted Broadribb, competent manager of Farr, writes:

"Farr has class. Make no mistake about that. He is as good right now as Tunney, although he has not matured as yet. I expect much of this boy, and might surprise you and my other American friends by having the next world heavyweight king."

As Broadribb has managed many British stars, including Baldock, Len Harvey, Alf Mancini and Jack Hood, among others, he should be a good judge of a fighter. In an interview in the *Sunday Graphic* of London, Broadribb declared that for three years he has been drilling into Farr that he had in him the makings of a champion—until the boy believed him.

"I didn't teach Tommy his boxing," Ted explained. "I haven't taught him ringcraft, or given him his clever defense. But I have made him believe in himself, and that's just as important. I've ironed out the faults in his boxing character.

"Three years ago Tommy came to me in a little hotel in Aberdare. He said: 'Mr. Broadribb, you know a little about me. I want you to manage me. Unless you do I shan't get anywhere.'

"Tommy was then a nervous, lanky youth. His hands were broken. He was lonely. Both his parents were dead. He hadn't the confidence of a kitten.

"Mind you, we've had rows. Tommy, at twenty-three, wouldn't be human if he hadn't kicked at times. But I've always come back at him like this: 'Tommy, you're always wanting your own way. You've got no common sense. You're just a young fool . . . . *But you're just the greatest boxer in the world!*'

"I've never yet made a statement to deceive him," added Ted Broadribb. "If I were to tell him now that he could thrash Joe Louis, he would believe me, because I've never let him down."

The CHAMPION'S

Braddock Can Aid Boxing in First Defense of His Crown by Fighting in the Open or Retard the Sport by a Purely Defensive, Uninteresting Bout

IF and when Jimmy Braddock enters the ring to defend his title, he, like several other heavyweight kings and challengers of the past, will go to the post the long shot in the betting, even though he is the champion. Two years of idleness have made him ring stale. Public sentiment may be in his favor as it was when he turned the trick on Max Baer, but sentiment alone will not be sufficient to make him hurdle his next obstacle, the biggest of his career.

At the age of thirty-two, when most fighters are ready to hang up their gloves, Braddock will attempt to retain his crown after a period of ring inactivity that has dimmed his eyes, softened his body and given him a feeling of uncertainty about his own ability that is sure to react unfavorably in the first defense of his championship. His long lay-off certainly has not helped him any.

Perhaps we are taking too many things for granted when we predict that everything is set against him. We have been fooled before. Long shots have often come through with a stirring victory. The unexpected in fisticuffs is what makes the game so fascinating and draws out the throngs even when a one-sided battle is predicted.

* * *

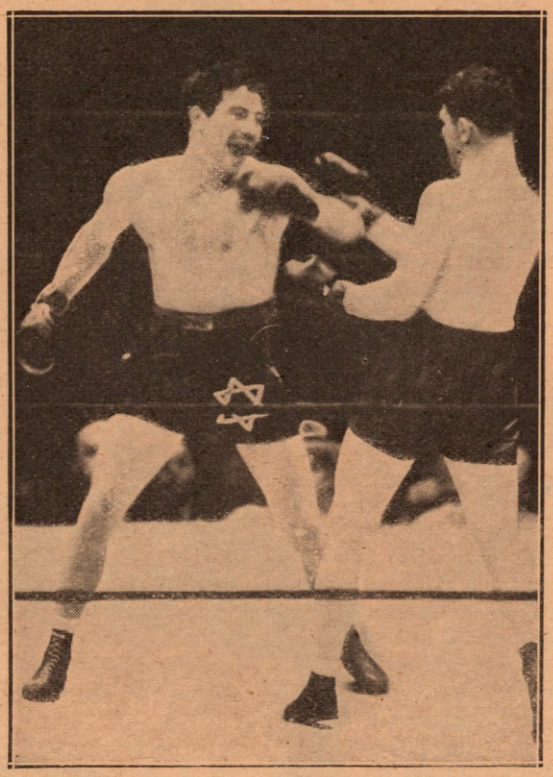
JIM CORBETT pulled one out of the fire when he astounded the myriads of admirers of John L. Sullivan and won the world crown from the Boston Strong Boy in 1892. Bob Fitzsimmons crashed the gates when he knocked out Corbett with the famous solar plexus punch. Jack Johnson set the fistic world afire by conquering Jim Jeffries, a hot favorite.

Gene Tunney dazzled almost one hundred thousand spectators by taking the measure of the "sure shot," Jack Dempsey, at Philadelphia. Braddock added to the list of heavyweights who made ring history by beating Baer, and Schmeling turned the greatest of modern pugilistic feats by stopping Joe Louis and handing to that superb fighter a beating so unexpected that it takes its place among great fights of modern times with that of the second Tunney-Dempsey battle and the Dempsey-Firpo mill.

Will Champion Braddock again prove himself the miracle man of boxing by retaining his crown despite the odds against him when he defends his crown for the first time?

Will Braddock repeat the Bob Pastor performance to save his throne by making a safe fight of it? He may definitely decide on a "public-be-hanged" policy to slide safely into the home plate. It has been done before and there is nothing in the rules of boxing that will bar a recurrence, but I doubt that the champion will let the public down that way.

The first defense of Jimmy's crown may be a thrilling battle or a dud. If Jersey James decides to fight as a champion heavyweight should, regardless of the outcome, the fans should be treated to one of the best heavyweight battles of recent years. If he maps out a purely defensive plan of battle, one that will offer to him the greatest security, then a repetition of the Pastor-Louis fiasco, a fistic humbug, will be furnished those who are asked to contribute several hundred thousand dollars to the contestants. We simply must sit back and hope for the best.



Baer had the sock and Braddock was aware of it. Yet, as the above illustrates, Braddock stood his ground and was willing to mix it whenever Baer was ready to do likewise.

* * *

IF a heavyweight champion ever gave a more lamentable exhibition of mediocrity than did James J. Jeffries in a contest with James J. Corbett at Coney Island, May 11, 1900, the fact has escaped the observation of the writer. The losing bouts of many other title-holders in the heavy division have been marred by lack of condition on the part of the champions, but this did not apply to Jeffries. On the contrary, he was in superb physical condition when he entered the ring, and really at the peak of his form both as to skill and condition.

On the other hand, Corbett was by no means in the best form of his career, especially as regards stamina and vitality. Following his defeat at the hands of Fitzsimmons three years previously, Corbett had not taken the best of care of his health, and was in far from good condition at the time he was accorded a match with the new champion.

That Corbett well understood his deficiencies is proven by the careful course of preparation he took previous to entering the ring against his burly opponent. The former title-holder lost no time in going to the Jersey coast, near Asbury Park, where he trained for four months.

* * *

QUITE naturally, Corbett knew better than to do hard work for that length of time, and for three months he did little else but keep in the open air. He rode horseback, played croquet, and took long walks in the open. Then in the final month previous to the battle, he settled down to hard work in the gym, boxing, heavy bag punching, wrist machine and other appliances for strengthening the human body. When he emerged, he looked very fit on the surface, but later events proved that his work had not overcome the ill effects of easy life on his stamina.

The bout was scheduled for twenty-five rounds, and how Corbett managed to last twenty-two rounds, while boxing at full speed, and part of the twenty-third round, was a mystery to the onlookers. One excellent reason for his good showing was that his remarkable cleverness enabled him to avoid the comparatively small number of blows aimed at him by Jeffries. It was not until the twenty-third round that the Boilermaker managed to get home an effective blow, and only when he became convinced that Corbett was helpless from exhaustion did the giant finally take a swing at his staggering opponent.

If Corbett had been able to continue the battle for two more rounds, he would have received the decision and regained the

CHOICE

By NAT FLEISCHER

championship, a feat never accomplished by a beaten champion in the heavyweight class up to this writing.

* * *

THE performance of Jim Corbett in the twenty-two rounds of the battle was the most remarkable feat in ring history. Outweighed by thirty pounds, and facing a veritable Hercules, both in stamina and strength of bone and muscle, Corbett needed all the skill and speed he possessed in order to outwit the hairy-breasted monster who opposed him.

For twenty-two rounds Corbett made Jeffries look like the veriest novice, and the preternatural success of the former champion in avoiding the attack of the big man not only puzzled Jeffries, but finally instilled the fear of defeat in him. One round was about the same as another. Jeffries would take position near center of the ring, and with his huge left shoulder up against his jaw, await the attack of the smaller warrior. Thereupon Corbett would feint at Jeff's mid-section and then shoot a left straight and true to the face or jaw. Jeff would retreat under the attack, and occasionally, as Corbett pressed forward, the Boilermaker would attempt a left hook to the body which Corbett gracefully avoided.

In several of the rounds, Corbett stepped in, puzzled Jeff with lightning feints, and then followed with a series of straight lefts to face and body that completely smothered the giant. In one round seven stinging blows to Jeff's face and body without a single return were counted.

This continued round after round to the amazement of the onlookers, who sensed a recapture of the title by Corbett. When the eighteenth round started, Tommy Ryan, one of Jeff's seconds, said as he pushed the big fellow into the ring:

"Now go out there and do something. He's got you licked and if you don't do something pretty soon, away goes your title."

But this advice had no effect on Jeff, except possibly to make him more careful and cautious. He looked and acted like a whipped man when he came out for the twenty-third round. And he waited for Corbett, who had been the aggressor in twenty-two successive rounds, to start the proceedings.

Corbett began in his customary manner, feinting, sidestepping and jabbing, with Jeff in a daze of uncertainty and doubt, and with positive fear written on his face. Corbett continued his tactics for about two minutes of the twenty-third round, when suddenly he began to falter. Jeff stood off, waiting for Corbett to resume the attack, but Corbett was wary and played for time. Jeff's seconds saw the point and began yelling at the Boilermaker.

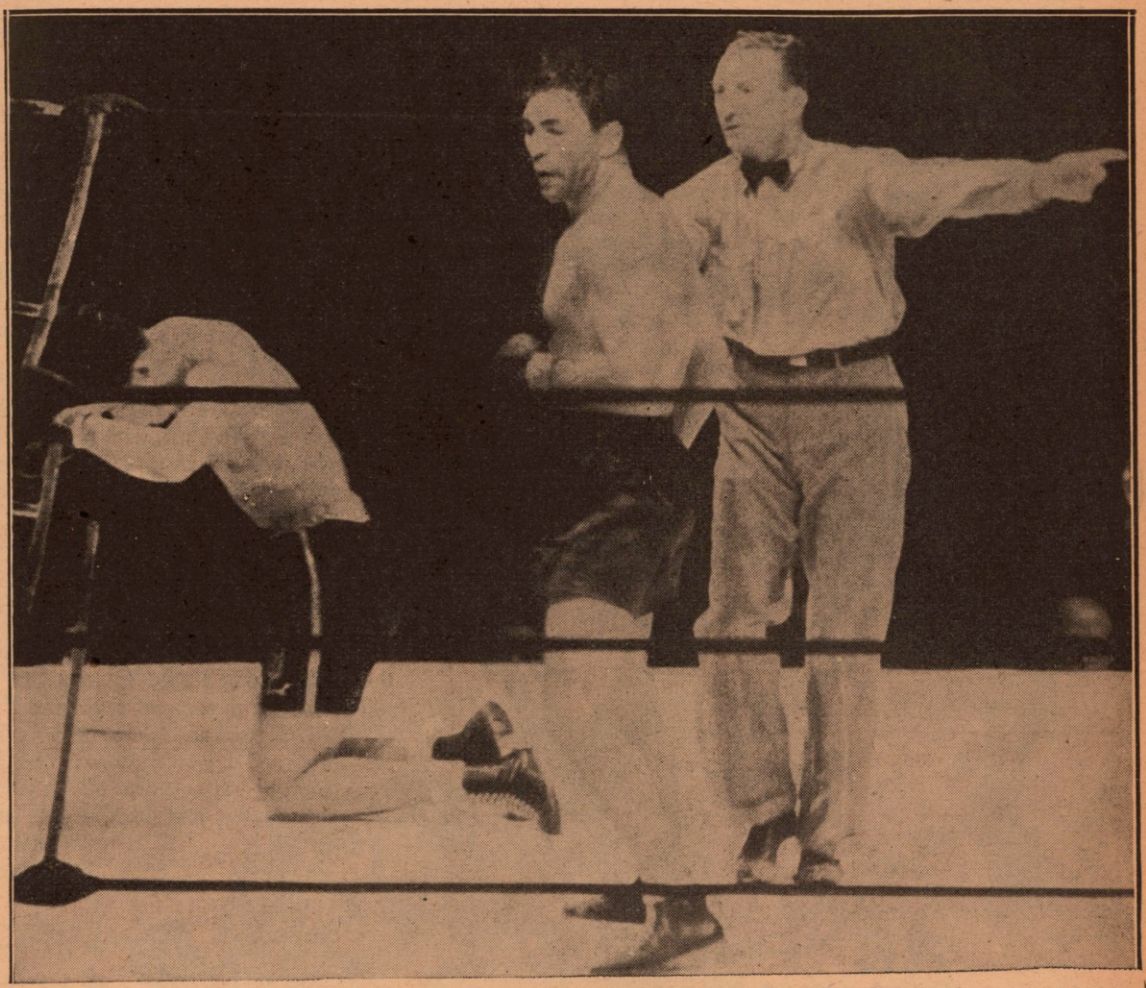
"He's all in, Jeff," screeched Tommy Ryan. "Go to him."

But Jeff was not convinced by the advice of his second. The big fellow stood stock still and stared suspiciously at Corbett as though the latter were trying to put over a trick. Corbett was moving cautiously about the ring, but had ceased his attack. Jeff's seconds redoubled their shouts to the champion, who stood like a great ox blinking at Corbett.

But finally Jeff, seeing that Corbett was hanging back, decided that something was wrong with his opponent and slowly advanced to where the exhausted Corbett stood. The latter now was unable to hold his hands up, and Jeff finally, after much self-questioning, let loose a left hook for the body. Corbett stepped back and the blow merely grazed his stomach. But it did him no good, and he staggered back against the ropes near his own corner.

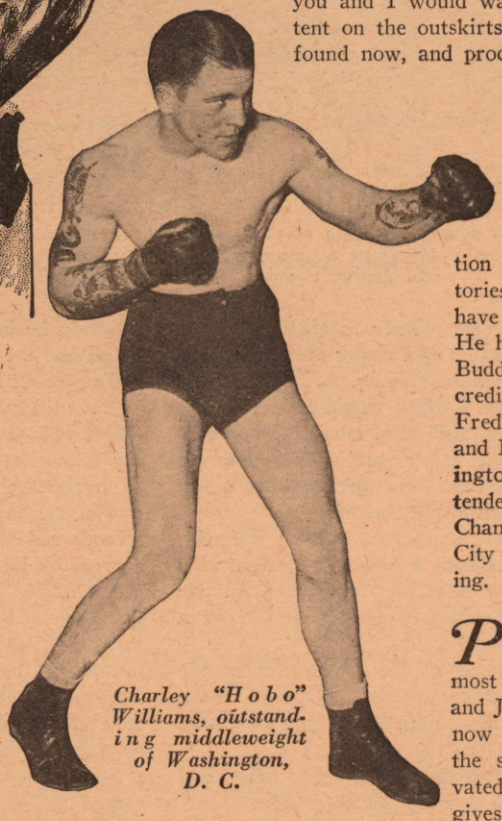
Still Jeff could not convince himself that a trick was not being played on him, and again he stood and stared at the helpless Corbett. The uproar in Jeff's corner broke out afresh, each of his seconds urging the Boilermaker to step in and finish his man. After another extended inspection of Corbett, who now was leaning against the ropes, Jeff stepped in close and let fly a straight right that landed on the jaw and brought Corbett down for the full count. If ever a fighter was favored by Lady Luck, Jeffries was the man. Outpointed by 1000 to 0 for 22 rounds, Jeff saved his title because the weakened vitality of his opponent made him an easy victim in the 23rd round.

(Continued on page 45)



And here is a scene in one of the greatest heavyweight fights of recent years—a slugging bee in which Max Schmeling upset the dope by stopping Joe Louis. If Braddock can duplicate the fighting spirit of Schmeling and Louis, the first defense of his title will meet with popular approval.

NEW FACES



Charley "Hobo" Williams, outstanding middleweight of Washington, D. C.

EVERY so often, you get a glimpse of the fight results that are released over the reliable wires of the news syndicates, and more often than not, you read of a fight taking place in Washington that carries the line of another victory for Charley "Hobo" Williams. And with each succeeding triumph comes to light the fact that Williams must be better than just a fair fighter, because the fistic road winds over a thorny path and a toter of leather, to attain a degree of pugilistic prominence, must do some rough traveling. And in the case of the colorful "Hobo," he has been beaten only twice in twenty-four professional starts, and has managed to garner victories over a crop of good opponents.

Hence you begin to realize that Williams is an extremely bright prospect and that the favorable reports on Charley Williams that have been coming from the Capital City are not hokum. A study of Williams' record proves that the youngster seems destined for brighter things in the field of fisticuffs.

Harry Groves acts in the capacity of all-around man for Williams, whose right name is Charley Williamson, and Groves has done well as the fighter's trainer, second and manager. Williams' record proves that his career has been gaited to suit his boxing qualifications.

* * *

BORN in Utica twenty years ago, Charley is the second oldest of a family that includes twelve children. His boyhood was anything but a happy one, a head accident while an infant doing much to retard his mental progress. It wasn't until he had reached the age of thirteen, when he was hit on the head with a rock thrown by a boy, and rushed to a hospital for an operation that proved successful, that he regained full use of his senses. But the schooling he had missed during that period made him backward, and he was forced to depend on his hands for a livelihood.

The "Hobo" travelled with his mother, who had been working in a carnival, and helped with odd jobs, such as driving in stakes for the tents. The hard work helped to develop a body that was strong and sturdy. He finally landed a job with the organization when he volunteered to lend opposition to the carnival wrestler.

As the story goes in books, so does the story go with Charley Williams. He threw the wrestler and walked off with the job. But he liked boxing better than the catch-as-catch-can pastime, and would mix his performances with a bit of glove-tossing. The carnival, however, folded up, and the "Hobo" was forced to light out for greener pastures.

The life of a carnival man made Williams an open-air addict, and instead of moving into a house such as you and I would want to live in, Charley pitched a tent on the outskirts of Alexandria, where he can be found now, and proceeded to call it home.

Williams met up with Manager Groves, and the combination has been doing well in Washington, where Charley has been firing his gloves at any and all opponents they could dig up for him. He is quite an attraction in that city, and has scored victories over erstwhile opponents that have made him a featured performer. He has draw verdicts with promising Buddy Scott and Eddie Mader to his credit, and has stopped, among others, Freddie Stout, Joe Davis, Rusty Baker and Eric Lawson to make him Washington's outstanding middleweight contender. An overweight match with Champion Freddie Steele as a Capital City outdoor attraction is in the making.

* * *

PETEY SCALZO'S mother didn't want her baby to be a fighter, as most mothers don't, but brothers Jimmy and Joe won over mama's consent, and now the youngster, who was born in the shade of the Ninth Avenue elevated on the west side of 41st Street, gives promise of developing into one of the country's outstanding featherweight prospects.

As a child, Petey ran errands for the neighborhood tailor and peddled newspapers, and that training has helped him at this date in the development of a fine pair of legs that adds credence to the belief that he is one of the fastest youngsters in the beezer-bashing business.

He was but a stripling of eleven years when he visited the West Side Boys' Club, and weighed only sixty-five pounds when he was allowed to box in the junior tournaments of the Children's

By MEYER ACKERMAN

Aid Society. He was instructed by Charley Reilly in those days, and succeeded in capturing the championship in the 75-85-pound class at the end of a year of fisticuffs. The following year, Petey made off with the title in the 85-89-pound class.

Scalzo then joined the Holy Name Club at 97th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and entered the sub-novice class in the Golden Gloves tournament that is sponsored yearly by the New York *Daily News*. Before a scheduled fight with Joe Eder, young Scalzo learned of the death of his father. But with heavy heart, and true fighter that he is, Petey went about his work and knocked out his opponent in one round.

* * *

THE West Side youngster was chosen to represent Uncle Sam on the American amateur team and lost a close decision to Bert Barnes of England in a thriller. Anything but discouraged, Petey went on to trounce that amateur favorite, Georgie Coyle, for the Golden Gloves title, and to capture the Metropolitan 118-pound championship. He then sailed for England on the Golden Gloves international team, and gained a full measure of revenge on his recent conqueror, Bert Barnes, by whipping him handily.

Scalzo then decided to turn professional, and has yet to lose a verdict in twenty-four encounters. Petey has thirteen knockouts to his credit, ten wins, and has boxed one draw with Al Reid, during the length of time he has been tossing the red gloves of professionalism. That he is well trained by Dan Florio goes without saying.

Among Scalzo's knockout victims can be found the names of Irish Georgie Holmes, Dave Crawford, Baby Kid Wilson, Abe Schone, Lou Pisano and Demasco Seda, and he has whipped Joey Wach, Jimmy Lancaster, Johnny Compo, Willie Felice, Jimmy English and Al Gillette, among others.

Truly, Scalzo has an inspiring record, and his popularity is such that he has boxed in the main event in the Coliseum in New York before a gate of better than $4,000. Watch this youngster.

* * *

ANOTHER battler who seems destined to reach the pugilistic heights has been uncovered in the steel mills, and to Sam Pian and Art Winch, co-managers of the world's welterweight champion, Barney Ross, goes the distinction of developing this new "find" from Gary, Indiana, twenty-one-year-old Pete Lello.

The new stablemate of Barney Ross and Davey Day, who worked in the steel mills of Gary during his amateur days, has three sisters and a brother. His dad has been bed-ridden for fifteen years, and his mother has found it difficult indeed to make ends meet. That is the incentive that is driving Pete Lello to the top, and we have the word of his 147-pound title-holder stablemate that Pete has what it takes to enter his name into the money brackets.

Lello first caught the eyes of his managers when he won the amateur championships, and Pian and Winch have been giving him their personal attention since. The Polish youngster has more than made good in his first year of fighting, and he has numbered among his victims such outstanding names as Nick Peters, Wesley Martin, Carl Fasnaugh and Jackie Sharkey, all topnotch opposition. Lello also holds the distinction of selling out the popular Marigold Gardens in Chicago in his first main bout appearance—the bout that saw him whip Peters.

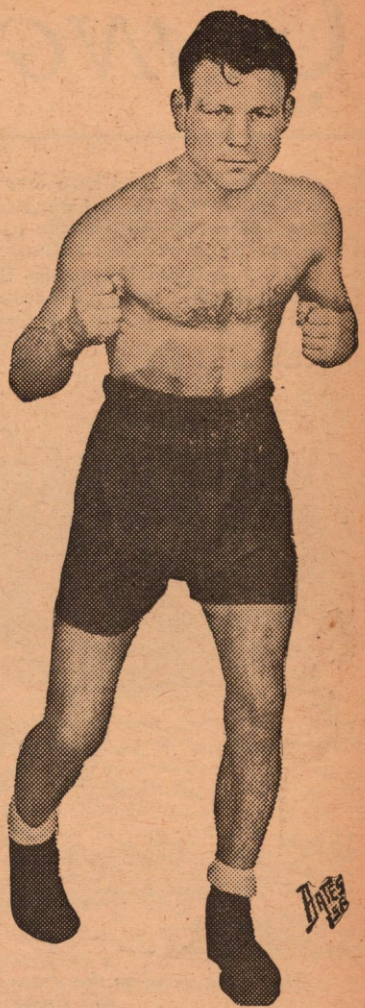
Lello is a clever boxer and a sharp and damaging puncher. It is uncanny that in his first year of professional boxing, Pete should be fighting with the cool assurance of a veteran. Chicago boxing scribes are going overboard on this youngster from the steel mills of Gary, and they are already penning that Art Winch and Sam Pian have a potential lightweight champion in the making.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO is singing the praises of Horace Mann, who has been boxing professionally since 1936, and has lost but one decision in sixteen fights on the Coast. He is a bantamweight who, if we are to believe everything we hear, has yet to turn in a bad fight, and is being handled by Bill Gelmore and Frankie Conway.

Mann has two years of amateur experience to his credit, in which he turned in twenty-six victories in thirty fights, and has gained a reputation of being a crowd-pleaser par-excellence. The Coast is just the place for bantamweights, as they get more bookings there than in any other place in the United States, and judging from the record that Mann has compiled, promoters have a bantamweight who is ready for the best 118-pounders in the game. He'll make the grade.

Danny McNichol, classy Merchantville, N. J., lightweight.



Horace Mann, Pacific Coast bantam, who is a capable fighter.

Thus far in 1937, Horace Mann has had seven fights and has won six while dropping one decision. The fact that Mann fights all top-opposition makes that record all the more envious. He has thus far beaten Star Frisco, Speedy Dado, Santos Hugo, General Padilla, Tony Sousa and Danny LaVernne, and has been beaten by Tomboy Romero, a pretty good fighter in his own right.

Mann is but twenty years old and an orphan to boot, but judging from his record, he is very capable of taking care of himself and needs only to fight ranking bantamweights to prove his class in the 118-pound ranks.

(Continued on page 42)

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the second of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

The battle scene on the Amos Street dock in which the Morrissey and Poole factions engaged.

THE fighting men recruited and maintained by the opposing faction of Tammany Hall and the Native Americans could be depended upon to remain true to their colors and battle side by side for their common welfare. Yet loyalty to their respective parties did not prevent individuals from engaging fistic strife with comrades over a question of physical superiority.

Yankee Sullivan, up to the time of his ring defeat by Hyer, was considered kingpin of the Tammany Sluggers, but after that disaster, his reputation declined while that of John Morrissey rose in proportion. Yankee, anxious to redeem himself in the eyes of his mates, challenged Morrissey to a ring-meeting. The latter, nothing loth, accepted. The bout took place October 12, 1853, Morrissey being declared winner in the thirty-seventh round.

Although Yankee's colors were lowered by both Hyer and Morrissey, he was undoubtedly as tough a human combination of steel, whalebone and iron nerve as ever was shipped from the shores of the Emerald Isle. Five feet, eleven inches in height, scaling nearly fifteen pounds below the light-heavyweight mark of today, weight handicaps meant nothing to him. He frequently defeated men who looked like giants beside him. While still in his teens, he whipped Stewart, Sharpliss, Brady, all British pugilists of good renown, came to the United States in 1838 and made his name known here as a scrapper who feared nothing on two legs.

Challenged by Hammer Lane, a great English heavyweight favorite, Yankee recrossed the Atlantic in 1841 and knocked out the Briton with a single right to the jaw just as time was called. The fight took place in London, and Sullivan's fighting stock rose to such a height that none of the other English heavies would furnish him with fresh opposition. Back to the United States went Yankee, and whipped Vince Hammond at League Island, Pa., the year following.

* * *

HIS next mill was with Professor Bell of Brooklyn, a veritable Hercules of a man in bulk and strength. After a gruelling battle, Sullivan won in the twenty-fourth round, Bell's seconds throwing up the sponge when their principal was hopelessly beaten.

On May 11, 1847, Yankee met Bob Caunt, brother of Ben Caunt, the then English heavyweight champion, at Harper's Ferry, Va., and was declared victor in seven rounds. It was the skill, daring and ability to stand punishment displayed by Sullivan in the last-mentioned contest which led to his disastrous battle with Tom Hyer, already described.

His defeat by Morrissey embittered Sullivan's proud spirit to such an extent that he resolved to leave the city where Fate had evidently assigned him the unhappy rôle of underdog. Like many other adventurers of the day, he anticipated the advice later dispensed by Horace Greeley—"Go West, young man, go West!" and sought the more congenial clime of San Francisco. In point of age, however, Yankee no longer conformed to the type of traveler set forth in the Greeley Maxim. For he was forty years old when he lost to Morrissey and dissipation of the wildest nature had robbed him of much of his once magnificent stamina.

Yet his fame as a terrific hitter and proven gamecock had preceded him, and such was the universal fear of his prowess that a match scheduled to take place on the Coast with Joe Winrow of New Orleans fell through at the eleventh hour, simply because Winrow's backers refused to let their protege face the dreaded Yankee. So a native-son product, Steve Simmons, finally agreed to meet the Eastern terror and the two fought at the American Theatre, San Francisco, on March 11, 1856.

"Yankee" Sullivan, as he looked when he went to California.

* * *

THE ring was erected on the stage, and miners, sailors, sports and thugs of every description thronged the house. The prevailing opinion was that Sullivan would lose, as he had conceded tremendous advantages in height, weight and reach to his burly opponent.

Simmons rushed matters from the start and had the better of several close exchanges. Once Sullivan fell without appearing to have been hit, as though to avoid punishment. This unorthodox proceeding awakened the

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

The Story of the Part Played by Gangsters and Politicians in the Rise of Boxing in America From Its Earliest Days to the Present

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Here is the attack by the Morrissey gang on a boarding house in which a number of Poole's followers made their home. Two of Poole's gangsters were fatally injured. The notorious Jim Turner is the man wielding the club in the center of the picture.

wrath of the Simmons adherents, who were present in large force. These displayed their artillery, uttering furious threats against the offender.

But Yankee also had a fine collection of armed gangsters at his back. So the Sullivanites, superior in number to the Simmons cohorts, immediately flashed their guns and overawed the local fighter's friends. Not a shot was fired, but the opposition subsided and the battle went on. The second round saw Yankee countering savagely and in the third, Simmons was completely at his mercy.

Yet the staggering victim of Sullivan's bombardment stuck it out to the seventh session, when he virtually collapsed. It was not altogether sheer gameness that kept the badly beaten loser fighting on so desperately, for after the contest he declared that he wanted to quit in the fifth and sixth rounds. But whenever the unfortunate Simmons showed signs of intending to quit, the friends who gathered at the ringside with the avowed intention of protecting his interests pointed their guns in his direction, just as a delicate intimation that he might as well die inside the ropes as outside them. Experts in the fine art of "taking a dive" had more serious consequences to consider then, than in this year of grace.

* * *

SULLIVAN was officially declared winner, but the battle ended amid a scene of mad disorder. Several spectators were shot in the free-for-all rumpus which occurred as an aftermath of the decision, and the affair caused additional trouble in a town already seething like a witches' caldron with a hell-brew of unchecked license, corrupt politics, lust, bloody brutalities and unmentionable deeds of darkness.

John Morrissey.

The crooked gambling fraternity, backed by no less crooked politicians, ran San Francisco after a fashion that made even New York City's scarlet criminal record look pale by comparison. The arm of the law was temporarily paralyzed and helpless to control the powers of evil. But finally the respectable citizens of the Golden Gate arose in their wrath and formed a Vigilance Committee, which swept like an avenging tornado through the city.

Once the grim Vigilantes armed and went into action, short shrift was given disturbers of the peace. Just one month after his victory over Simmons, a band of stern-faced men broke into a room where Sullivan lay asleep at midnight. Yankee refused to submit to arrest and fought like a madman. He knocked four assailants senseless but was overcome by superior numbers and taken to jail.

There he lay, wounded and uncared for, during three days. On May 31, 1856, he was found dead in his cell. The exact cause of his passing away was never ascertained. It was rumored that he committed suicide, either by taking poison or severing an artery in his arm. Another report had it that he was killed by Vigilantes in an attempt to make him divulge certain political secrets. He was buried in San Francisco. Later a marble monument was erected on his grave by James Molloy of Liverpool, England, who was a great admirer of the redoubtable Yankee in the heyday of the latter's career.

* * *

WITH Sullivan eliminated, there was none to dispute Morrissey's leadership of Tammany gladiators. But Morrissey could not afford to rest peacefully on acquired laurels. In that rough age, bluffs and boasting were considered feeble substitutes for valorous deeds. A champion, whether of street or ring, had to uphold his rather precarious position by virtue of continuously vigorous action.

Hence Morrissey's challenge to Bill Poole for a rough-and-tumble combat, as already narrated. Its acceptance by the boss-mauler of the Native Americans was no surprise to those wise in gangdom's ways who knew the men must sooner or later come to grips.

On a clear, cold morning of February, 1855, some two hundred Poole followers gathered at the Amos Dock, a long, L-shaped structure selected as the battleground, and awaited the coming of the fighters.

Poole appeared first, driving up West Street in a coach. With him were Tom Culkin and Smith Ackerman, both renowned experts of the gun, bare knuckles and sandbag arts. Also came Theodore Allen, better known under the sobriquet of "The Allen," and later a shining star in New York political frays and underworld brawls.

Leaving the coach, they embarked in a boat and rowed some distance away, where they could converse without being overheard. They returned to the wharf as a dozen of Morrissey's henchmen arrived. The Morrissey men, heckled by Poole's brigade regarding the delayed appearance of their principal, promptly

resented the base insinuations by starting hostilities on their own account.

So as Poole and his three companions leaped ashore, a fierce go-as-you-please battle was already in progress. At this juncture, Morrissey, accompanied by Johnny Lyng, proprietor of Sporting Headquarters, a saloon at Canal and Broadway, hove in sight. Contemporary accounts of what followed vary greatly. It is admitted that Poole and Morrissey closed at once and fought with all the fury expected of two such formidable rivals.

* * *

ACCORDING to one historian, Poole ducked under Morrissey's initial rush, caught his ankles and threw him down, and, hurling himself on top of his enemy, battered him so severely that Morrissey surrendered in a few moments. Another chronicler states that Morrissey did not get a square deal, but was kicked and otherwise maltreated by Poole's gangsters while conducting his personal argument with Bill. A third account avers that the Morrissey crowd tried to gang-up on Poole but were beaten off by the latter's loyal bodyguards.

The truth probably lies somewhere in between. All that is certain is that Morrissey was obliged to stay in bed for two weeks as a result of the terrific mauling he received, and his supporters, greatly outnumbered by the Poole brigade, got the worst of the general engagement. As mass-fighters of the fifties were not noted for adherence to the spirit of fair-play, it may safely be inferred that Morrissey absorbed plenty of extra punishment besides that administered by his stalwart adversary.

Morrissey's companion en route to the fray, Johnny Lyng, was almost as unfortunate as his chief, having been beaten to the grounds, clubbed and kicked until nearly unconscious. Poole's brother, John, was about to complete the job by tossing Lyng into the river, but relented in response to an agonized appeal for mercy, and allowed the victim to be taken away.

It will be remembered that Lew Baker, after being manhandled by Hyer and Poole in humiliating succession, had vowed to shoot big Bill, at whom his hate was particularly directed, if opportunity ever came his way. Others of the Tammany brigade were also avid for revenge on Poole, especially since the Amos Dock episode. Among these was Johnny Lyng, whose bruises still smarted. It was in Lyng's gin-mill at Canal and Broadway that the plot is supposed to have been hatched which resulted in the assassination of Poole.

* * *

AT all events, it was from Lyng's establishment that Baker, Huyler, Linn, Van Pelt and Pat McLaughlin, alias "Paudeen," sauntered forth armed on the night of February 24, 1855, having determined to eliminate their giant foeman from the scheme of things earthly.

Bill Poole.

They were bound for Stanwix Hall, on the west side of Broadway, adjoining Prince Street, the same resort where Poole had previously dared Morrissey to a duel with carving knives. Such altercations were of rather rare occurrence in Stanwix Hall, a handsomely equipped barroom run by George Bean, located in a fashionable neighborhood and considered as a sort of neutral ground where members of opposing factions of ten met peaceably.

It was midnight when the man-hunters entered Bean's place. Poole was standing at the bar drinking with his brother-in-law, Charles Lozier, and several friends. Paudeen brought up the rear of the new arrivals and as soon as he passed the door, he turned and locked it. This was a distinct warning that there was trouble in the air. It did not escape Poole's notice, but he only grinned and returned Paudeen's hostile stare scornfully. Paudeen strode up to Poole and deliberately spat at him, remarking:

"You damned, black-muzzled bastard, Morrissey can lick you on sight!"

He seized the lapel of Poole's coat, but the latter shook him off with contemptuous ease, crashed a handful of gold coins on the bar and offered to bet five hundred dollars he could whip any man in Paudeen's party.

"And as for you," he continued, sneering at Paudeen, "I'll take you on along with one of your pals. You're not worth fighting alone!"

* * *

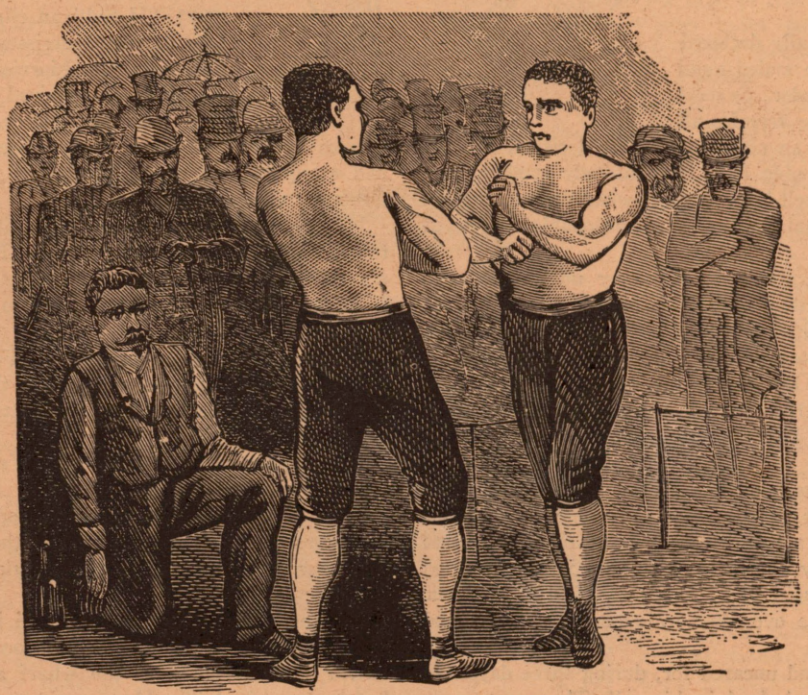
PAUDEEN turned white with rage, but stepped back a pace or two. He feared Poole might be armed, but it happened that the big fellow had neither gun, knife, nor any other kind of weapon in his possession.

At this juncture, Turner drew a .45 Colt, yelled to his confederates to come on, and fired. In his excitement, he slipped, staggered and fell, the bullet he had sped on its way penetrating his own arm. Crouched on the floor, he fired again, this time more successfully, as he hit Poole in the leg.

Poole reeled and caught at Baker, who dodged and shouting "I'll take you, anyway!" fired a shot which entered Poole's heart and the Native American champion crashed to the floor. Hastily discharging another bullet which pierced Poole's abdomen, Baker rushed to the door, unlocked it and fled into the street.

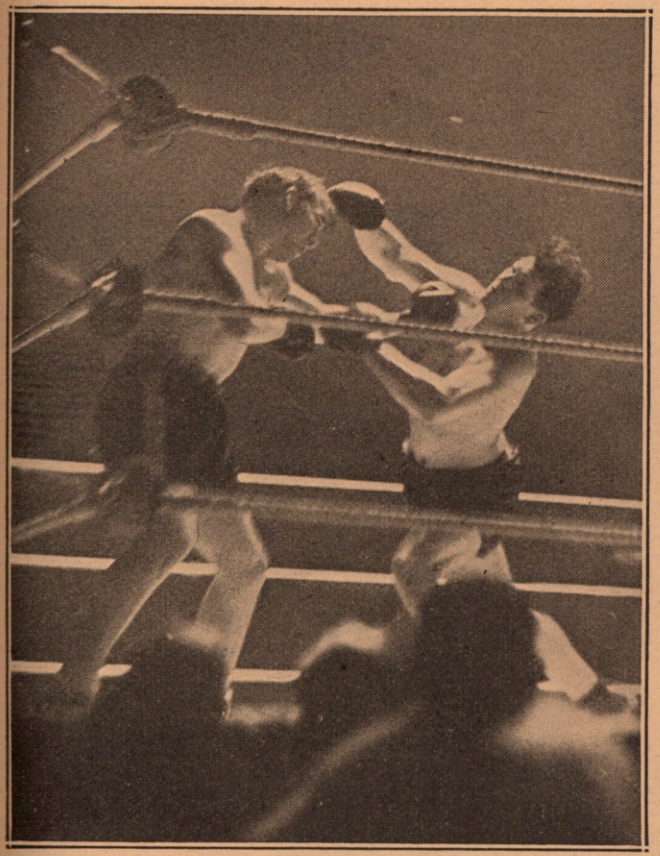
Charlie Lozier sprang to his brother-in-law's assistance, but sprawled headlong as a bullet from Paudeen's revolver shattered a bone in his left leg. Despite the terrible injuries he had sustained, Bill Poole, summoning all the reserves of his vast strength, painfully dragged himself to an erect position, seized a knife from the lunch-counter and tried to pur-

(Continued on page 44)

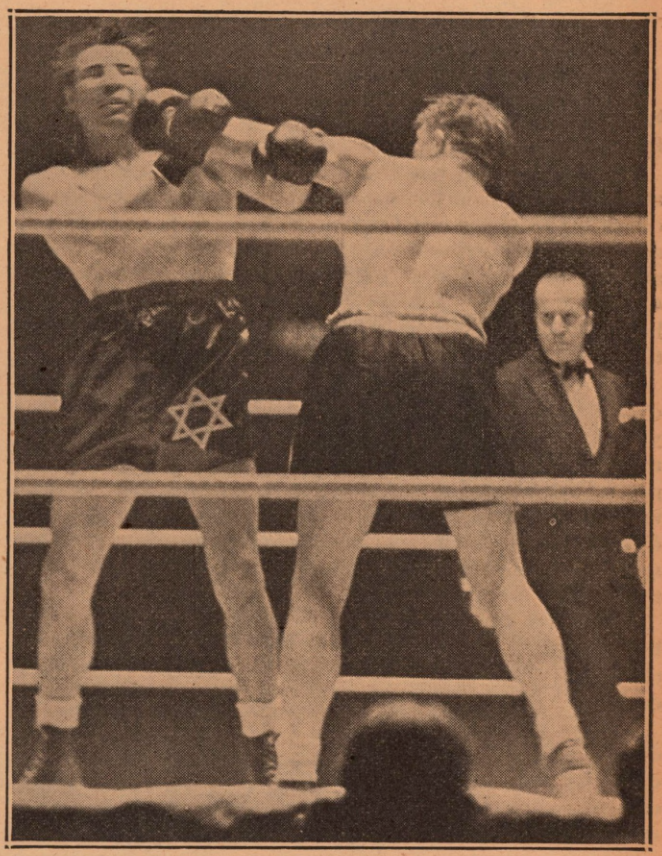


The battle between Steve Simmons and the dreaded "Yankee" Sullivan in the American Theatre of San Francisco on March 11, 1856. Miners, sailors, sports and thugs were the spectators.

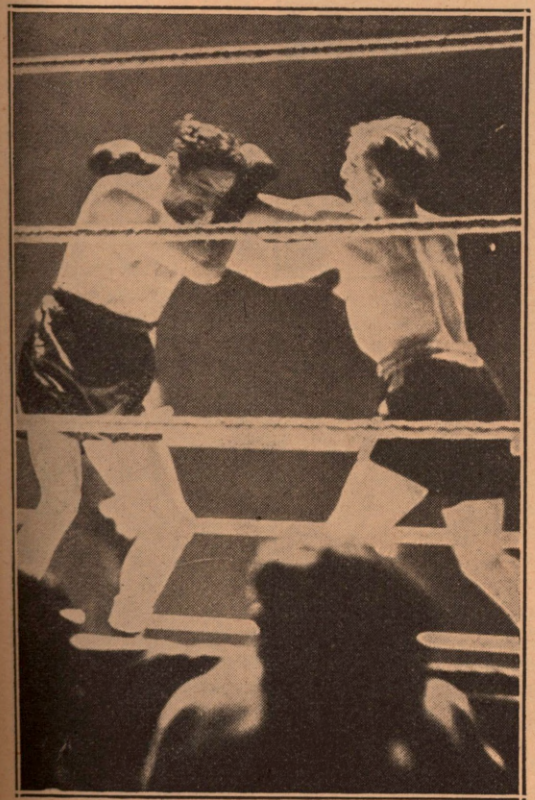
BRITISH CHAMPION IN ACTION



A scene in the fight between Tommy Farr and Ben Foord at the Harringay Arena in London. Foord (left) lost his British crown to Tommy, who followed that with a decisive victory over Max Baer.



Tommy Farr lands a stinging left to Baer's jaw in the seventh round and shakes the American badly. Note that Baer wears the emblem designating his Jewish faith.



Baer (left), is covering up to avoid the onrush of the British Empire champion.

The end of a perfect day for Farr. Here we see Baer, left eye closed and lip cut, with arm around his conqueror, Tommy Farr, while Ted Broadribb (extreme left), manager of the English champion, is all smiles. Ted, who as Young Snoball, fought many stirring battles in his youth, is now reaping a harvest as a result of his charge's victory over the former title-holder.

How the Mighty Have Fallen!

By THE RING EDITOR

HE'S on his way! He's lost his stamina! Too bad he doesn't retire! In his prime, one of the greatest fighters in his division, now look at him—just a shell of his former self!

That's the general round of discussion which one often hears at a fight club or in the midst of any sports gathering when a one-time star of the roped square has shot his bolt yet fails to see the handwriting on the wall and makes another of his many attempts at a comeback. That's what was heard when Tony Canzoneri, former lightweight king, engaged Lou Ambers, present head of the division, in his third engagement in Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago.

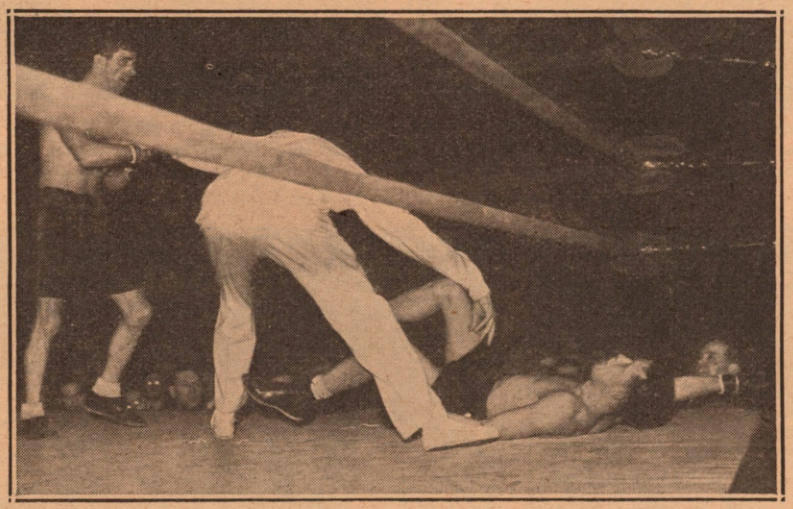
How often have you been at a fight club and watched the star of another day tackle a youngster, just coming along, and shake your head rather sympathetically, as you watched the veteran meet the inevitable—his Waterloo. He misses his timing; his punches fall short; his legs refuse to move fast enough to catch up with the young, moving target ahead of him; there is a lack of coordination of mind and muscle; his eyes are dimmed; the sparkle is gone; his confidence has deserted him and he makes the mistakes of a raw novice.

You've seen that in actual ring combat, and so have I. You've looked on with awe, for there is nothing that a true boxing fan abhors more than to gaze upon a one-time star facing inevitable defeat.

Taps to a ring career comes to every boxer, eventually. Some are wise enough to quit when they realize that their day has arrived. They retire.

Others refuse to heed the call. They are blind to the handwriting on the wall—perhaps because of financial condition or so-called pride—the desire to remain in the fistic spotlight regardless of the cost to body and mind.

It is a problem that has been in the forefront since the start of boxing, and it will continue so long as the game exists, yet it is one that must not be ignored by those in control of the sport, if we are to save such fighters from possibly permanent injury to body and mind.



The knockout of Frankie Martin, Canadian bantam king, by Kayo Morgan in the Naval Armory of Detroit, in the eighth round. By his victory, Morgan has gained a championship fight with Sixto Escobar.

* * *

WHEN Canzoneri, once rated the equal of the greatest lightweights of modern times, clashed with Ambers in an attempt to regain the crown he had lost to Lou last September, he presented food for thought. Tony, who won the featherweight championship of the world early in 1928 when he beat Benny Bass, and then dropped it to Andre Routis the following year, annexed the lightweight title late in 1930 when he felled Al Singer in one frame. But the championship was lost by him to Barney Ross in 1933, only to be regained by Tony when Ross abdicated to go after McLarnin's welter crown.

It was then that Ambers and Canzoneri were matched for the title and Tony gave Lou a drubbing to regain the championship he once held. But last September, Lou, young, full of vitality, with speed to burn, outpointed Tony to win the championship, and it was in their third meeting a few weeks ago, that the old adage, "youth will be served," again was brought to the front when the defending champion outscored Canzoneri by a wide margin to retain his laurels.

Arthur Donovan, the referee, gave Ambers twelve rounds, called one even and handed two to Tony; Judge Ed Forbes gave all fifteen rounds to Ambers, though I must say that Ambers did not win the fight by such a one-sided margin; Judge Charley Lynch gave Ambers thirteen rounds to two for Canzoneri. My score card showed four rounds for Tony, one even, and ten for Ambers, and the cards of every writer covering the bout had a margin in the champ's favor as large or greater.

* * *

YET, following the fight, we find Canzoneri in his dressing room telling the scribes and his army of admirers that he will continue to ply his trade as a fighter.

"Retire? Why should I?" asked Tony of the reporters, who plied him with queries.

"I'm as good now as I was when I won the title," answered Canzoneri, "and what's more, I won that fight and don't know how they took it from me.

"I won from here to Europe," continued Tony. "I won, but what can you do when a fellow heels you and yanks you around so that you look bad? That's how he cut my eye. He cuffed me with the heel of his glove. I won, but what can you do? Me quit? Not me! I'll rest a month and then get back into the game," wound up Canzoneri.

Puffed lips, one eye swollen, the other bleeding, the bridge of his nose emitting the claret even while he was telling his interviewers that he had won the battle, little did Tony Canzoneri realize what his admirers—those who have sung his praises for so many years—thought. Pitiful that he couldn't see himself as we did, just a shell of his former self, a great little warrior who won't concede that age—so far as ring activity is concerned—has taken its toll, and that if he continues, as he says he will, the raw novices of today will soon have the champion of the past walking on his heels.

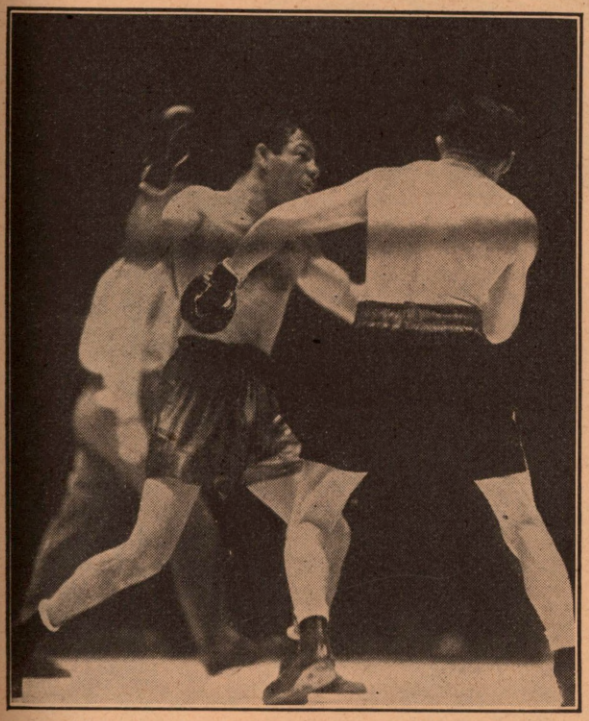
* * *

I DON'T know what Canzoneri's financial condition is, but I do know that he owes it to himself and his staunch supporters who have been with him through thick and thin, to call it a day and hang up his gloves. Tony probably was the only person to think that he won from Ambers, but that is the way of a great gladiator who has gone to the well once too often. He could not conceive that he had lost, yet there could be no question about that in the last championship mill.

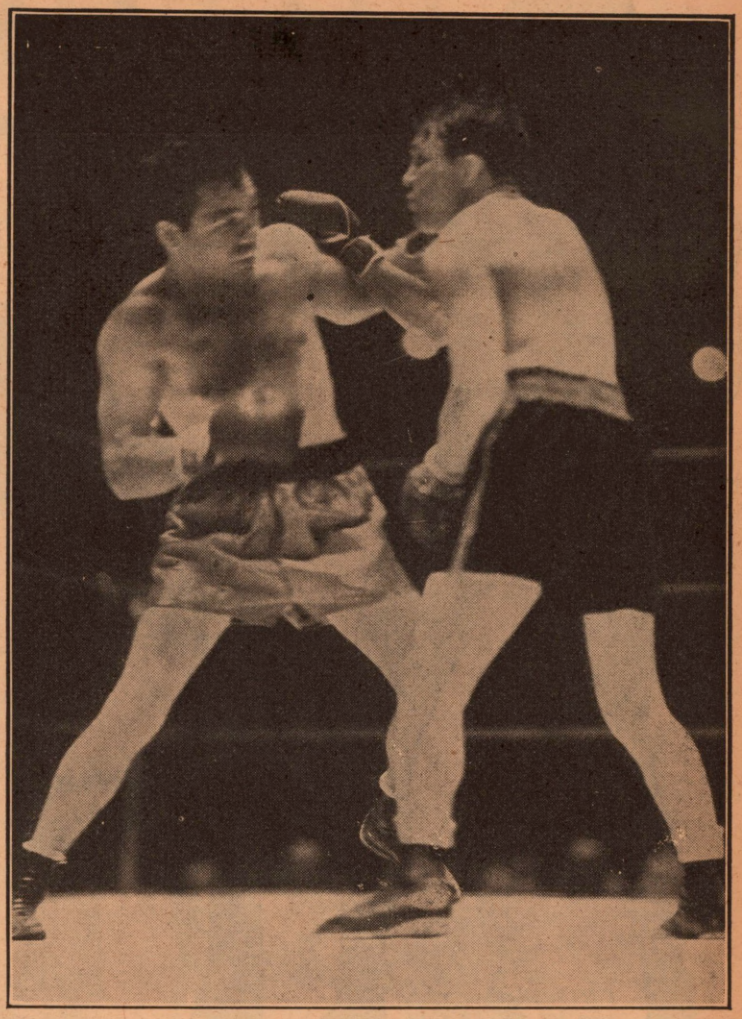
Were it not for the sentimental element involved, the enthusiasm would have been at low ebb, so dull a fight was the lightweight tilt. It was a far different engagement from that which Herkimer Lou and Pedro Montanez gave only a few weeks previously, in which Ambers, for the first time since winning the lightweight title, showed in true championship form. It was a slow, methodical Ambers who tackled the once

(Continued on page 45)

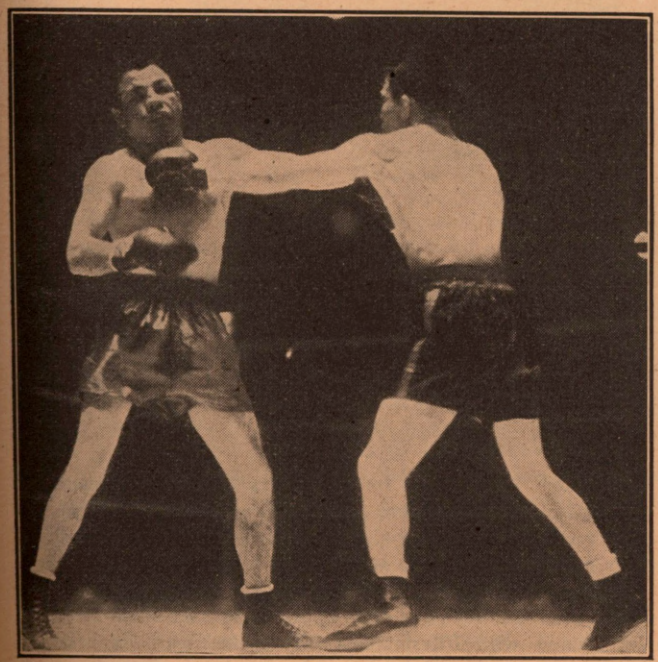
When Ambers Retained His Crown



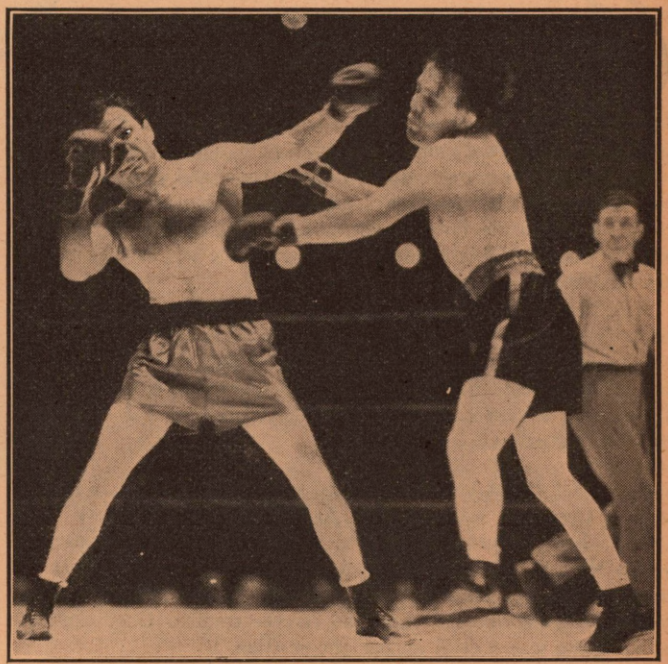
Here is a clear view of Canzoneri as the bout neared the end. Note his puffed face and the tired look as he attempts to stave off the attack of the champion.



Canzoneri's great rally in the final round brought him considerable applause. He sent his right against Ambers' chin just before the final thirty seconds when Lou tearing in almost floored the ex-champ.



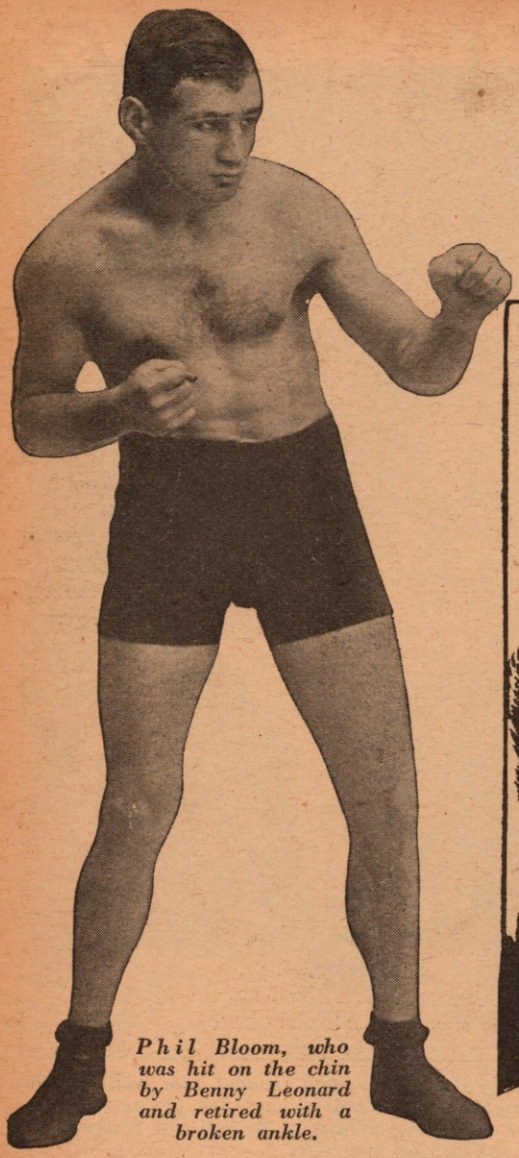
A scene in the fourteenth round in which Ambers checks Canzoneri's left, while Tony, right eye almost closed, nose bleeding and lips puffed, courageously attempts to score with his right.



The hectic sixth, the best round of the entire fight, in which Canzoneri showed a semblance of his fighting qualities of old. Tony had just crashed his left against Ambers' face and Lou, angered, rushes in with a vicious attack.

QUEER

By BOB EDGREN



Phil Bloom, who was hit on the chin by Benny Leonard and retired with a broken ankle.

Benny Leonard, a great champion who won his title from a man counted out while on his feet.

CAN a man, standing on his feet, be unconscious and be counted out by the referee? It has been done.

A lightweight championship changed hands in the bout. Benny Leonard had cornered Champion Freddy Welsh. Welsh was unsteady on his feet and desperately trying to hold himself up.

He slipped one arm over the highest rope, and braced himself just as Leonard landed a hard punch to the jaw. Welsh started to fall towards the floor to get a moment's rest. Benny, always a very shrewd fighter, started a quick flurry of punches which knocked Welsh across the top rope.

Kid McPartland, a very good referee, made Leonard step back. The champion was out, hanging on the ropes, his feet on the canvas. McPartland counted the final ten over him, and as convincing proof that poor Welsh was absolutely unconscious, he slid off the ropes at the end of the count and fell in a limp heap on the canvas.

* * *

KID GOODMAN was knocked out while standing in almost the same way. He was fighting Knockout Brown, and Brown landed a terrific wallop. Goodman's hands fell to his sides and he tottered back against the ropes. He was so limp that he got all tangled up in them. Brown landed another punch for good measure and the referee counted Goodman out although he was still in an upright position.

These may seem like strange knockouts, but there have been queerer ones. Stanley Ketchel kayoed a man once without landing a single blow. Figure that out!

Ketchel had a reputation for being a tiger in the ring. When he charged from his corner at the opening bell, he noticed that his opponent was timid and inexperienced. He put on his fiercest fighting face. The other man gasped, turned white, and slumped to the floor. He had fainted with fear!

Benny Leonard, not long after his victory over Welsh, beat Phil Bloom in a fight that had an ending almost as peculiar. Benny hit Phil on the chin and Phil retired from the fight with a broken ankle. He sat on it when he went down.

* * *

THERE have been a lot of fighters who were outstandingly skilful in the ring, but old Bob Fitzsimmons is the only one I can recall who could produce a freak knockout to order. These other queer endings were accidents.

It happened in Chicago one night. Ed Smith, a great old-time writer whose stories have often appeared in THE RING Magazine, was talking with Fitzsimmons before the fight. Ed remarked that he had seen Bob fight seven times and that all the knockouts were entirely different. One man was counted out on his back, Corbett was out on one knee, and so on.

KNOCKOUTS

Old Bob laughed. "You haven't seen anything yet," he promised. "I didn't know you liked variety in your knockouts, but since you do, I'll show you something good tonight."

That night at the Chicago Athletic Association, Fitz boxed a man named Geoffrey Thorn. He couldn't bother much with Thorn for very long because he was due to appear on the stage that night. Therefore, when the bell rang, old Bob came out, feinted once, and hooked Thorn on the chin with a beautiful left. That was all there was to it. Bob turned away. Thorn bent forward at the waist, as if he were hinged, and landed on his face on the canvas. His feet were still on the floor, his face was another point of support, and his arms kept him from tipping over sideways. He formed a triangular mound with the seat of his trunks at the summit.

Fitzsimmons pulled on his robe, looked around the ring for Ed Smith, and gave him a wink. Yes, old Bob was a master, all right.

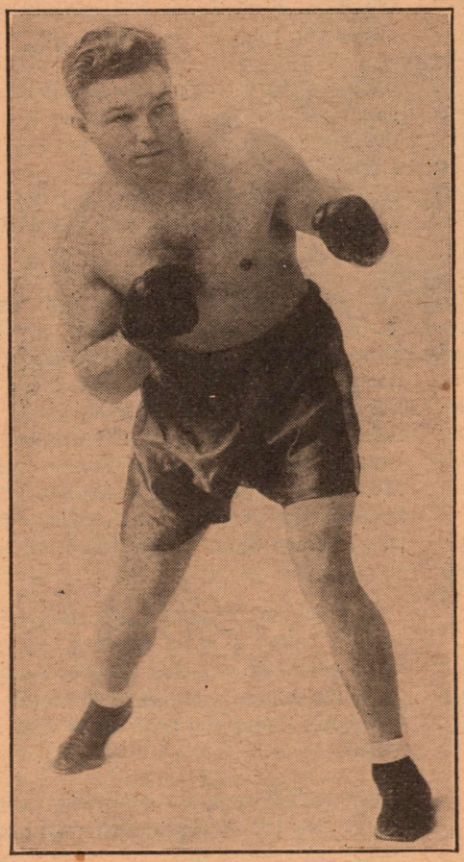
* * *

KING TUT fought a furious battle with Stanislaus Loayza in Los Angeles in 1927. In the third round, both men swung rights at the same time. Both landed. Both reeled back, badly hurt. The force of the blow swung Tut around and he staggered to a neutral corner. Imagine his surprise and the laugh of the audience when he held onto the top rope to hold himself up, turned around expecting a ferocious attack, and saw Loayza in the opposite neutral corner, also hanging onto the ropes to hold himself up!

Going to a neutral corner as the result of an illusion once gained Tut some valuable time in a hard fight, and perhaps saved him from a knockout. It was in a bout with Bruce Flowers in Milwaukee. Flowers knocked Tut down with a right cross. As Tut hit the canvas, he dreamed that he had knocked Flowers down.

In a very gentlemanly way, still dazed, he got up and walked to the farthest neutral corner.

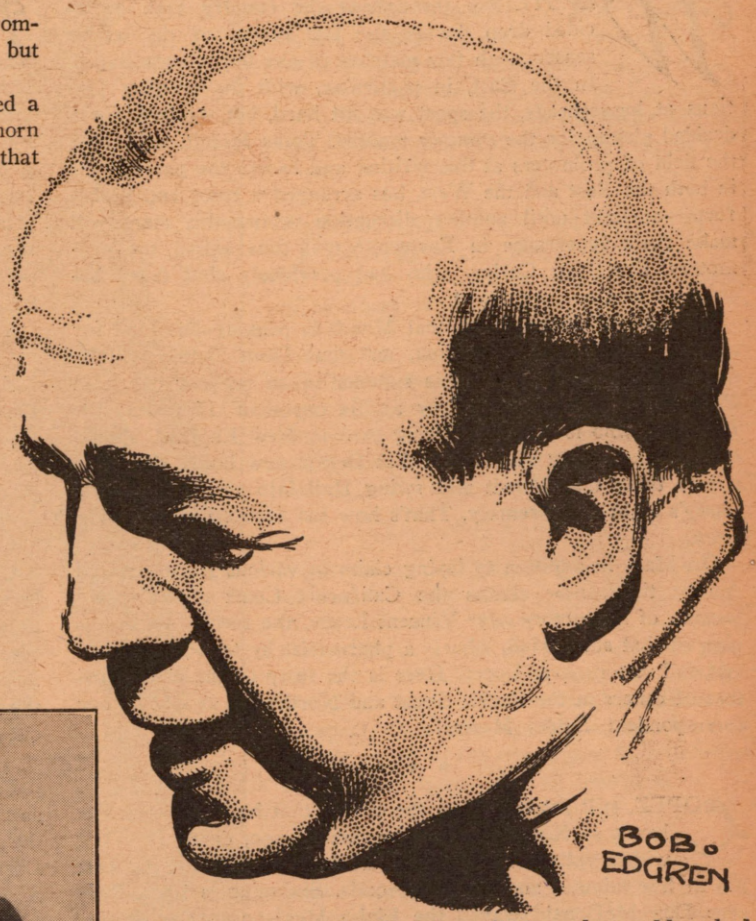
In the meantime, Flowers was walking to the opposite corner. He reached it and turned around. He was so surprised to see Tut standing there—looking as if he had just scored a knockdown—that he was very suspicious of the whole thing. He wouldn't come in and mix it up. He thought Tut had some trick up his sleeve. That moment's rest was just what King Tut needed.



King Tut, who floored many opponents in the first round.

* * *

IT'S little wonder that Tut was mixed up, though. Here's a list of fellows he floored in the first round: Jimmy Goodrich, Billy Wallace, Billy Petrolle, Bill Townsend, Bruce Flowers, Stanislaus Loayza, Doc Snell, Tommy Cello, Honeyboy Finnegan, Morrie Sherman, Danny Kramer, Lope Tenorio. Why? Because, when he was learning to fight, someone told him NEVER to let the other man get in the first punch. He liked to land first and have plenty of steam on the punch. And that's a good idea, if anybody should ask you.



Knute Rockne once fought as a preliminary boy and knocked out his opponent with one punch to catch a train.

* * *

THE queerest decision given in New York in recent years took place in an armory bout where the referee had reached the count of five over a fallen battler and suddenly lifted him up and declared him the winner. It sounds impossible—and it was the wrong thing to do, although technically the referee had some slight grounds for his decision.

In this fight, one fellow was overmatched. He took a bad beating. He went to the canvas a number of times, but the referee wouldn't stop the bout. The athletic officer of the regiment, realizing that the boy had no chance to win and was helplessly taking punishment, had just decided to take action when the poor kid was clipped on the chin once more and fell to the floor. The officer left his seat and rushed down the aisle, yelling to the referee to stop the fight. The referee, ignoring him, continued the count. The officer reached the ring, grabbed the first towel in sight, and threw it into the ring.

The instant the referee saw the towel, he stopped the count, and lifting the fallen boxer to his feet, proclaimed him winner.

The boy who had really won protested bitterly, but it did him no good. "The towel came from your corner, kid," the referee roared, "so you lose. Now get out!"

And that was that.

(Continued on page 45)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

WRESTLING throughout the country took a decided drop during the last month of the winter season, with few matches of any importance staged. In the East, in particular, with the warring factions at loggerheads, the sport was hit hard, but we look for a decided pickup for the summer months. Toots Mondt, who leads the field of promoters at this writing and bosses the pachyderms in both the East and the West, has arranged a truce and henceforth—at least until another disruption occurs—his stars will make their appearance in Eastern bouts, thus aiding the promoters, like Jack Curley, who had previously shut down because of lack of good talent.

The general impression is that Mondt is priming Dr. Hall for the "world" title in California, and that Dean Detton will be shorn of his honors early this summer in an outdoor match in Philadelphia with Steve Casey as his opponent. If Casey, the Irishman, who is a good drawing card in New England, should emerge the winner of the title that Detton now holds, then it is a sure thing that Mondt will swing Hall into action to dispute Casey's right to supremacy. That's how the factions in wrestling work.

Dr. Hall, in addition to laying claim to various European and Asiatic titles, now claims the California Coast championship because of his victory over Vincent Lopez, the recognized champion of that state. Hall, who is a pharmacist by trade, scored an odd fall victory over Lopez. Here is the story of the match, and that of others in the Pacific Coast and Northwest, as told by our correspondent, Spider Mascall:

* * *

LOPEZ, still limping from the cuffing that he received at the hands of Kimon Kudo some months ago, dazed Dr. Hall with a volley of vicious elbow slams and copped the first pin in five minutes and twenty seconds. Six minutes later, Referee Don McDonald waved the Idaho Mexican to the neutral corner and awarded the second fall to Len Hall on a foul.

A little more than twenty minutes after both had shaken hands for the third and deciding fall, Hall, leading in points, flung the big Mexican out of the ring, and, when Lopez returned, Hall spun his rival against the ropes in a new "swing" movement, picked the groggy matador up in the air and dashed the shoulders of the mighty Vincent Lopez into the canvas. Thus did Doctor Len Hall, who took a post-graduate wrestling course upon the padded mats of Europe, become California's grappling king.

* * *

JIMMY EL PULPO, the speedy Mexican mat-worker, chalked up a surprise win by toppling Dory Detton of Salt Lake City in a three fall tilt. Frank Schuler promoted the match which was staged before a good-sized house of San Francisco fans.

* * *

Benny Wilson, the rugged, uncrowned junior-heavyweight ruler, is back in San Francisco ready to meet all-comers. Wilson is a colorful laddie hailing from the Lone Star State.

* * *

Two of ringland's old-timers, Hans Steinke and Ed. "Strangler" Lewis are taking life very easy these days. Steinke is engaged in movie work while the former headlock specialist is looking after his luxurious Glendale restaurant and dreaming of his trip to India.

* * *

Paul Boesch, Henri (Milo) Steinborn, Steve Strelich, Andy Moen, Herbie Freeman, Sailor Woods, Rudy La Ditzi, Chief Thunderbird, "Cowboy" Malotte of Texas, Count Francis Fouche and Earl McCready are among the Northwest barnstormers.

THE much ballyhooed Earl McCready-Dean Detton world title clash finally took place in the Canadian metropolis of Vancouver. McCready, the methodical but rather colorless champion of the British Empire, emerged from the eighty minute affair a badly beaten twister of torsos. Using the famed Gotch toe hold to a great advantage, "Dangerous" Dean Detton, champion in nearly every part of the universe, had the big Canadian farmer in trouble all the way from the opening bell. Despite the pleading of Paul Boesch, his official second, McCready clung steadfastly on and refused to concede the fall. Finally, in desperation, Boesch flung in the towel and Referee Dickie Rutherford of Los Angeles acknowledged Detton as the conqueror.

* * *

After waging a successful fight against blindness, Cassie De Collelmo of Santa Monica, California, has bounced back into the wrestling picture. The Italian "nobleman" handed young Dick Lever of Nashville, Tennessee, a neat whipping in a little less than eleven minutes. The venue of the contest was Los Angeles.

* * *

Charles "Tex" Morgan, the three hundred pounder who is known in California as Ezra the Elephant, played so rough with Sandor Szabo in San Francisco that he was disqualified. The contest, which had Szabo's "Pacific Coast heavyweight title" at stake, came to a halt when arbitrator Joe Gardenfield ruled that the freak from Texas had committed a foul by tossing Szabo out of the ring.

* * *

Press polls recently acclaimed Billy Hanson of Salt Lake City as one of the cleverest speedsters to appear in California during the last ten years. Hanson, pupil of the veteran matster Ira Dern (inventor of the airplane spin), holds wins over Sandor Szabo, Frankie Malcewicz, Tommy Marvin, Chief Chewchki, Pat Meehan, Ivan Managoff and many other mat notables.

* * *

ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE CROWD—Champion Dean Detton trounced Hardy Kruskamp . . . . Rudi La Ditzi, the hated Hungarian, defeated Paul Boesch . . . . Sandor Szabo won from Tommy Marvin on a foul . . . . Pat Fraley, the drop-kicking Son of Erin, tossed Big Ben Morgan with a flying toe-twist . . . . Jack Gacek won from Ted "King Kong" Cox . . . . Count Francis Fouche threw Steve Strelich . . . . Herb Parks, Canadian light-heavyweight king, outwrestled Charlie Keene of St. Louis . . . . George Zarynoff threw Al Baffert . . . . Kimon Kudo vanquished Dick Lever.

* * *

In Stockton, Vincent Lopez flung the "Red Phantom," California's ruling man of mystery, out of the ring and won the tussle when the red-clad wrestler could not return. Doctors ordered the hooded matman to the local hospital where Mr. "Red Phantom" signed the register as Red Shaw. Is anyone any the wiser?

* * *

Donald McIntyre, the squirming Scot, is now in New Zealand on the first leg of a proposed world tour. McIntyre hails from Kansas City, Missouri.

* * *

Mike London, the bewhiskered middleweight squirmer, is under an indefinite suspension in California for hitting a referee. Mike is so unruly in his wrestling that he has drawn suspensions in nearly every state of the Union.

* * *

Bill Sledge, the Texas aviator-wrestler, has been booked to tour Europe. Sledge is a fast and agile heavyweight and should do well in France, Belgium, England and other European countries.

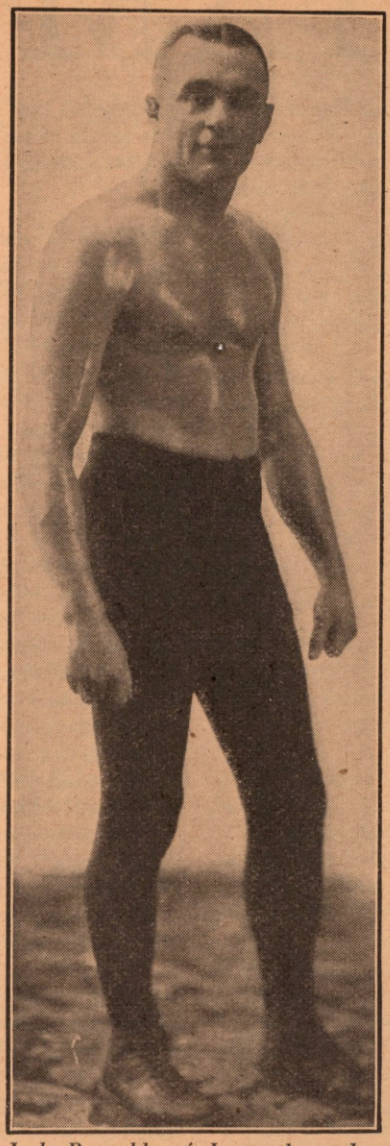
MINIATURES OF MATMEN—Some regard him as Canada's greatest professional matman, while others know him as Earl McCready, a big farmer boy who made good in the world of wrestling. Though he was born at Lansdowne, in the Canadian province of Ontario, McCready gained his wrestling knowledge while studying farming at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College. After copping the intercollegiate championship of the United States and Canadian amateur heavyweight crown, Earl was selected to represent his native land at the Olympic Games of 1928.

Two years later, impresario Jack Curley of New York induced the Canadian to become a professional matman. In the early days of his professional career, McCready defeated Rudy Dusek, Pat McClary, Bonnie Muir, Kola Kwariana, Joe Devito, the late Mike Romano, Stanley Pinto and others of similar calibre. Soon after his early triumphs in United States, McCready returned to Canada and won the British Empire heavyweight championship from Jack Taylor, a veteran Western wrestler.

Then the Canuck mat ruler journeyed to New Zealand and Australia where he met the best in the southern hemisphere. After conquering Tiger Daula of India, Leon Labriola of Australia, George Hopkins of England, Lofty Blomfield of New Zealand and every other invader to New Zealand, the Canadian farmer-wrestler returned home to meet Dean Detton.

* * *

LON CHANEY, Ivan Rasputin, Jose Murguia, Leo Numa, Alvin Britt, George Zarynoff, Jules Strongbow, Jimmy Goodrich, Bull Martin, George Craig, Pat Meehan, Buck Davidson, Frankie Malcewicz, Les Grimes, Pete Belcastro and Rudi Strongberg are campaigning throughout the state of California.



Jack Reynolds of Iowa, the welter king, who is to tour Europe.

* * *

Out of my mail-bag came a letter, post-marked Paris, France, from an old friend, Al Pereira, the soft-spoken Portuguese heavyweight. Enclosed in the envelope were several clippings telling how Al had bounced the burly Dan Koloff of Bulgaria twice in a three fall match, thereby annexing the European heavyweight wrestling title. The contest, witnessed by a large number of fans, was held in the Palais des Sports of Paris.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As press-time nears we hear that .... Tiger Daula, campaigning in England, remains undefeated in Europe .... Matros Kirilenko, Jack Forsgren, Hal Rumberg, Donald "Scottie" McIntyre and Sammy Stein are barnstorming in the new wrestling Mecca of New Zealand .... Paul Boesch hopes to leave for the "Down Under" continent shortly .... Ernie Peterson, the Swedish squirmer, once studied law .... Add to the brother acts in wrestling: Pete and Ivan Managoff, Dude and Bobby Chick, Mike, John and Steve Strelich .... Casey Kazanjian, the Armenian hammer-throw specialist, has a farm near Fresno, California.

Hardy Kruskamp is a dancer of note .... Sandor Szabo is leaving to visit Hungary .... Pat Meehan, the former Canadian policeman, threw Bruiser Bill Beth .... Milyo Steinborn vanquished Ivan Muscovitch .... Steve Strelich, Hollywood movie double and stuntman, scored over Rudi La Ditzi .... Earl McCready threw Chief Thunderbird in a one fall match.

Sailor Jack Woods of New Zealand fame, conquered the Texas cow-puncher, Ray Mallotte .... Doctor Len Hall threw Hans Steinke and Rudi Strongberg .... Harman Singh of India stepped into the front ranks by pinning Paul (Bombshell) Boesch .... Ivan Managoff tossed Tommy Marvin .... the writer extends his sincerest thanks to Champion Dean Detton, Paul Boesch, Donald McIntyre and other members of the profession who wished him "speedy recovery" during his recent illness.

* * *

TOOTS AND DOTS ON THE MATMEN, by NAT FRANK of New York—Gino Garibaldi is mourning the loss of his three year old baby daughter.

* * *

Bobby Roberts, formerly of the University of Dayton, is salting away a large percentage of his ring earnings in annuities. In addition, he is also selling these savings policies as a side-line.

* * *

For classy wrestling and an exponent of all kinds of holds that meet with the fancy of the mat fans, Ernie Powers, of Vancouver, B. C., stands up there with the best of them. Besides being an outstanding grappler, Powers also is an accomplished vocalist. It is nothing for him to warble over the air waves in the city where he is scheduled to lock horns with an opponent.

* * *

Sammy Menacker, the Jewish Adonis from New York, is making the grip and get gripped public forget all about Sammy Stein. Even today, and Menacker is still considered in the development stage, he is lauded as even a more spectacular and more polished matador than Stein was at the same stage of the game.

* * *

Harry Kid Brown, the former Philadelphia lightweight pugilist, is now enrolled with the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission as a wrestling referee.

* * *

Alex Tafroff, the handsome Hungarian, is rapidly stealing the thunder away from Sandor Szabo.

* * *

ABIE COLEMAN, the shortest heavyweight in the game, sports one of the largest sized hats.

Jimmy Sarrandos, the Greek Grappler, who has been on the side-lines with an injured back, has returned to active competition.

* * *

And speaking of Greeks, George Kondyles, moustache with all the trimmings, is the latest wrestling importation. In the few bouts he had around these diggings he showed he knows how to take care of himself in the very best of company.

* * *

Ralph Mondt, brother of Toots, is playing to turn away audiences at his Columbia Park, North Bergen, N. J., Club. It was at his club where the patrons went on a sit-down strike after Gino Garibaldi was disqualified in his match with George K. O. Koverly, several weeks ago.

(Continued on page 43)

A CHAMPION

ALTHOUGH I have never placed myself in the rôle of an Horatio Alger character, the story holds somewhat true in my case. There were eleven children in the Mormon family of Detton, which accounts for the fact that father was up against a struggle. We kids knew what it was to eat plain and skimpy meals, to go without shoes, and to suffer other privations.

My dad was quite a wrestler himself in his day, and he will be remembered by Utah and Idaho fans as Joe Detton, the "Flying Farmer."

I was born twenty-eight years ago in Richmond, Utah. When I was six years of age the family moved to a farm near Arco, Idaho.

Now and then, dad would go out on the road for a wrestling match or two and he would always take my brother Reed and me along. Between the regular bouts we kids would put on a match of our own for whatever the crowd would offer in the way of pennies, nickels and other small coin thrown in the ring.

* * *

THREE of us brothers became professional grapplers. Dory, who is younger than me, is a very good middleweight. He has been campaigning mostly in Texas and Mexico. My older brother, Reed, lives in Honolulu and only takes to the mat occasionally.

I wrestled as an amateur around Salt Lake City and won the Rocky Mountain championship. In college I was a member of the mat team and also played guard on the football squad.

While attending the University of Utah, I worked as a janitor, soda fountain clerk and at other odd jobs to earn my tuition. When I graduated in 1930 there were very few jobs available and I turned to the game I knew best—wrestling.

At that time I weighed only 175 pounds, which was too light to join the quest for the heavyweight championship. However, I knocked about the country, getting bouts whenever I could and finally went to Australia, where I had only fair success, both from the standpoint of matches won and purses collected.

Returning from the Antipodes, I was encouraged and given renewed inspiration by that great Mormon, Jack Dempsey, who has always been my idol of the ring. I believe Jack and I are the only two Mormons ever to win world championships. Jack refereed several of my bouts in Utah and gave me some valuable tips on how to further my career.

* * *

IN 1935, I heard that Lou Daro, the Los Angeles promoter, was planning a big international tournament, with the world title at stake. This was my chance. I had gained weight, scaled around two hundred and figured I was ready to take my fling at the crown. But it's a long road to the championship, and many misfortunes can bar a man from his goal.

Wrestling affords more opportunities to the struggling young "outsider" than perhaps any other professional sport. I was just an "unknown kid from Salt Lake" when the international tournament opened in Los Angeles in April of 1935. Sports writers would not have conceded me better than a mere 100 to 1 chance against the formidable field I faced.

Gathered for the huge elimination series were fifty-eight grapplers from all parts of the world, many of them men like Ed Lewis, Hans Steinke, Sandor Szabo and Ernie Dusek, who had been famous for many years.

Therefore, somewhat of a sensation was caused when I won eight victories in a row. It was in my ninth match, however, that I found the Goddess of Luck against me. For this bout, I drew as my opponent the late Jim Browning, a veteran Hercules, who knew how to use his tremendous strength to advantage.

We had been struggling for about three minutes when he clamped a toe hold on me. In my efforts to break free from the painful grip, I tore a ligament in my leg. Although I was in excruciating pain for the remainder of the match, I was finally able to win at the end of thirty-three minutes of furious battling. But the damage had been done.

* * *

FOR the next several weeks I was forced to hobble around with the aid of crutches while the tournament went on to a conclusion, with Vincent Lopez, the Mexican grappler, the eventual winner. In reference to my misfortune, I would like to state that even though Browning was the cause of my downfall, we were always the best of friends afterward. It was a great blow to me when Jim passed away following an operation a year later.

When my leg finally healed, I obtained the backing of a group of Salt Lake City business men, who still had confidence in my ability and were willing to finance my invasion of the East.

I heard that Promoter Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia was to hold a tournament, similar to the one directed by Lou Daro in Los Angeles, and I lost no time in signing an entry blank. Remembering my accident in the match with Browning, I was more cautious this time. When the big scramble was all over, I had beaten eleven men and had captured first honors.

Meanwhile, Vincent Lopez had dropped the title to Dave Levin. On the strength of my victory in the tournament, I demanded and received a bout with Levin, and we met in Philadelphia on September 28, 1936. Again I was cautious, being content to score one fall and take the championship in two hours and five minutes.

After attaining the title, I was fortunate in acquiring Joe "Toots" Mondt as my manager. The Salt Lake sportsmen who had helped me to the top, gladly sold my contract to Mr. Mondt, realizing that it would take a man of his experience to guide me over the pitfalls that lay ahead.

And there are many traps set for a wrestling champion by those who scheme to deprive a man of his title by foul means. Honest but ill-advised state athletic commissioners are likely to fall for the trickery of conniving managers, who would induce a champion to enter the ring under hostile promotion with a corrupt referee on the mat, ready to disqualify him under the least pretext.

* * *

THE job of heavyweight champion has its advantages, but to please the public and various state athletic commissions, a man must certainly keep on the move. I have wrestled from Coast to Coast, flown over six thousand miles, had eight matches in seven different cities—all in nine days.

To go into more detail, the most strenuous week's campaigning I ever did in defense of my title was shortly after I became champion. My new manager, Joe "Toots" Mondt, warned me of what was coming.

"You're the champion now and you've got to prove it," said Mondt, an old head at the mat profession. "Unless you knock off these title claimants and contenders as often as they pop up, your title will be worth nothing. To get around you've got to fly. You must learn to do your sleeping in the air, to keep in condition by defending your title, and devote all of your time to the game."

On a Monday night I wrestled in New York. Tuesday night, I won a match in San Francisco; Wednesday night, I successfully defended my championship in Los Angeles; Thursday, in Long Beach, Cal.; Friday, in Oakland; Saturday, in Salt Lake, and the following Monday I was back in New York for a bout that night. How's that for travelling around a circuit?

Looking back on that whirlwind swing around the country, I have often wondered what my pioneer Mormon ancestors would have thought if they could have seen me. They were men who took months to cross the plains into Utah in covered wagons.

Or compare my "one-night stands" to those of old-time wrestlers who spent a year barnstorming across country, engaging in two or three matches a month.

SPEAKS

Dean Detton, World Heavyweight Wrestling King, Tells the Story of His Career, Compares the Old Timers to the Present Day Stars and Gives Hints to the Beginners

By DEAN DETTON

(Champion heavyweight wrestler of the world)

Of course, I couldn't maintain such a pace without a rest now and then. Three or four times a year I take a vacation and build up all the energy necessary for a fresh campaign.

There are two reasons why a wrestling champion must travel like a man on a magic carpet nowadays. First, he must make the money while he can for both himself and the promoters. The latter keep the telegraph wires hot, each promoter in his own section of the country insisting that his fans are the most important and demanding that the champion wrestle in his arena first.

The second is the fact that unless a champion satisfies the various athletic commissions and defeats the contenders as quickly as they come to the front, he is liable to be wrestling in Los Angeles and learn that the Illinois commission, at a meeting in Chicago, has lifted his title and given it to another man. It is hard to believe that a commission would overlook the fact that titles are won and lost only in the ring, but they sometimes do.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the old-timers probably will rise up in arms against me, I nevertheless must confess that I believe the wrestlers of today, under existing rules, could have defeated Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt, or any of the other American pioneer mat stars.

If a bout between Gotch and one of the present contenders were held under old rules, it might be a different story, but those clean-cut, scientific wrestlers who stuck to their leverage would have no chance in the picture today.

In the old days, a man would have been disqualified for kicking, butting, or for deliberately using a forearm smash. Wrestling matches of twenty or thirty years ago were not pink tea affairs by any means, but the men had to be scientific and they were required to abide by the rules.

Today, if your opponent gets rough and starts knocking you groggy with his forearm, elbows or feet, the only way to even matters is to do likewise. A fellow soon learns that he must know all the unethical tricks of the game as well as the orthodox.

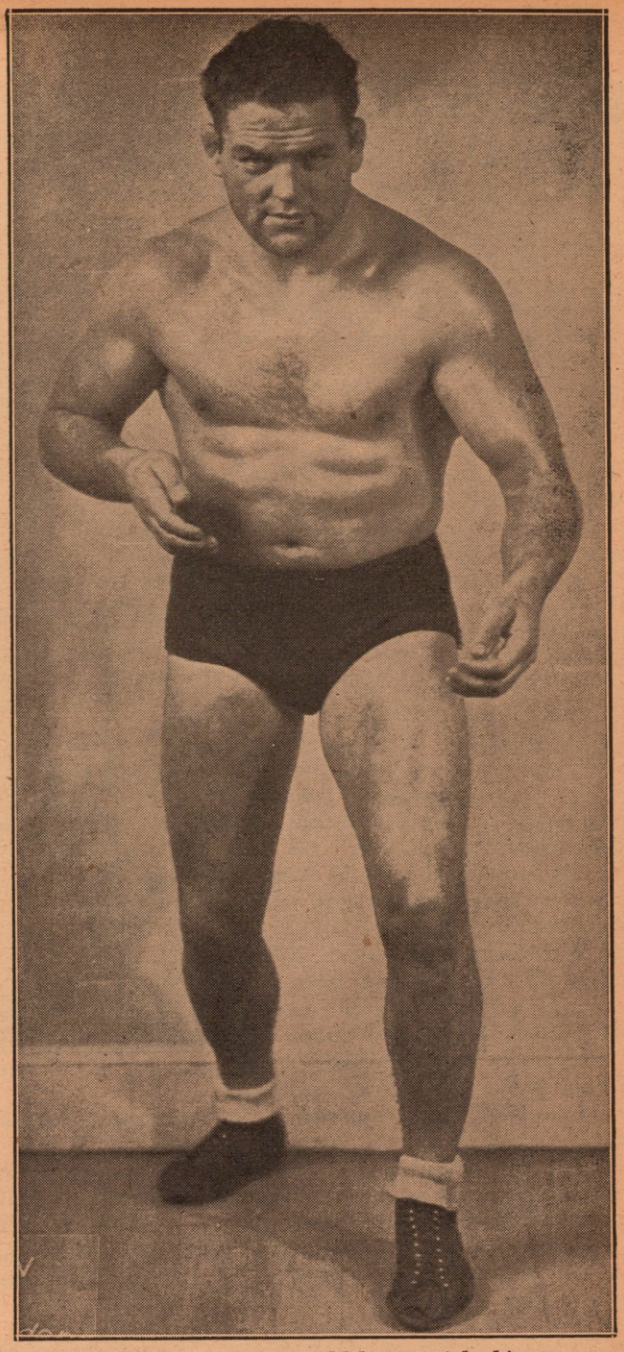
The referees and state athletic commissions now permit the roughhouse style of battle, and as long as the wrestlers are the only ones who get hurt and the fans enjoy themselves, everybody seems happy.

* * *

I HAVE always contended that a wrestler can beat a fighter, nine times out of ten, in a mixed match. Just to test this theory I have often worked out with boxers in the gymnasium and invited them to level on me. While they were sparring for an opening, I covered my face with my arms, dived in, grabbed a hold and it was all over in a few moments.

Ray Steele's victory over Kingfish Levinsky inside a few seconds was just one instance where a grappler proved the undoing of a fighter.

Likewise, I believe that an American style catch-as-catch-can wrestler, under our rules, can beat a jiu-jitsu or Japanese judo style grappler in jig time. Put the American in jackets and he is at a disadvantage, but at rough-and-tumble there is no fighting man in the world who can stand up under the combined pounding and squeezing that a wrestler in this country nowadays is able to dish out.



A ring pose of the world heavyweight king.

However, unless a wrestler learns the various holds and masters the art of leverage at the start, he cannot expect to reach the top. After he has learned the fundamentals, then he can go into the rough stuff. But a big, rough fellow who knows nothing about skill and science has little chance.

* * *

YOUNG men often like to engage in friendly wrestling bouts among themselves, either at home or in the gymnasium. My advice to beginners is: "Don't try to imitate the professionals."

In the first place, professional wrestling rules allow all sorts of damaging holds which are likely to result in broken bones if novices try to wrestle like the contestants at the various arenas.

Beginners should follow amateur rules, which prohibit such hazardous grips as the hammerlock, the toe hold, flying mare with the palm up, and so forth. Wrestling is dangerous, even for the professionals. It is a greater risk for the inexperienced.

After years of grappling, we professionals develop ourselves physically so that our bones are pretty well protected with muscle. We also learn how to fall *(Continued on page 43)*

Fanning Bee With Rudy

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of Wrestling, Discusses Many Phases of Mat Sport

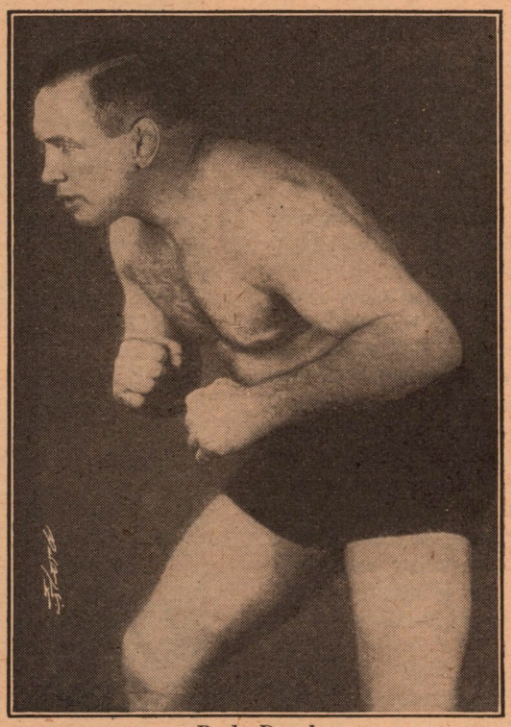
By NAT FRANK

I HAD a fanning bee with Rudy Dusek, the eldest member of the Riot Squad, the other day, and the man who is known throughout the nation as the king of the "rough men" was quick on the trigger in his replies to our queries.

Rudy, who is known far and wide as one of the roughest of the rough, is really a timid soul, possesses a pleasant disposition, and is a REAL FRIEND in every sense of the word. In the ring he has the killer instinct. When not in competition, the Omaha Rioteer is lauded by all who know him as a fine sport.

His ring deeds, the brutality he employs, are only too well known to the fans. Time and again they have seen this Nailing Nebraskan batter his opponents into submission. Even after victory has been proclaimed as his, Rudy wouldn't be satisfied until he handed his victims several additional swats for good measure.

Once he changes from ring to civilian clothes, the "killer" is no more. He is as meek as a kitten; ever eager to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate or give advice to those who seek it. And the words of wisdom that have come from his lips have materially aided those who sought him out.



Rudy Dusek.

So with this thought in mind, we decided to delve into a little personal background on this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of wrestledom and we found a ready listener to all the questions we hurled at him. After showering him with the "Why, When, Where and How" barrage, we pass his replies on to you to judge for yourselves the true character of this Man's Man.

* * *

"RUDY, what made you become a wrestler?" I inquired.

"We were a big family of brothers and sisters in Omaha and naturally everyone had to do his little bit towards keeping the wolf from the door. I was some sort of a hero worshipper in my younger days. Some youngsters idolized men like Ty Cobb and Christy Mathewson; others favored Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett; some pointed to Willie Hoppe and Jake Schaffer, Sr. I, and it wasn't just to be different, had a love for wrestling and my pet idol was Farmer Burns, who recently passed away. Even in those lean days, I sort of looked into the future and saw that the mat sport would some day reach international fame. I therefore sought out this wonder man of the mat and placed myself under his jurisdiction, and believe me, he taught me plenty."

"Were you, at any time during your 'scholarship stage' discouraged?"

"Truth to tell, I really was at the beginning. But I didn't want my buddies back home to know that I was a quitter, so I stuck it out. Furthermore, the fatherly advice given me by Farmer Burns helped build up a firmer grip in my will to succeed. He told me that I must expect to take many bumps and that it took courage to master his teachings."

"Now that you are 'up there' with the headliners, do you regret ever entering the profession?"

"Why should I? If it was good enough for me to stick to it in my novice stage, it is good enough for me to remain in the game that made me world famous and reaped great financial rewards for me, not to say anything about what I learned in my travels throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico."

* * *

"IF you had to do it all over again, would you still want to be a wrestler, knowing in advance what struggles you would have to undergo to reach the top?"

"YES. I want to be emphatic about it. To me there is no greater sport than the one I chose. What was good enough for me before will always be good enough for me."

"Don't you think the profession you follow runs a great risk to bodily and maybe fatal injury?"

"Naturally, it is to be expected. Why, in the past two years no less than FOURTEEN DEATHS have occurred, not to mention the hundreds of nearly fatal injuries. To my mind, wrestling has had more fatalities than any other THREE SPORTS totaled together."

"Were you ever hurt to any extent?"

"Was I? As late as last year I was out for an entire ten months with a bad back injury. For a time I really thought I would never be able to wrestle again. But once more my will to win and enter the field of competition was so strong that there was no stopping to my ambition to don the grappling regalia and slam my opponents around. In my span of mat years, I have been hurt very often but I wasn't in the least bit deterred to give up the sport."

* * *

"WHO do you think was the greatest wrestler you ever saw?"

"I would be an ingrate if I wouldn't give credit where credit is due—no other than my tutor, Farmer Burns. He stood so far superior to the old timers that it was laughable to see his foes make futile attempts to pin the shoulders of the 'daddy of them all'."

"Who was the best of the past generation of bone twisters?"

"My guess would be Ed Strangler Lewis. The head-lock king could practically call the turn against any of his rivals. Of course, Lewis is becoming somewhat passe now. Still he is good enough to trick many of today's headliners into defeat."

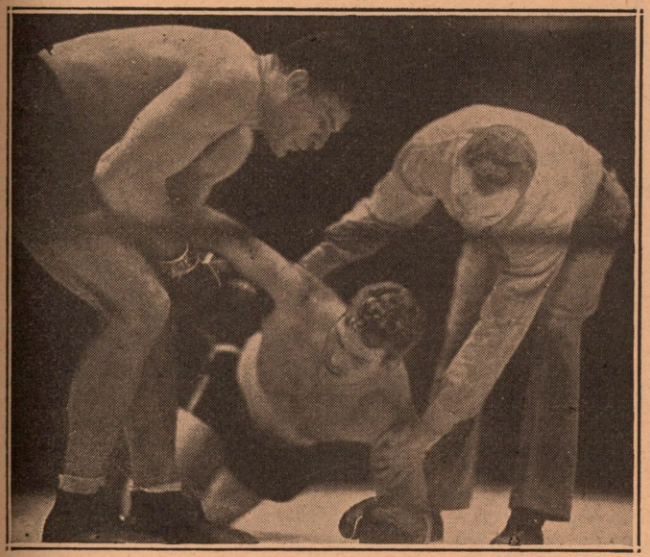
"Has there been any material change in wrestling from the first day you entered the ring?"

"Sure enough. In the years of not so long ago, the wrestlers would be satisfied to just go along and use their pet holds. Today, the matmen, in keeping up with the times, have considerably altered the ways and means of winning their engagements. They believe, and so do I, in 'going modern.' What was good a decade ago would draw a corporal's guard today."

"Who is, or are, the outstanding prospects of today? I mean the threats to the championship?"

"To my way of thinking, I would place my younger brother, Ernie, at or near the top of the heap. *(Continued on page 44)*

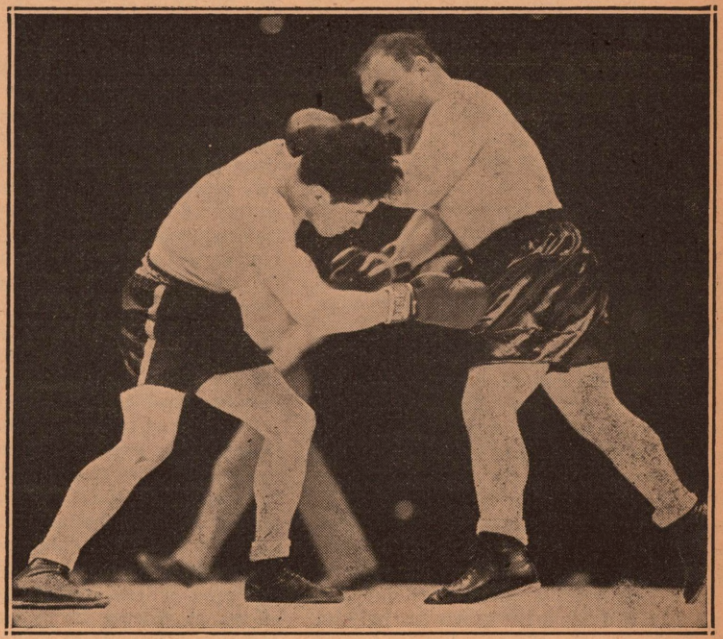
Snapped by Our Cameraman



The fall of Jack Torrance. The former Olympic weight champion is being asisted by his conqueror, Abe Simon, and Referee Arthur Donovan after being knocked out in the second round at the New York Hippodrome.

A scene in the fight between Solly Krieger (left) and Fred Apostoli, in which the New Yorker was stopped at the Hippodrome through a badly cut lip. The fight was one of the best middleweight battles seen in New York this year. Krieger, a big drawing card, made an excellent showing.

Tearing in at each other. Henry Armstrong (left) and Aldo Spoldi in their Garden setto.



Arturo Godoy (left) and the pudgy Tony Galento mixing it in the New York Hippodrome in a contest which Godoy won.

When Johnson Won

(Continued from page 17)

then shot the right high up on the white man's head. Then they crashed into a bear-like hug, and Johnson and Corbett chatted to each other like a couple of second-rate cross-talk artists. Corbett, for all his volubility, had infinitely the worst of the exchanges.

So far, Jeff had been the aggressor in some miserably slow and unexciting exchanges, but as they faced each other for the fourth round Johnson's left flashed out. The white man was ready for him, however, and the Negro's glove whistled harmlessly past his ear. Once again they grappled, and Johnson's right uppercut missed by a shade. As they broke, Jeff ripped a beautiful straight left to the black's tenderest spot, his mouth, and a crimson stream trickled from Jack's lips and meandered slowly to his chin.

"First blood for Jeffries," cried Corbett. The white man sprang forward like a tiger, and a stiff left to the face failed to stop his rush. Boring his way to close quarters, Jeffries once again reached the face with the left, and then shot the same hand twice to the body. Johnson's right flickered out swift as a serpent's tongue, but Jeff ducked like a flash, and the flying glove just brushed his head.

Bang went Jeff's left to the body again, and as he pushed Johnson to the ropes in a fierce clinch, the bell rang. The Jeffries corner was uproarious in its delight, and there was no answering smile on Johnson's face as he walked sullenly away to his own angle of the ring.

Jeff came up with alacrity for the fifth. The job, he figured, was not as hard as he had reckoned, and so eager was he to follow up the trifling advantage he had gained that he led viciously with the left when feet out of distance. Jeff's utter inability to judge his distances indeed was one of the chief contributing causes to his downfall.

His fighting eye had gone, and, faced by such an elusive, shimmering quicksand of a fighter as Johnson, he was about as much "at sea" as a blind man without his stick in the center of Regent Street. Again Jeff shot out a futile left, and then they held together the while Johnson tried for right uppercuts.

Jeff's jaw, however, refused to be located, and they broke away without a clean blow having been struck. Another clinch followed an abortive lead by Johnson, and once again Jeff's head refused to make connections with a well-meant uppercut. As they broke, Johnson shot a left to the face, but Jeff came right back with a high left swing, and once again they wrestled and pushed each other about the ring.

* * *

SO far, the contest had been neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. As a wrestling bout, it had been bad; as a boxing contest it had been worse, while the frothings of Corbett and the inanities of Johnson had lent an air of unreality to the whole outfit. But with the opening of the sixth spasm, Johnson woke up, and as Jeffries lumbered in with the easy grace of a rheumatic grizzly, the Negro met him with a fearful left drive which not only hit him back a couple of paces, but cut him to the bone just below the right eye.

The blood gushed out in a horrible purple stream, and Jeff's optic was from that point to the end of the piece nothing but a passenger, and a trouble-making passenger at that. Unable to judge his distance with both eyes uninjured, Jeff's case was now indeed a lamentable one, and already the darkling shadows of defeat hung low and gloomy around his devoted head. He was game, however, and once again charged in, but in the wavering, uncertain fashion of a man who feels it incumbent upon him to do something without being too clear as to just what that something is.

Smack! came Johnson's left on the battered eye, and again smack! smack! until the blood spattered down on the white man's chest, matting its hirsute covering with a loathly treacly fluid.

Half blinded, and wholly flustered, Jeffries groped his way into a clinch, clutching at Johnson's right as a drowning sailor grabs at a floating spar. They had wrestled about the ring for nearly half a minute, when Jack, with a mighty effort, shook himself loose from Jeffries' bearlike hug. Simultaneously he whipped his left up to the white man's nose, which spurted blood at the impact. Then the bell rang, and Jeffries shambled away to his corner with an anxious expression on his bruised and battered face.

* * *

THANKS to the ministrations of Choynski and "Farmer" Burns, who were the only seconds in the white man's corner worth a rap, Jeff looked fairly presentable as they squared up for the seventh round. His nose and eye had stopped bleeding, and the blood had been wiped away from his chest, but his "lamp" was completely closed, and his hands drooped as though the gloves were lumps of lead, instead of five ounces of leather and horse hair.

Already he was arm-weary, the fruits of his piggish obstinacy in refusing to box during his training, but his legs were still as good as ever, and seemed likely to carry him a long way yet. As Jeffries came in, Johnson missed him with a left and right, but in the ensuing clinch whipped up a right uppercut which made the big fellow's eyes blink. A feeble hook to the head from Jeffries' left brought an approving "You're sure doing better, Mr. Jeffries," from the Negro, who a second later once again had Jeff bleeding from eye, nose, and mouth with three straight lefts, every one of them tremendously sent home. The white man replied with a forceful right to the face, and the men went to a rally, each slamming away at the body with both hands. Jim was the first to tire of this, and another protracted clinch followed, during which Johnson once again castigated Corbett with his vinegary tongue.

Corbett had little to say for himself now, however, for even the most inexperienced spectator in the crowd could see that the "Champion of the Caucasian Race" was staring defeat in the face with the only eye he could see out of. The end of the round came with Johnson's left glove playing a tattoo on Jeffries' mouth, the white man's efforts at defence being ludicrously inept and futile. They were trying to bet ten to three on Johnson around the ring now, but there was no Jeffries' money in sight.

Johnson was simply playing with Jeffries in the eighth round, and the ease with which he drew the big fellow's leads, picked off the punches, and then countered with terrific force, was positively startling. Throughout the three minutes the white man failed to strike an effective blow, and the futility of his attempts to wear Johnson down by mauling him around in the clinches must have become apparent even to Jeffries himself.

Being able to set his own pace, Johnson did what he liked, and painted Jeff red from eyes to middle with stinging left jabs on his sore eye, nose and lips. Corbett was still making a half-hearted attempt to kill Johnson with his mouth, but Jeffries vetoed that when he came back to his corner. "Do stop that shouting," he growled irritably, "it only makes him more vicious."

* * *

BUT beaten, blinded, and bleeding though he was, Jeffries was game. His spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak, and no amount of courage will put power behind the blows of a physically debilitated man. Bravely he tried to force the work in the ninth, but forever before him were those covering gloves, which, directed by an almost uncanny prescience, blocked his well-meant blows almost before they had started on their way.

He made no pretense at defense now, and every time Johnson straightened his left arm, his sinister glove crashed against his opponent's bloodstained, haggard face. Every once in a while he would whip in an uppercut by way of variety, and every punch went home with stunning force. Just for a second in the last half minute, the Jeffries corner had a chance to shout. As Jeff reeled rather than rushed forward, Johnson missed him with the left. In went Jeff and his right thudded against Jack's ribs just below the heart. For a moment the golden smile faded, and the Negro's face was contorted with a look of agony. His mouth opened and shut in a gasp of pain, while around his lips came the grey ring which is the surest indication that a Negro is hurt or frightened.

It was Jeff's one great chance to stem the flowing tide, and well he knew it. Desperately he strove to send home one more pile driver, but in vain. Johnson dropped his fore-arm like a streak of light, deflected the vengeful blow, then locked Jeff's right and hung on like grim death.

* * *

FOR perhaps fifteen seconds they stood breast to breast, while the huge crowd rocked and swayed like poplars in a gale, and roars of "One more, Jeff, you've found the mark!" rent the air. Then slowly, inch by inch, Jeffries gave ground. The pain faded from Johnson's face, his breast heaved once more to the rhythm of normal breathing, and the last hope of a victory for the white race had vanished, never to return.

It was a weary and dispirited Jeffries who faced his man for the tenth round. He was still strong on his legs, but his arm-weariness amounted almost to hopelessness. His wind, too, had gone back on him, and though he chewed gum, the motion of his jaws did not hide the fact that several

times every minute he emitted short gasps of exhaustion.

Utterly bereft of initiative, apparently unable to think or reason, Jeffries appeared mesmerized by the smiling face and whirling gloves of the elusive Negro. His sole fistic stock in trade appeared to consist of the left lead, which Johnson almost invariably blocked and countered, and then a scramble for comparative safety of a clinch.

I say comparative safely, advisedly, for though, by keeping his head on Johnson's shoulder and pawing on his arms, Jeff managed to evade a deal of punishment, every once in a while his head would rock suddenly as one of the Negro's iron-heart fists made contact with his jaw. And every uppercut that banged remorselessly against his jaw pushed him one more rung down the ladder of defeat.

* * *

THE eleventh round opened with the inevitable clinch. As they broke, Jack's left reached Jeff's right eye with telling effect. Another prod from the Negro's left and once more Jeffries' face was nothing but a featureless mass of gore.

By main force he butted his way into a clinch, and leaned his chin over Johnson's shoulder. The blood ran from his poor, bruised face in streams and trickled down the black man's brawny back. Johnson regarded his adversary with an air of mild remonstrance.

"Please don't bleed all over me, Mr. Jeffries," Johnson cried. "It makes me feel so messy."

The sneering taunt lashed Jeffries into one last, furious effort. Twice he banged a left to the body, and putting his head on Johnson's head, pushed him by main force to the ropes, where he tickled the Negro's ribs with a right. A brace of stinging uppercuts, however, threw him back, and then Johnson's long left once again found a resting place on Jeffries' terribly swollen eye.

The twelfth round was a catastrophe. Johnson flew at his man like a panther. Again and again he rained pitiless blows on Jeff's face and the big fellow was dazed as he went to his corner. It was evident that the end was very, very near, and although a few enthusiasts still rooted desperately for the Californian, it was easy to tell from the expression of settled gloom on his seconds' faces that they, at any rate, were under no illusion as to the true state of affairs.

Johnson came up for the thirteenth round with a jaunty air. Even Jeff's legs had gone back on him now, and the Negro knew that his niche in the temple of fistic fame was forever secure. Jeff raised his arms in a feeble effort to ward off that fatal left which was gradually placing him forever among discards, but he might as well have put up an umbrella to keep off a waterspout. Johnson's sinister hand kept shooting out with pistonlike precision and never once did it fail to reach its objective. Thrice, too, did the Negro's right find the jaw and a groan of pity went up as the gallant, but hopelessly defeated, white giant groped his way to his corner. Even the Negroes in the arena sympathized with Jeff and hesitated to cheer their man.

Throughout the fourteenth, the contest resembled a game of battledore and shuttlecock, with the white man enacting the latter thankless rôle. Jeffries was practically out standing up when the bell rang and his knees sagged beneath him as he reeled to his corner.

The fifteenth saw the end of it. Jeffries was still groggy when he slowly came to the scratch. As he tottered forward, a left caught him on the face. Jeff fell into a clinch, his chin resting on Johnson's shoulder. Once more the blood streamed from eye, nose and mouth, and as he clung feebly to Johnson's arms, his look of anguish and despair were terrible to witness.

Who can doubt that at that dread moment Jeffries would have readily given his all, had he never signed for that match. His pride was hurt. His body was bruised. He was just a shadow of his former self. A pity that he had to be sacrificed to the giant Negro just to please some friends!

Slowly Johnson pushed his man away, and as he did so, he shot out a left which reached Jeff's temple with stunning force. Jeffries threw up both arms and collapsed backwards through the rope, his buttocks resting on the platform outside the ring. With a whoop and a crash, twenty thousand yelling maniacs reached their feet, gazing with dismay at the debacle of their hero—the great, white, unbeaten champion of the world, who had never been knocked down before.

When Jeff reached the perpendicular, Johnson went at him like a tiger and drove him clear across the ring. At the ropes, Jeff collapsed once more, resting on his right knee, his right glove touching the upper rope.

* * *

SUDDENLY the yelling died away and the voices of Rickard and Harding, the editor of the *Police Gazette*, simultaneously chanting the seconds, could be heard with almost painful distinctness.

"Seven," they cried.

With a gesture of infinite weariness, Jeff staggered to his feet once more.

"Take him away," the crowd kept yelling. "Don't let the black man knock him out."

Once more Jeffries reeled towards the Negro, a sobbing, floundering mass of blood and sweat and tears, tragic in his helplessness.

"Don't hit him, Jack," Rickard cried sharply.

Johnson nodded and, sidestepping nimbly, just pushed the beaten white man with his open glove. He showed mercy and was ready to halt the slaughter if Jeff or his trainers were willing.

Jeff blundered on for two more strides, then once again collapsed upon his knees. As he did so, Sam Berger, his chief second, sprang through the ropes, waving a blood-stained towel over his head, and the waving of that towel signified to all the world that one more tragedy had been played to its conclusion in the "City of Disappointed Hope."

There you have an accurate, eye-witness picture of the pitiful end of Jeffries. The white man had gone down to defeat for the second time before a Negro—first Burns and now Jeffries. It was not until April 5, 1915, in Havana, that the Caucasian race regained the heavyweight title when Jess Willard knocked out Johnson in the twenty-sixth round. Although the Negro insists that he threw the fight because of pressure that was brought to bear by Jack Curley and Harry Frazee, the promoters, and points to the picture of the knockout, where he is seen shading his eyes, to prove that the fight was not on the level, those who saw the battle agree that there was nothing phony about the knockout and that Willard had come by his laurels on his merits.

* * *

THE RING Editor has an affidavit in his safe by Johnson telling of his part and that of the promoters in fixing the fight, but has never given credence to the story. Never has the finger of suspicion been pointed at Willard. Never has it been said that big Jess had any part in the arrangements, or that he ever knew that anything other than a square fight was to be fought, and if there was anything shady about the affair, only Johnson and those who worked with him were in on it.

Jack Curley and Frazee, before he died, repeatedly denied the Johnson accusation, but the burly Negro has stood by his ground and insisted that he has always told the truth. Only a few weeks ago, the story of his life, sold to a London syndicate and now appearing in an Australian paper, carried the accusation under Johnson's signature. In it he again says that he faked the fight to avoid government interference in his return to the United States to see his sick mother, but that after he carried out his end of the agreement, he was double-crossed and sent to Leavenworth for one year.

When Louis faces Braddock for the world championship, the fistic fans will have before them the picture of the last two defeats of the white men by the Negro.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

JOHN CHONG, the Shanghai Express from Miami, Florida, lasted one round against Syd Brown, Jamaica's promising light-heavyweight. Brown opened up briskly and connected with a volley of lefts and rights to Chong's head, which ended in the first minute of the first round.

Except for one bout, the entire program and supporting card represented an international affair.

Juan Bagas, the sturdy Costa Rican middleweight, lost to Arnaldo Cuevas by T.K.O. in the fifth round. Pal Silver won from Auturo Clarke, lightweight champ of Costa Rica, in a spirited bout. Young Sanchez won by T.K.O. over Alvado Hernandez of Costa Rica.

Baby Walcott scored over Quintana Shadow. This was the best bout of the show and it would have done credit to Madison Square Garden. It was a hair-raising scrap from the first bell to the last—action that was scientific, punching that was pulverizing, and ring generalship as executed by masters of the Garden arena. Certainly it was a bout recorded as one of the best ever witnessed here.

Kid Silver, former welterweight champ, will be sailing for England soon, where he will join his stablemates, Barton, Flynn, Williams, and Chocolate, who are making ring history in England.

Fred Cooke, one of our battle-scarred light-heavies, who, it was generally thought, had passed his prime, turned in the best fight of his career when he lost a hairline decision to Jeremino Tribino, light-heavyweight champion of Columbia, in one of the most thrilling bouts seen here. George Dixon, our formidable lightweight contender, easily outboxed his bigger rival, Battling Downs, to get a well-earned decision. Kid Hartley won from George O'Brian in six rounds.

Breezy Boy, flyweight king, was thought to have been overmatched when he was pitted against Jamaica Kid, a seasoned warrior, but Breezy proved his worth by dropping the Kid early in the first round and finished him in the third round.

Owing to lack of space general wrestling features have been held out for this issue only.

Braddock's Case

(Continued from page 6)

Frank Daly, a ginger-ale salesman, slipped up behind Rickard and flipped into the box a bottle of "Canada Dry."

"Git outa here with that damned ginger ale. You're always tailing me, Daly."

Fate was a greater prankster. Rickard died and Daly, the "ginger" ale man, married his widow! Now, both Daly and Rickard have passed on!

* * *

WILLS never got his chance and New York never got the huge tax which would have come with the promotion of the Dempsey and Tunney bout in that State. The hotel and business men never have forgiven the Gotham boxing board.

It is little wonder then that General Phelan is worried about losing the Braddock and Schmeling bout which was shunted for Jim's meeting with Louis.

Banishing the Dempsey and Tunney bout was the indirect cause of their second fracas going to Chicago. Rickard accepted and kept a promise made to the Governor of Illinois to bring a return bout to his state.

Rickard didn't pause to argue matters with the New York board. In quick succession he took Dempsey and Carpentier, Tendler and Leonard, Carpentier and Levinsky, Willard and Firpo and Wills and Firpo to New Jersey.

Rickard was on a geographical meander and his last project, the Sharkey and Stribling bout, was planned for Miami. He died before it came off and when it seemed like a bloomer, Jack Dempsey, his great magnet, was called in and the "bloomer" drew over $400,000!

Thus it is not astonishing that big fights move on to more green pastures. Braddock and Louis is a mid-west "natural." They like Louis out Chicago way. The bout will draw well because it is a Big Show.

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

A PRODUCT of Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course is headed for stardom in professional boxing circles. I make reference to Danny McNichol from Merchantville, N. J.

Danny was born on July 14, 1916, of Irish-American parents, and under the watchful eye of his father, started on the road of pugilism on July 1, 1935. He made his entrance into the pro ranks by toppling Jackie Adams in three rounds, and since then, has been beaten but once in eighteen contests, and that by a boy who outweighed him ten pounds.

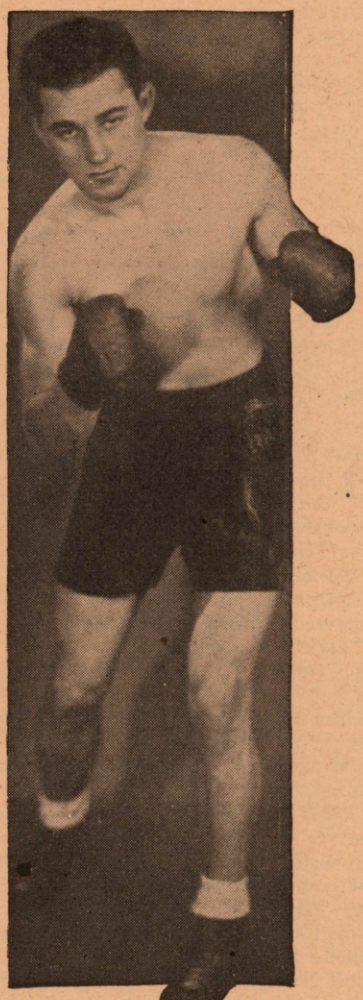
McNichol, who knew nothing of the art of self-defense, but craved action in the ring enclosure, decided to buy the Universal Boxing Course book, written by Nat Fleischer, publisher and editor of THE RING Magazine. It took months of study and practice to master the course and then Danny's father decided his offspring was ready for professional glove tossing.

He started his career with a bang and has been going along fine, for a youngster. Danny has scored six knockouts won seven decisions, boxed three draws, and one no-decision bout, and lost one contest. His fighting is of the pleasing variety and he possesses a punch that has already caused the critics to dub him the "Celtic Clouter," after the renowned Jimmy McLarnin. If he develops into one-tenth the fighter Jimmy was, he will make a good record before he decides to hang up his gloves. At any rate, he is a lightweight who is one of New Jersey's best. He is certain to carry the Jersey banner far.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

boy—the lad who kayoed him. Morgan and the champion have been matched by Jack Kearns for a titular bout in Detroit, with Dempsey the referee.



Harry Jeffra, rapid rising bantamweight from Baltimore.

* * *

FRED APOSTOLI, the California middleweight who created a most favorable impression in New York by his pleasing style and terrific punching, has earned a title shot and should be given one by the Steele-Battaglia winner. Fred's most recent victory over Solly Krieger was a masterpiece.

He is all that the Coast critics have said he is and is a welcome addition to the New York fighting talent.

* * *

THE sporting world was shocked recently with the announcement of the death of Gus Hill, actor, producer, famous discoverer of Broadway talent, and the foremost club swinger in American sports history.

Mr. Hill, who was seventy-nine years old when he passed into the Great Beyond, received more trophies from the Richard K. Fox *Police Gazette* collection than any other athlete who was so honored by the owner of that publication. Year after year, for a quarter of a century, Mr. Hill carried off the honors in club swinging, and only last year at an exhibition in New York, he attracted attention by the accuracy of his manipulations, even at his ripe old age. It was Gus Hill, who, through the aid of the late William Muldoon, introduced club swinging as part of the daily routine training of fighters and wrestlers.

When Muldoon undertook to handle John L. Sullivan and later trained Jake Kilrain, club swinging became a most important part of his conditioning of these fighters, and it was Gus Hill to whom Muldoon appealed for help. Thereafter, until commercialism entered the field of boxing and supplanted the sporting element, scarcely a fighter of note didn't follow the advice of Muldoon and Gus Hill and make club swinging a part of the gymnasium tune-up. Thus to Hill, the famous fighters of bygone days owed much of their prowess because club swinging is one of the finest developers of the shoulder muscles and as such helped the boxers to develop a hefty wallop.

The boxer of today takes the easiest way out but all of the great gladiators of the days when Hill and Muldoon were in their prime realized the full value of the strenuous art of club swinging in their training. That is one reason why there were so many heavy hitters in the past as compared to the light hitters of today, for club swinging put great muscular development in the back muscles from which the fighters of old derived their driving powers in the delivery of their punches.

With Gus Hill dead, the honor of American club swinging champion now falls on the shoulders of Sergeant Dick Cox of Washington, D. C., police headquarters, a former pupil of Hill, who for many years has been recognized as his successor.

A few weeks before Gus Hill died, he visited the offices of THE RING and discussed club swinging as a benefit to boxing, and suggested that I accept a trophy from him to be given by THE RING for a club swinging championship contest with the aim of having this branch of athletics again introduced in the training of our boxers.

And now that he is gone, I shall be happy to offer such a trophy for a championship tournament with a special invitation to Sergeant Dick Cox, America's premier club swinger, to participate, and in the event that such competition cannot be arranged, on behalf of the late Gus Hill, THE RING will present Sergeant Cox with a trophy emblematic of the club swinging championship of America with the hopes that he will start the ball rolling in Washington to teach the young boxers a lost but most valuable art, as Gus Hill did in the good old days.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 35)

J. Edgar Hoover, the head G-Man, is one of the most ardent patrons of the sport. Hoover can be seen in his favorite ringside seat at Turner's Arena, of Washington, D. C., every Thursday night.

* * *

Inquiries as to the whereabouts of Vic Christy, the Los Angeles wrestler, brings the reply that he is doing most of his grappling along the Pacific Coast, from California all the way up to Vancouver, B. C.

* * *

Ernie Dusek is seriously thinking of buying a shoe store. It is nothing for him to buy a new pair of brogans every other week. No sooner does he break in a pair than he becomes the victim of numerous "hot foots." He sends his ruined shoes, which are practically new, to charitable organizations.

* * *

Marcus Griffin's book on wrestling, "Fall Guy," which gives the inside story of how champions are made, with a detailed account of historic matches in which titles changed hands, is a book which all wrestling fans should add to their library. The Ring Book Shop has just acquired a quantity which sell for $1.00 each. The book is well written and most interesting for those who like their wrestling.

* * *

FROM Ohio, comes the news from Jimmy Amann, our mid-western correspondent, that Jack Reynolds, generally recognized as the welterweight king, will tour Europe this summer as a representative 147-pounder from America.

Reynolds' tour of Europe which is scheduled for the middle of this month, is to be a "good will" tour of the European countries in behalf of the little men, it is said by the handlers of the champion. He will meet Harold Angus, British welterweight champion, in England. Jack has also accepted other dates which will take him into Germany, France, Ireland, Scotland and Italy.

Reynolds learned the rudiments of the game under the watchful and careful eye of the late and great "Farmer" Burns. They didn't come any greater than the "Farmer." To his last days, Burns boasted that Reynolds was his favorite pupil and the best of his many productions for the wrestling mat.

That was nearly eighteen years ago and three years later, Jack won the championship of the world which he has held these many years, with the exception of a few months, when he lost the crown to Lansdowne Finnegan, and later regained it.

Following his match with Charlie Grip in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1930, Jack's interest turned to horse racing and encouraged by one of his many personal friends in the theatrical world, Jack acquired a string of racing horses which blazed their way from Louisville to Miami. Hopping about the country for matches forced Reynolds to quit his stable. He was named a "Colonel" by Governor Ruby Lafoon of Kentucky. Even today, with the exception of wrestling, the "sport of kings" is his favorite.

* * *

ENGLISH WRESTLING NOTES, submitted by Hugh O'C. Stuart, follow:

There is a great wrestling boom here in England at the time of writing, and the sport draws larger crowds at every show.

Here are a few of the results of leading grapplers performing here:

One of the most popular Yankee maulers to wrestle here is Mike Brendel. Mike has had an exceptionally good month, his main wins being over Polish Jan Gotch and Paddy Casey at Lanes Club, and the tough Karl Reginski at the "Ring."

* * *

George Pencheff, Australian threat, bested Bob "Legs" Langevin in a hurly-burly bout at Kilburn. Langevin is a real all-action wrestler who appeals to all English fans.

* * *

A new arrival is Carl von Wurden, who in his initial start at the "Ring" outfought the game trial-horse, Joe Devalto of Italy.

* * *

Hard-luck to Australian Bonnie Muir, when sustaining severe injury to his knee in a bout with Pojello. Mention of the latter brings to mind that although he is not the force he was, Carl is certainly one of the most scientific men to appear here. Consequently he is always sure of plenty of work.

* * *

Ed Don George made a successful début at the "Ring" and won from Leo Lefebvre. Ed's victory proved very popular.

* * *

The week before at Blackfriars Ring, Abe Caplan, Yankee limb-twister, and Karl Reginski were tossed from the arena by the referee, Lew Marco. Both maulers surpassed themselves in an endeavour to win.

* * *

Canadian Caveman, Bob "Legs" Langevin, caused a riot at Kilburn in a recent bout with Leo Lefebvre. "Legs" handed out very rough treatment, causing fans to get out of control. But owing to the timely action taken by Bob Gregory, Langevin was hustled from the ring, and serious trouble was averted. In the semi-final George Pencheff pulled out enough to out-slug villainous Jack Pye.

Jack Pye was also unsuccessful when meeting John Demchuk, Russian threat, at the "Ring."

A Champion Speaks

(Continued from page 37)

and when not to resist pressure. Even then we get hurt—too often.

In the past few years Stanley Stasiak, Jim Browning, Tex Wright and many other men have died as a result of injuries received on the mat. Scores of others have sustained broken bones and have been permanently disabled.

If you are looking for a body builder, you could take up no better sport. But place yourself under the instruction of a competent coach in some gymnasium. Under no circumstances should you otherwise wrestle in friendly matches, regardless of how harmless are the intentions of yourself and your training partner.

If we professionals did not know how to take the falls there would be ten times as many fatalities in the game, considering the hard tumbles we take on the mat and into the ringside seats.

Like in football, a man must learn to fall without landing on a "point," such as an elbow or knee. Sometimes he is thrown in such a manner that he hasn't time to land correctly. That is when he is likely to get hurt.

A veteran wrestler does not defy leverage and crudely try to break loose through sheer strength when an opponent clamps a double wristlock or a similar grip on him. To resist in such a manner would mean a broken arm or leg. He must GO WITH the hold. The big danger with novices lies in their frantic defensive efforts more than anything else.

I certainly do not want to discourage anybody who wants to wrestle as a hobby. I am merely suggesting that the wrestling be done on a mat under proper rules with a competent instructor as advisor.

* * *

IN this article I have endeavored to answer many of the questions which arise in the minds of wrestling fans.

One of the most common queries is: "Which hold of the mat repertoire is the most punishing?"

To this question my reply is always the same: "It depends upon the man applying the hold."

For instance, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the venerable giant of the game, who still stands as a pillar of the mat after having held the world championship five times, can hurt an opponent with a headlock more than any other man. Lewis has perfected the grip to the point where, if he wanted to be unrelentless, he could seriously injure many of his foes.

On the other hand, to most wrestlers the headlock is just another hold. They are not skilled enough to use it effectively.

No other man, before or since, could do as much damage with the body scissors as Joe Stecher, the Nebraska farmer, when he was in his prime. Stecher had powerful legs to start with, and specializing in the scissors enabled him to develop his limbs to the point where he could squeeze all the pep out of an opponent in short order.

* * *

IT was declared that Stecher could break a sack of grain with his legs. I never saw him give a demonstration of this, but I do not doubt that he could perform such a feat. I wrestled the late Jim Browning, whose legs were said to be "almost" as strong as those of Stecher. After having been squeezed by Browning's scissors I am willing to believe anything.

Many men rode to fame on one hold. Frank Gotch had his toe hold, Jim Londos his variations of the headlock, and so forth. But personally, I prefer to mix up my attack. If my opponent has an ample defense for one hold, I switch to another.

The most dangerous attack—for both principals—in wrestling is the flying offense, used by Joe Savoldi, Man Mountain Dean, Gus Sonnenberg and others.

Burns Smallest

(Continued from page 13)

never has been seen among the heavyweight champions. He was not a hard hitter, for which reason Fitzsimmons, with his powerful slugging, proved too much for him at Carson City. Sullivan and Corbett were Irish-Americans, whereas Fitz was a Cornishman, the first foreigner to wear the crown.

Jeffries was nearly two inches taller and forty pounds heavier than Fitzsimmons when the Cornishman lost the title on a knockout in the eleventh round. Yet Fitz, with one of his tremendous lefts, came near stopping Jeffries in the ninth round.

Jeffries, in his prime, was the strongest champion of modern times. He was a terrific puncher with either hand and a veritable glutton for punishment. At the time of his retirement in 1902, he could have beaten anyone.

Johnson was thirty-seven years old when Willard beat him. The Negro did his best to stave off inevitable defeat for twenty-five rounds, but Willard proved too rugged for him. Willard, the laziest champion, was the tallest and Carnera was the heaviest. Jess stood six feet six in his socks and weighed 235 pounds for the Johnson mill. When Dempsey pulverized him he weighed 245. Carnera scaled 263.

Dempsey was a slugger, pure and simple, scoring knockouts with either mawley. His lack of boxing science was demonstrated by Gibbons and Tunney, whom he couldn't drop to the floor.

Tunney was the cleverest boxing champion since Corbett's day. He was not a rough and ready fighter like Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns and Dempsey, but he knew how and when to hit with fine judgment.

Sullivan lost the championship when he was thirty-four. Corbett, beaten by Fitzsimmons, was thirty-one. Fitz was more than thirty-seven when Jeffries stopped him the first time and the latter, retiring at twenty-seven, was a nervous wreck at Reno eight years later.

Burns had celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday at the time Johnson won the title from him and, as related above, the Negro was thirty-seven when he succumbed to Willard. At Toledo in 1919, Willard said he was thirty-six, but probably was forty at least. Dempsey was thirty-one when Tunney outpointed him in 1926.

* * *

AFTER Tunney's retirement, it was agreed that Schmeling and Sharkey were the outstanding heavyweights of the world and that a bout between them would settle the matter of supremacy and create a new world title-holder. On June 12, 1930, Schmeling won the crown on a foul, Referee Crowley disqualifying Sharkey in the fourth round for hitting low.

The German held on to the title for two years, during which he defended it successfully against Young Stribling, whom he stopped in the fifteenth round in Cleveland, and then on June 21, 1932, Herr Max was shorn of his title by Sharkey in a return engagement at the Garden Bowl in Long Island City.

Sharkey proved a huge disappointment when he flopped miserably in defense of his laurels by being knocked out by Primo Carnera in the same bowl on June 29, 1933, in the sixth round.

After successfully defending his crown in Rome against Paulino that same year, Primo tackled Tommy Loughran in Miami the following winter and won a fifteen-round decision, but the following summer, on June 14, 1934, he was knocked out by Max Baer in Long Island City in the eleventh round.

It was from Baer that Braddock gained the title on June 13, 1935, when he won a decision at the end of fifteen rounds and since that victory, Jimmy has been idle. Will that two years of rest bring about Braddock's downfall? We'll soon know.

Fanning Bee With Rudy

(Continued from page 38)

Then others entitled to championship consideration are Steve 'Crusher' Casey, George 'Dazzler' Clark, Dean Detton, Yvon Robert, Cliff Olsen and that crazy guy, George Koverly."

(Editor's Note: And we also may add the name of Rudy Dusek. He is a past master and is able to take care of himself with the best of them.)

"Name me some youngsters of today, who, in your opinion, may develop into the stars of the future?"

"There are several. First and second, we have the former Western Maryland College football aces, Nick Campofreda and Bernie Kaplan. Then don't overlook Bob Managoff, Jr., son of the old-timer and himself a former champion. Others are Sammy Menacker, Ralph Garibaldi, younger brother of Gino; Jack Kennedy, Ted Key, Hank Barber and my kid brother, Joe."

"Would you advise youngsters to take up wrestling as a career?"

"Yes, I would, providing that, after they are carefully examined for physical fitness, they can stand the gaff. To become a wrestler, it takes more than ordinary will power. Many have taken the chance and quit, not because they wanted to, but because they saw they weren't exactly built for the game."

And, after getting through this gab-fest, Rudy then turned his conversation to his home life, his happy family, where he is constantly surrounded by his adorable wife and children. That, after all, is his spark in life that has made him ever remember the day that he became a wrestler, for through his earnings he has been able to supply his family with all the necessities of life.

And strangers, too, have found a haven in the big-hearted Rudy Dusek, who has followed the policy of always lending a helping hand to the fallen—but NOT IN *THE RING*.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 28)

sue his assailant. At the door, the wounded giant collapsed and fainted, muttering—"They got me at last!" The rest of the gang leaped over Poole's prostrate body and followed on the trail of the fleeing Baker.

Poole was removed to his home where, much to the amazement of the surgeons, he lingered on for fourteen days, with a .45 bullet lodged in his heart, before expiring. During his two weeks of suffering, he was never heard to complain, facing approaching doom with the iron nerve that had ever been his distinguishing characteristic.

On his death-bed, Poole blamed Morrissey for the plot against his life, although his former opponent had not participated in the attack. This was believed by those sympathetic with the Native American aggregation and as indignantly denied by the Tammanyites. Men were for or against Poole's dying statement according to their political bias. But outside of the antagonism existing before and after the Amos Dock battle between big Bill and John Morrissey, not a shred of evidence was ever discovered that would connect the leader of Tammany's fighting cohorts with the murder.

That serious riots did not occur in New York City while Poole lay dying, was due to precautions taken by the authorities. Police were given strict orders to "shoot to kill" and spare neither Tammany men nor Native Americans, should public hostilities arise as a result of Poole's friends endeavoring to wreak vengeance for their slaughtered leader. Orders were also issued to the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard to be ready for a call to arms if occasion required.

The patient's condition as he slowly drifted toward the Valley of the Shadow was the most fruitful topic of current conversation. His career was discussed and the fatal combat fought over and over again in tones of tense interest by young and old. Every few hours by day and night, bulletins issued by the physicians in attendance were posted in prominent localities to keep the public informed how Poole was holding out in his struggle with approaching death.

* * *

IN this day and age it seems almost incredible that the passing away of a man whose only claim to fame in a civilized community was his ability as a rough-and-tumble scrapper could absorb public attention to such an amazing extent. Had big Bill been a blood-royal prince of some European nation, there could scarcely have been more solicitude displayed in his behalf by worshipping subjects.

Yet moods of emotional hysteria are relative after all. We moderns would hardly get excited over the demise of a butcher notorious for his prowess as a barroom slugger and gutter-fighter. But millions of latter-day morons have been known to wallow weeping in swamps of saccharine sorrow when some motion picture star exchanged the status of sure-fire box office asset for that of a phantom rôle in the Great Unknown. Whether critical preference should be given mourners at a tomb of splendid savagery, or bestowed upon sentimentalists watering a shrine of slush with sloppy tears depends altogether on the point of view.

Christopher Street, where Poole lived, resembled a market-place or a camp. By day, it was crowded with people, who had

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Queer Knockouts

(Continued from page 33)

It doesn't seem to make much difference what happens to club fighters. Nobody cares. Boxing commissioners make elaborate rules to keep main-eventers from fighting too often for their own good, but the boys who battle in the small bouts don't take any notice of such rules.

A few years ago Iron Horse Joe Sturino of New Rochelle was knocked out by Andy Hunter in his home town at 9 P. M. Joe went over to Port Chester to continue the evening's entertainment and there knocked out Wild Bill Brooks to set some kind of an odd record. Brooks was counted out at ten o'clock—just one hour after Sturino himself had hit the canvas.

Steve Hamas won a fight while he was unconscious. It was his bout with Hans Birkie. Hamas had the decision all sewed up, and just as they reached the final bell he got a little careless. Birkie put over a nailer and down went Steve. The referee got up as far as "Eight!" Then the bell rang.

The referee totalled up the points and gave the fight to Hamas.

* * *

NOT many people know that Knute Rockne used to be a fighter. Gus Dorais, Rockne's buddy and roommate, who now coaches at the University of Detroit, recalls that Rock, while still a student, fought under the name of Frankie Brown.

Ad Wolgast was then champion of the world. He fought one night in Kalamazoo, and one of the preliminary boys was none other than the great Knute Rockne. After this, be careful what you say about the preliminary boys.

He was good, too. Dorais seconded him, and they had to be back on the campus by breakfast time. The last train leaving Kalamazoo, they found, was not a very late one. That meant if Rockne's bout went the limit, the boys would miss the train and be disciplined upon their return to the campus.

"Okay!" said Rock. "If that's the way it is, somebody is going to be knocked flat in that first round because I'm going to try to make it a one-punch fight."

When the bell rang, Knute charged from his corner, swung a right that lifted his opponent's feet from the floor, and the referee counted ten. Total time, about twelve seconds. Dorais rushed to the office to collect the purse and they caught the train.

Champion's Choice

(Continued from page 23)

Corbett was first of all a tactician. He planned his battles in advance, and unless his opponent showed great weakness he never went to close quarters. That's why he kept away from Jeff. He felt he could outbox and outmaneuver any heavyweight in the world, and he usually used his skill and speed to win for him.

Practically the same situation confronted Jimmy Braddock when he clashed with Max Baer. Livermore Max, like Jeffries, reputedly was a heavy hitter. He had exemplified that in his fights with Schmeling and Carnera, both of whom he stopped, and the general opinion was that his wallop would upset Braddock and enable Max to retain his crown. Braddock, a clever fighter and an experienced one, decided, like Corbett, to avoid Baer's punches by scientific manipulations, plus a little back-stepping, and as in the case of Gentleman Jim when he fought Jeffries, his plan worked out well.

In the case of Corbett, however, he grew careless because of his wide point margin and he left himself open to a heavy bombardment that ultimately brought about his defeat, while Braddock kept to his plan of battle from start to finish and won the championship, contrary to expectation.

What he will do in the first defense of his crown remains to be seen. He has two choices—to fight in the open and take a chance against a heavy hitter, a plan that would help the sport considerably, or to fight a wholly defensive battle, one that will retard the progress of the sport for many months.

How the Mighty Have Fallen!

(Continued from page 30)

great Canzoneri, and there was no doubt but that Lou triumphed.

Canzoneri, bleeding from various cuts, was defeated by a tireless attack, one that was not of the thrilling kind, but that did the job. The crowd, as was expected, was with Canzoneri and against the champion, and when the decision was rendered, correct though it was, a round of catcalls greeted the verdict. How the gathering felt about Tony, whose courage has never been questioned, was exemplified by the thunderous applause that greeted his exit from the ring.

Ambers fought below the form he showed against Montanez. Tony was exactly what the crowd had expected he would be in defeat, while his conqueror was a disappointment in victory. Lou had lost that hurricane action for which he is famed. He plodded along, just satisfied to outpoint his former teacher and roll up a huge point advantage. His steady attack took its toll in cuts, but didn't stop Tony from mixing it when the opportunity arose.

The sixth round was Tony's best—one in which he flashed his true, old-time fighting qualities. He crossed his right with telling effect to the jaw over Ambers' left jab and another exchange of rights to the jaw. Standing flatfooted to gain his leverage, an unusual stunt for Tony, he dug his left to Lou's body with force and ripped rights and lefts to the body. He followed that with a beauty of a left hook to the jaw that almost took Ambers off balance.

Lou rushed forward and grabbed Tony to avoid a tumble. It was a glorious charge by the veteran and for a short time, it held out hopes to his followers that he would yet come through.

But Ambers proved that his youth held the advantage. He did little in the seventh, in which both were cautious, but in all other sessions it was Ambers' fight. Ambers, from the tenth on, kept carrying the fight to Tony. He leaped in tirelessly, executed his attack almost wholly with the left, and piled up a good advantage. He didn't have to show more than he did to win the fight.

On four occasions Tony received a right-hand thump that almost made him fold up. The champion went into the fight a four to one favorite, so poor an estimate did the wagering clients have of Tony's chances.

When the final gong sounded, the sympathy of the eleven thousand fans was with Tony, and they would have left the arena in a happy mood had the verdict been with him or had he at least earned a draw, but the fortunes of war were against him and such a decision would have been nothing short of highway robbery. Ambers won and the officials couldn't take the decision from him.

News of the Mat World

NEWS OF TEXAS, by Bernice Sandboe: The king has abdicated! Long live the new king! Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the bewhiskered hillbilly, has vacated his throne. Fred (Baldwin) Nichols and genial Johnny Galiano, wrestling commissioners, have crowned His Rough Highness Chief Little Beaver, Rex, the new champion and king of the mighty domain of Texas. I personally am too stunned by it all to deliver an extemporaneous opinion or surmise just what is the cause of it all. All I know is that Leo was billed to wrestle Karl Davis and Chief Little Beaver, both in one evening, and although he was seen in the vicinity an hour or so before match-time, when the curtain was raised on the main event, it was found that Leo had checked out of his hotel and driven his car from the garage. In short, he had abdicated!

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN —Karl Davis has a new hold . . . . it's identical to Jim Londos' widely discussed "unconscious hold" and really sends his opponents into dreamland . . . . I used to think Paul Jones was the town's Don Juan but Otto Kuss has certainly put him in the shade . . . . Bob Russell is beginning a whirlwind campaign of the East Coast . . . . hello, Charlie Allen, way up there in New York State, when are you coming back to Texas? . . . . a big gardenia to the gamest little guy in wrestling—young Dick Lever . . . . the kid is really good and some promoter would do well to grab him up . . . . he's been going over great guns out in California and put up a swell show against Dean Detton . . . . Alf Johnson, one of the nicest boys in the game, has gained thirty pounds since he has been on the sidelines with a broken leg . . . . Grady Cole, a sports announcer in North Carolina, nicknamed Jim Henry the "Goon," and it certainly has stuck . . . . shame on you, Jack (his friends call him Pete) Warner, for going around telling people you had won a certain match when you know you didn't have a chance . . . . Johnny Plummer was one of Joe Louis' sparring partners on the Brown Bomber's recent exhibition tour . . . . Pat McClary, the jovial, big Irishman, is back at the mat wars again after being on the shelf for some time with a fractured rib . . . . Juan Olagiuvel is now wrestling in Buenos Aires . . . . he writes that Jim Londos will be there in May

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I AM certainly glad to hear that Henry Armstrong is getting to be a good card in New York. Perhaps, as you say, he and Pete Sarron can make a good "payday" together in a championship match. I am in favor of the match if it figures to draw some money. I see no reason why it should not draw a good gate in one of the big open-air shows this summer, so, Nat, you can count on me being ready for the fight as soon as we get back to America.

I received a letter from Jimmy Johnston the same day I received your letter. Johnston says he is interested in staging the fight and will put it in this summer any month we name as the date. I have offers for the same fight from California and St. Louis and a few other spots. Also a move is under way, I think, to try and get Washington to relent and allow the match to be staged there this summer. You know, so far there have been no mixed matches in Washington.

They are treating us very nice over here in London. After McGrory got his jaw broken and there was no other featherweight good enough to put in with Sarron for a title fight, we agreed to take on a couple of lightweights for the same money. Sid Hulls, General Critchley and Colonel Wilson, the heads of the Harringay Stadium for whom we were signed to fight, are all sportsmen of the highest type.

Upon our arrival in London they met us and informed us that McGrory had had his jaw broken and was not able to fight. General Critchley and his staff agreed to make any kind of a financial settlement with me for Sarron to reimburse us for the trip over here, but I told them that we were not after getting anything for nothing. We wanted no charity donations.

I appreciated their real sportsmanlike qualities, but to be paid for doing nothing was not our motto. So I told them that Sarron came over here to fight, and that was what we were interested in doing—fighting. I told them to get any featherweight they cared to and we would go through and fight a title fight as agreed upon on April 15.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

If they had no featherweight available, I said that Sarron would agree to fight any lightweight up to 135 pounds. They liked the idea of showing Sarron with an opponent, so Harry Mizler, the lad who just beat Jimmy Walsh, the British lightweight champion, was selected to meet Petey.

The English people have proven real good sportsmen in my book. I have enjoyed our visit here very much. Everything possible has been done to make our stay an enjoyable one, and we are enjoying the best that can be given us over here.

Boxing in England is going big. A boom is on in the fight game. They tell me that never before in the history of boxing has so much interest been displayed by the fans and the press. They are giving the fight game publicity galore in all the papers and magazines. The fight on the 15th, Baer vs. Farr and Sarron vs. Mizler, will be close to a sellout at fifty-dollar tops. That will mean roughly around one hundred thousand dollars for the fight. Not bad!

Max Baer is a red hot favorite to beat the British heavyweight champion, Tommy Farr. That is one bad fault I find with the fans here—they are always underrating their own fighters.

I think they are underrating Farr. I think he has a good chance to upset the dope and grab the verdict over Baer. Baer, of course, is no doubt taking his fighting over here more seriously than ever, but I think Farr is a pretty shifty fellow for a heavyweight. He weighs around 206 pounds and is all muscle and strength, and he seems to know his way around the ring.

No "flash in the pan" fighter, but just a good, consistent big fellow that knows what it is to get roughed around and keep fighting. I may be all wrong, but I believe Farr has a chance to upset the dope in this fight. He'll win!

Nat, we will be here until May 7, then we sail for South Africa again, to fight for our good friend, "Tiny" Dean, and his Transvaal National Sporting Club. Will be there for the month of June and then return here and to America. They want a title fight here this summer, but if the Armstrong fight will pay more money, then we will take that one instead. I figure Sarron will be back in time to fight Armstrong some time in August.

Many thanks for the nice bouquet you gave me on the letter published in the last issue of THE RING. Kindest regards and best wishes.

JIMMY ERWIN,
Manager of Petey Sarron.

The above letter was mailed by the manager of Petey Sarron just nine days before the Farr-Baer fight and arrived too late for use in the last issue. It is printed in this issue, because it shows that Erwin is a good judge of fighting in forwarding to me the dope he did on the big fight.—Editor's note.

* * *

BY way of introduction I would state that I am a regular, eager and grateful reader of THE RING, and with this qualification, I pray that you will excuse my trespassing upon your crowded pages.

In the first place, I must say that I speak, not as one having authority, but as one of the scribes. I am a mere looker-on, but I should like to give you just a hint of the feeling that exists among boxing fans on this side of the pond. There is a definite feeling of good-will in this country towards your top-notchers, and the sentiments expressed in the enclosed cutting from the Manchester *Evening News* are amply justified by the behavior of your lads when they come over here.

You will observe that in the enclosed article in the Manchester paper, Pete Sarron gets quite a fair eulogy, and I'll wager he is worth every letter of it.

From time to time, our best lads pay you a visit, and return home full of new ideas and dollars, and then some of your champions return the compliment, and no matter how they knock us about, we feel honored by having them with us for a time. This interchange of top-notchers is all for the good of the game, and boxing on both sides of the ditch is benefited in many ways.

True, our methods and rules are slightly different from yours, but these technical variances are so slight that they are readily overcome by any boxer of average intelligence.

Now, if there is any likely lad on your side who is contemplating coming over, but is a little undecided on account of treatment, etc., in this country, let me assure him that he may rely upon getting a square deal, and whilst he may be able to teach our boys a little about the more boisterous side of the business, his knowledge of human nature in general and scientific boxing in particular, will be considerably enhanced.

The fact that he is not fighting on his own "midden" will not make the slightest difference to an English audience; on the contrary, the stranger on this side invariably receives sympathetic consideration by the mere fact of his being the visitor.

For example, when Small Montana met Lynch a few weeks ago, Montana was quite as popular, if not more so, than his opponent.

As matters turned out, he lost the fight, but that was all he did lose. He entered the ring a perfect stranger to ninety-five per cent of the crowd. Before many minutes had elapsed, he had won the affections of that ninety-five per cent, and I venture to suggest that he would fill any hall in this country, irrespective of the result. He is the goods, or, as you say, he is just dandy, and the game is richer and better on both sides of the pond for Montana's presence.

Then there is Freddie Miller. Ask him what he thinks about the old country. He certainly enjoyed himself here, and eventually went home full of enthusiasm and appreciation of our methods and treatment, and I have no hesitation in saying that Miller

would be assured of a warm welcome again, both in and out of the roped square. He gave a wonderful fillip to boxing here, and I am sure he must cherish many happy memories of his English "holiday," just as we, in turn, treasure happy recollections of his wizardry and teaching.

The good-will that has been created by these champions—Miller, Montana, J. H. Lewis (what a lad!), Baer, etc., etc.—is cemented by the aforementioned article in the Manchester *Evening News*. Whatever our shortcomings—and I presume we must have some—we certainly do not underrate our opponents, particularly when they are sent by Uncle Sam.

We have splendid accommodation in different parts of the country. In the London area we have the Wembley Stadium (very much like Madison Square Garden), The Ring (no connection with your fine paper), Harringay, the Albert Hall, Olympia, White City, etc. There are also wonderful arenas in the provinces, such as:

Liverpool, the home of Nel Tarleton and Ginger Foran,

Glasgow, noted for Benny Lynch and Johnny McGrory,

Cardiff, the boxing home of Jimmy Wilde, Jim Driscoll, Freddy Welsh and Jack Peterson,

Newcastle, the graveyard of champions, and

Belle Vue, Manchester,

are all ready and anxious to stage the best that both countries can offer.

Mention of Belle Vue calls to mind one of the most remarkable ventures in boxing that has happened in this country. A short time ago, Belle Vue was noted only for its zoological collection, and was the Mecca of the working classes for miles around at holiday time.

Came an interest in sport, and Belle Vue introduced greyhound racing. This caught on, and has spread all over the country. Then came "dirt track racing," and Belle Vue has been predominant over here since its inception.

Afterwards came boxing, followed by all-in wrestling and rugby football (these latter two are quite separate and distinct).

But as boxing is our theme, may I point out what Belle Vue has been responsible for? Starting with second raters, they developed quickly and "stole the jam" from the big halls in London by offering bigger purses, etc. In a very short time they had produced such champions as:

Jackie Brown (world's flyweight champion);

Johnny King (British bantam champion); and

Jock McAvoy (British middle and light-heavy champion). McAvoy recently visited America, and after several whirlwind successes, had the misfortune to run into John Henry Lewis.

As you will see, we have plenty of accommodation over here, and there is plenty of good opposition. If any of your good young men fancy a change of air, tell them not to hesitate about coming over here. They will get a fair show and a warm welcome, so "let 'em all come, and may the best man win."

I. Book,
Cheuddle Hulme, Stockport, England.

* * *

HAVE just received this month's Ring and am very much interested in Jimmy Johnston's "Dream Fights" for this year. I note a Ross-Carroll fight. Well, he need not dream about it as it is his, for a price . . . . *WHAT HAS HE GOT TO OFFER?*

Definitely, Carroll will not come to America unless matched with Ross and the price is right. We don't have to be told that Carroll is getting a crack at a world title and for that reason should be happy to take anything. The parrot cry of world title shot has been beaten to death and has never proved yet that a contender was not worthy of his hire. The value of a title depends solely on the value of the man who wears it. The title itself has no value unless the holder is a box office attraction. This is just one of our arguments against fighting for little or nothing, simply because it happens to be a title shot.

Our big argument is this: America wants to see Carroll more than it wants to see Ross. America wants to see some new face battling for that welterweight title; she has already seen too much of the old faces. Ross cannot draw a "house" anywhere in America without Carroll as his opponent . . . . this may sound like a boastful statement coming from me; however, just look up the figures and you will discover that there is quite a lot in what I have said here.

Very well, having stated our case, we come to the price of Carroll. Now, what's he worth in a Ross fight? I know our price; in fact, I have very set ideas about it. No, sir, I am not asking for the world . . . . just a fair thing which is something far above that 12½% racket.

So far as the title is concerned, let me say right now that it does not mean a thing to Carroll . . . . DOLLARS DO.

That Carroll would whip Ross, I have no doubt whatever; he would probably stop him.

So far as getting an even break from the referee and judges, I would like to say now that we have no misgivings on that point whatever, as we realize that one does not have to travel to your country to see bad decisions—they happen all over the world in their turn. In other words, we are convinced that Carroll would get a "fair go" in an American ring. Now it's up to Jimmy Johnston or Mike Jacobs to get down to business . . . . if they want to make this match.

Carroll is a slaughterman by trade and after about two days' rest after a contest is back at his work again. He does not believe in "lying around" between fights and is therefore always in good trim.

He has a wife and family (two little girls), owns his own home and a car. So you see that he has a very necessary thing to a good fighter, namely, contentment of mind. He was born in 1907, but having led a quiet life and paid thorough attention to training, is in much better nick now than many fighters of twenty-four.

All the best.

Charley Lucas, Sydney, Australia.

* * *

MR. ROY ANDERSON, a friend of mine, asked me to send you the following letter in his behalf. An Alaska heavyweight wrestler, he is probably known to you as Alaska "Pete."

He asks you to have the kindness and inform his friends in the States through your columns that he is recovering rapidly after a severe illness last winter, that he is getting back into good shape and hopes to invade the field this coming winter again very successfully.

To me, a great sport enthusiast, it seems that he is now in good shape again. The time in which he is not wrestling, he is prospecting for gold, in which game he seems to be successful, too. He will soon give some good exhibitions up here. We all are looking forward to them.

W. G. Spiegelberg,
Fairbanks, Alaska.

* * *

I DON'T want to seem too critical, but wish to correct a few of the errors you make now and then about chest expansion, muscle binding, and barbell training. Time and again you praise the chest expansion of some fellow or other. You seem to think that a great expansion denotes wonderful lung power, etc. This is entirely false. Didn't you know that consumptives have more chest expansion than trained athletes? The better a chest and lungs are developed, the less expansion they have. If interested about this, please write to Mr. Bob Hoffman, York, Pa., the world's leading physical instructor.

You also seem to think that barbell training binds the muscles of the user. Tommy rot! I have trained with barbells for the past eighteen months, use several hundred pounds in the deep knee bend and other exercises, and am now much faster, lighter on the feet, and a far better all around athlete than ever before.

Yours in sporting spirit,
H. H. Valz, Robstown, Texas.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 44)

walked miles to get news of the wounded man. At night, parties sat around campfires built in the open, waiting anxiously for the fatal tidings they knew must finally come. Even strangers in town traveled to Christopher Street before seeking hotel quarters. Others, ere departing, paid a final visit there before taking boat or train, eager to carry with them the latest news about an event agitating the chief city of the Western Continent.

Whenever a visitor entered Poole's house, a crowd gathered near the door. As the caller emerged he would meet with such queries as:

"How's Bill now?"
"Is he any better, Mister?"
"Would they let you see him?"
"How does he look?"
"Can he sit up?"
"What does the doctor say?"

And as the news-bearer hurried away, the crowd would watch him go and point him out to other pedestrians as the man who had just been to see Bill Poole.

* * *

DEATH came to Poole on the fourteenth day after the shooting. From the hour he was brought home, Tom Hyer had never left the sick man's bedside. The heavyweight champion rested on a couch placed near the patient, now and then snatching a few winks of sleep, but responding instantly to Poole's faintest whisper.

At the end, it was to Hyer that Bill, awakening from a three-hour stupor, feebly turned his head and murmured: "Goodbye, Tom, old pal—tell all the boys I died a true American!" With his hand locked in the powerful grasp of his lifelong chum, Poole drew his last breath a few seconds later.

Excepting Baker, those concerned in the killing were arrested and held to await the result of their victim's injuries. But Baker, as the actual assassin, had more to fear than his associates. When he escaped from Stanwix Hall after the shooting, he headed for Broadway, threw his Colt into the gutter, much after the fashion of a modern gunman making a getaway, and hurried south.

Seeing a squad of police approaching, he hid in a dark doorway until the officers passed by. He hastened to the saloon run by his crony, Johnny Lyng, and the latter kept him under cover. The following afternoon, Lyng heard from one of his scouts that the house was to be searched in quest of the fugitive.

Johnny Lyng was a resourceful person. Without losing any time, he smuggled Baker out through an attic skylight and took him across adjoining roofs to the Apollo Assembly Hall on Broadway. There another handy skylight gave access to the building's interior. A coach was waiting for Baker at the front door and he was driven to the residence of his friend, Jack Wildey, in Broome Street.

There he lay doggo for a week, often seeing through the window policemen who were searching for him. To while away the time, he amused himself by reading newspaper accounts of his disappearance, and laughing over the various theories advanced with regard to his present abiding-place.

* * *

REMORSE for his deed of blood was about the last thing on earth to trouble Mr. Baker's elastic conscience. On the contrary, he was rather disgusted to learn that Poole, who, according to surgical tradition, should have died instantly when a bullet pierced his heart, persisted in living on from day to day. In a sense, this was a reflection on Baker's skill as a homicidal artist, and that hero naturally resented the implication.

However, as later reports made it plain that Poole could not survive, Baker determined to get further away from the scene of his exploit. Wildey procured him a suit of sailor clothes. Having donned marine attire, the fugitive was driven downtown and shipped aboard the brig, Isabella Jewett. The vessel was already cleared and on March 10 sailed for the Canary Islands.

Five days later the secret of Baker's flight by sea leaked out. The Isabella Jewett had such a long start that the authorities were at first inclined to abandon pursuit of the killer. But George Law, the high-flying sport who backed Hyer so heavily in the latter's fight with Yankee Sullivan, gave the hunt fresh impetus by placing his swift yacht, the Grapeshot, at the disposal of the police.

The Grapeshot, a very fast vessel, got quickly under way, with a strong crew and officers of the law aboard her. Pressed to the limit of her speed, the yacht made a surprisingly swift passage to Teneriffe, where it was found that the Isabella Jewett had not yet reached port. Prior to the Grapeshot's departure, Federal authorities had asked the Portuguese minister if his government would surrender Baker, should the fugitive find shelter under the Portuguese flag in Teneriffe.

The reply was negative, the minister stating that there was no extradition treaty between the two governments covering such a case. It was, therefore, necessary for the Grapeshot to put out to sea again, with the object of catching the brig outside the three-mile limit. This was done, the Grapeshot sighted and came alongside the Isabella Jewett, and persuaded her captain to heave to.

A boat was lowered, the New York officers went aboard the brig, found Baker working among the crew, and arrested him. Despite the captain's protestations against the forcible removal of the fugitive, Baker was hurried aboard the Grapeshot and the yacht turned her bow toward New York.

* * *

THE first question Baker asked his captors related to Bill Poole's condition. When informed that his victim died the day before the Grapeshot left her home port, the murderer calmly commented:

"So old Bill lived fourteen days, eh? Well, he was a tough cuss, by God! But I put those slugs right where they belonged, and now there's no damned Tammany skunk can go round hollerin' that Lew Baker don't know how to handle a shootin' iron."

Pleasant Mr. Baker!

On the strength of having loaned his yacht for the pursuit of Poole's assassin, George Law attained such a high degree of popularity in the Native American party that a movement was started to make him the organization's choice for the presidential nomination. This tribute to Mr. Law's patriotism fell short of its mark. He did not get the nomination.

But the incident deserves recording as an illustration of how political gangdom's influence cast its shadow even upon the walls of the White House!

Nine Old Men!

(Continued from page 12)

Willard has to fight him. July 4, 1919, in terrific heat at Toledo, with Tex Rickard promoting it.

Willard at thirty! The trail of the old men. Dempsey at twenty-four. Heat, nothing but heat. And a murderous slaughter. Plastered bandages? Who knows. Heat and punches, and twenty-four against thirty under as blazing a sun as ever has blazed for a fight.

In the third round, Willard takes one of the most unmerciful beatings yet handed out in a heavyweight championship encounter. Thirty has fifty pounds the better of it, inches and inches the advantage in height. But thirty is thirty. That's the dangerous age in the ring.

Sitting in his corner, a terrible looking mess, Willard throws in a towel. Lucky Jess decided to let it go at that. A fourth round might have finished Willard forever. Better a towel—and live on.

Thirty not so good that afternoon in Toledo. And one of the most remarkable fighters in pugilistic history the new champion.

1926—Philadelphia Is the Place and it Rains, as Gene Tunney Takes the Title from Dempsey in a Ten-round Decision Fight.

GENE TUNNEY, the Marine, at twenty-seven. Jack Dempsey at thirty-one. Over the dangerous limit of thirty. Tunney younger and faster, Dempsey worn out. It is raining, and Tunney keeps time with the downpour with his punches.

Dempsey is not himself this night. He is not in good health, he has been harassed. Tunney is cool, determined, a man with a mission—to get in, grab the best, get out.

You know the rest. Tunney gets the decision, and earns it. They fight again, this time with Dempsey still older. The battle of the long count. Count or no count, Gene and his age turn the trick again.

And so we could go back into boxing history, and on from the Tunney triumph—on through Braddock's victory over the younger Baer. Braddock at thirty winning the title. Well, he was younger at thirty than Baer was at twenty-six.

We recollect how, in 1900, Jim Corbett, at thirty-four, fighting Jeffries, at twenty-five, almost regains the title. Nobody has been able to do that in the heavyweight ranks.

And so we go down the trail of the old men, and we see in it warning to Braddock, and a flaming notice that in everything—Youth Must Be Served!

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Thomas J. Knox, Quyon, Canada

Q.—Will chinning the bar three times a day, 10 times to each chinning, cause a person to become muscle bound?

A.—No. Chinning the bar is very good exercise.

Wendell Turner, Marie Joseph, Nova Scotia, Canada

Q.—Here are my measurements. Please tell me if they are good for boxing. Age 16, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 144 pounds, chest 35-37½ inches, reach 68½ and waist 27½? Please give me the measurements of Maxie Berger?

A.—They are very good but at your age you will be either a middleweight or light-heavyweight when you are ready for boxing. No measurements of Maxie Berger available.

Peter Beleski, 220 East Main St., Glen Lyon, Pa.

Q.—I am a young man, eighteen years of age, weigh 195 pounds and am six feet 2 inches tall. I have been training for about a year and have had a dozen fights but they were in a small town and I am anxious to make further headway and get further advanced. There is no one here to spar with and I am therefore handicapped with my training. Can you give me the names of any reliable managers who would be interested in handling a young heavyweight who is anxious to get ahead?

A.—It is difficult to advise you because you are too far away from New York City. Maybe some manager in your locality will see your note and give you a hand. If you were in New York I could advise you more definitely.

John Kahler, Lancaster, Pa.

Q.—I want to start amateur boxing but do not know where to send for my license. Where can I get an A.A.U. card for my locality?

A.—Write to the Amateur Athletic Association, Philadelphia, Pa. and they will send you an application. That is the nearest place to your city.

Herbert MacFeely, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Would you please tell me through your Question Box the real nationality of Tommy Burns and the nationality of his parents?

A.—Burns is French Canadian. His parents were French.

G. O. Phillips, U.S.S. Trenton, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—Would you please inform me where Jack Johnson was born and raised and where did he start his ring career?

A.—Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, on March 31, 1878, and started his ring career there also.

Ring Reader, Dubuque, Iowa

Q.—In your opinion, who would have won a fight between Corbett and Tunney?

A.—I think Corbett.

Q.—Why was Steele granted the middleweight crown by you instead of Brouillard who you say actually whipped Thil although the officials disqualified him on a foul?

A.—The answer is in my editorial of the May issue. Brouillard lost the fight on a "foul." Steele beat everyone worth while in this country. That makes him a better man than Brouillard.

Q.—Do you think that Pastor could whip Louis in fifteen rounds?

A.—No, I don't.

Ashley Portover, Wanganui, New Zealand

Q.—I am interested in wrestling and would like to know what my height and weight will be on reaching maturity. I am now fifteen years of age, stand five feet 6 inches high and weigh 144 pounds? Would you please tell me how many Duseks wrestle? Who is considered the meanest wrestler? Was Savoldi ever the champion?

A.—You will probably be 5 feet 10 inches and scale around 175 pounds. There are four Duseks wrestling today. There are many villain wrestlers and it is hard to select the meanest. Savoldi claimed the title when he beat Jim Londos.

John Connelly, Trenton, Texas

Q.—What are Willie Ritchie, Andre Routis, Abe Attell, Johnny Dundee doing at the present time? Is Tommy Ryan still alive, if so, what is he doing? In your opinion, by what was the downfall of Art Lasky caused? Is Battling Nelson still alive? Is the old bantam champion, Pete Herman, still living and what is he doing? Is Dal Hawkins alive? Weight for weight, division to division, who is the better of the present champions from Benny Lynch to Jim Braddock?

A.—Ritchie is Boxing Inspector on California Boxing Commission staff. Routis has a cabaret in Paris. Attell is betting commissioner in New York. Dundee has a farm in East Orange, N. J. and is not actively engaged in any business. Ryan is living in a Hollywood suburb. He is a movie theatre owner. Bad hands and weak eyes. Nelson is still alive—lives in Chicago. Herman is running a cabaret in New Orleans. Hawkins is dead. Freddy Steele, the middleweight champion.

Hernandez, Honolulu, Hawaii

Q.—I am 33 years of age but am fast with my hands and weigh 130 pounds. Am I too old to start training? Which is the better boxing course, Gus Martel, Jimmy De Forest or yours? What are the best exercises gaining weight?

A.—Much too old for boxing. It is not for me to say. "Training for Boxers" gives you all the necessary training requirements.

Joseph Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—In your May issue of The Ring you say that Max Schmeling was the only man to knock out Johnny Risko. I dispute that because I remember that Risko was knocked out by Chuck Wiggins in 1925? Can you tell me which is correct?

A.—The early record books show that Risko was kayoed by Wiggins in 5 rounds in 1925. In the later years, that knockout was kept out of Risko's record although it appears in that of Wiggins so it would appear that you are correct.

Nick Panagakos, Greenville, S. C.

Q.—Is it too late to take up boxing as a profession at the age of 19. If not, where can I obtain one of the best and easiest boxing courses? How should I train as a fighter? After learning the method, how long should one remain in the amateur ranks before turning professional?

A.—Nineteen is a good age to start if you have the inclination and the ability to become a fighter. The easiest way is the hardest if you expect to get right to the top in your fashion. You must learn at a gymnasium the first principles of boxing. Watch the other boys box until you get an idea as to whether you are fitted for the sport. My advice is to secure "How to Train" which will prepare you physically for what you are seeking. Some amateurs can step into the pro ranks after two fights while others require years of practice. About one year is the average time and about twenty-five amateur bouts are needed.

Alec Morris, Portsmouth, England

Q.—Can you give me the American record of Jack Pettifer, the English heavyweight, who toured the United States three or four years ago? Also the weight and height of his opponents? Among others, I believe he kayoed Al McCoy in three rounds, and lost on points to Leonard Dixon and Eddie Hogan? I am nineteen years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height and weigh 160 pounds. Am I up to the average and what will my measurements be at maturity?

A.—I believe the only fights that Pettifer had in this country were with Hogan and Dixon. He never fought Al McCoy, let along scored a knockout. Hogan is six feet 4 inches and weighed 220. Dixon is 6 feet 6 inches and scales around 210. Your weight is about right and you should develop both in height and weight which will bring you into heavyweight proportions. Possible the six feet mark and weight around 185 pounds.

James Finkbeiner, Caledonia, Mich.

Q.—I am eighteen years of age and would like to take up boxing but my eyes are bad. Do you think boxing would hurt them if I continued? Why don't Wesley Ramey get a shot at the lightweight crown?

A.—Yes, I would advise you to abandon the thought of boxing with bad eyes, which are the most important items in the sport. Ramey lacks sufficient drawing appeal to command a title match, except in his home town, Grand Rapids.

Peter Cavanna, Reading, Pa.

Q.—Does the pain you endure when someone has an armlock or other wrestling holds on you and the extra work you force your heart to do through exertion have any effect on your heart? If it does, is it good or bad? How long do professional wrestlers live on an average? Do they live as long as people in other occupations and is their health as good?

A.—There is some pain involved but not as serious as the faces of the wrestlers would indicate. There is some pressure on the heart but wrestling as an exercise, will not harm you. Wrestlers have been known to engage in their career for twenty to thirty years which would give you a fair idea of their hardy disposition.

D. R. Barker, Boise, Idaho

Q.—How many times did Johnson and Langford meet and what was the result of each fight?

A.—They met only once, at Chelsea, Mass., in fifteen rounds and Johnson won the decision.

Q.—Who was the referee of the Wolgast-Rivers fight?

A.—Jack Welsh was the third man in the ring.

Art Simmons, Miami, Florida

Q.—Was Young Stribling born in Miami?

A.—No, he was born at Brainbridge, Georgia, Dec. 26, 1924.

Q.—Did Stribling, in his fight with Max Schmeling for the world title, at any time look like a winner?

A.—Yes. He had the better of the argument during the first eight rounds after which he began to falter. He put up a fine battle against Max.

Mike Montanes, Philippine Islands

Q.—If an overweight match is arranged and agreed upon by both parties, will a champion, weighing above the weight limit, lose his title if the challenger, weighing within the limit, beats him?

A.—If both parties agree to an overweight match, then the champion does not have to fight until his opponent does come in over the weight. If he is foolish enough to allow his opponent to enter the ring under the championship weight limit, then he would lose his title if beaten.

Russell Bissell, Newcomb, N. Y.

Q.—What was the height and weight of Al Brown, former world bantamweight champion, also his chest and biceps measurements? How tall is Sixto Escobar and Lou Salica? Why doesn't Steve Hamas fight any more? If I purchased 12 back copies of The Ring would they sell for the same as a year's subscription? Are there any or have there been any prominent fighters who have weak eyes? Name, if any? What is Al Brown doing now? What is his age and where does he live? Is Max Baer more serious in his comeback than when he was champion?

A.—5 feet 7½ inches, 35½ normal, 38 expanded. Biceps 12 and weight 118 pounds. Escobar is 5 feet 3 and Salica 5 feet 4. Hamas has retired. We only have a few back copies left and they can be purchased only separately. Quite a few have suffered with weak eyes but it is impossible to give you any names. Brown is leading an orchestra in Copenhagen, Denmark, the last reports. He was born July 5, 1902. That all depends upon Baer himself.

B. Kinsey, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—How can I lengthen my legs to make them normal for my height? How much will I weigh when I reach full size? I am 20 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 170 pounds? Granted that the present government in Germany has not and does not treat the Jewish people right, don't you think that the Jewish people would get a lot further by not adopting the same methods themselves? (The Max Schmeling case) Why don't you raise the price of The Ring and use the first class paper as you did formerly? Where can I get a picture of Max Schmeling and how much will it cost? I would like to get one about 12 by 18 inches if it is at all possible?

A.—No possible way of doing that. Six feet tall and 180 to 185 pounds in weight. You put yourself in their shoes and figure out what you would do. It is impossible to bring back the old class of paper at the present time as the price of paper has been increasing beyond our reach. It would not be practical to increase the price of The Ring.

A. S. Dean, Cape Town, S.A.

Q.—Was or is Gama a world heavyweight wrestling champion?

A.—No, he was the champion and still is, of all India.

Q.—Did any one ever beat him?

A.—Not to my knowledge.

Arthur Malenkin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—If a referee stops a fight and calls it no contest, can he give the fight to one of the opponents?

A.—Anything is possible under the present crazy system of judging and refereeing. In some states, "no-contest" is just what it signifies—both boys are disqualified for not trying. In others, the officials have seen fit to call it such and give the fight to one of the boys on the ground that he alone has been trying.

Canadian Reader, Drumheller, Canada

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weigh 170 pounds. Will I become a heavyweight at the age of 21?

A.—Your measurements appear to be of heavyweight proportions and there is no question but that you will make it. The Y.M.C.A. in your city must have a gymnasium. If not try an athletic club in town.

Pat McNulty, Placeville, Calif.

Q.—When I box my thumb joints on the inside next to my hands swell up. What is the cause and cure of this? I am five feet five inches tall and eighteen years of age. How tall will I be when I am 21 years of age?

A.—Only advice is to see a physician and discover where the weakness lies. Maybe they are too fragile for boxing. Probably 5 feet 8 inches.

Franklin Sonheim, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was Abe Attell as clever a boxer as Benny Leonard?

A.—I think he was.

Q.—I see that you have written a new book—The Life and Adventures of Jack McAuliffe. Where can I get a copy?

A.—Yes, I've written such a book but it has not yet been published.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

TONY CANZONERI'S unsuccessful attempt to regain the lightweight title from Lou Ambers in their fifteen-round contest at Madison Square Garden proved conclusively that Tony has passed his peak and that it would be a hopeless task for him to continue, if to regain the lightweight title is his ultimate goal.

The greatest testimonial to Canzoneri's courage and fine background was the continual booing that greeted the verdict in Ambers' favor. There was no question but that Lou was clearly entitled to the official award. But extenuating circumstances are submitted to prove that the three officials who judged that affair disqualified themselves in their ability to judge a fight correctly.

Tony's severest critics could not give him less than four rounds by actual count, yet in the final analysis, Eddie Forbes gave Ambers each of the fifteen rounds, Charley Lynch awarded Tony two and called one even, while Referee Arthur Donovan handed Ambers thirteen and only gave Tony two of them.

It is more than coincidence that Donovan has been selected to act as third man in the ring each time that Canzoneri has engaged in an important contest, despite the fact that Donovan, on past occasions, has repeatedly gone out of his way to give Canzoneri the worst of it.

The first clue of this biased feeling was evidenced in 1929 when Canzoneri faced Benny Bass for the featherweight title. Despite the one-sidedness of the contest, in which Canzoneri scored a nine-second knockdown and won about ten to twelve rounds in the opinion of the experts present, Donovan awarded the decision to Bass, but was overruled by the two judges on that occasion.

Four years later Canzoneri was again a victim at the hands of Referee Donovan when Tony clashed with Barney Ross for the lightweight title. It was an exceedingly close fight, with one judge handing the bout to Ross and the other deciding in favor of Canzoneri. That left the deciding vote in the hands of Donovan. Although his card showed Canzoneri winning in the majority of the rounds, he excused himself by taking two of the rounds from Tony because of alleged low blows and gave his decision to Ross, which cost Tony the lightweight title.

It does seem odd that the New York Commission, with a staff of capable arbiters, has given preference to Arthur Donovan in important assignments, even though his judgment in the past has been far from accurate.

So far as the Canzoneri-Ambers fight itself went, there is not much to relate. It was a hard struggle, but not marked by any brilliant work on the part of either principal. The gate of $40,747 was mostly contributed by the Canzoneri rooters, who thought that Tony might have enough left in his system to spring a surprise. They were disappointed but Tony did not disappoint them entirely. They saw enough flashes of his old-time form which gave Ambers a little concern, but stamina, endurance and physical resources were sadly missing.

Lew Feldman turned the tables on Red Guggino in the six-round semi-final. Feldman outspeeded his rugged foe, who had whipped him a few weeks ago, but on this occasion Lew fared much better. Paul Junior proved the hit of the night by the two-fisted display he furnished against Al Casimini in winning the six-round verdict. Maxie Fisher was too smart and cagy for Phil Siriani in their sixer, while Eddie Dunne battled on even terms with Sammy Julian. Tommy Tucker disposed of Jack Dorsey in the second round of the four-round opener.

Joe Woodman and George Lawrence, after a few years' absence from the big time circuit, have stepped to the front with Hans Havelick, Austrian heavyweight champion, who is here on an American tour. Havelick has a prepossessing record, which stamps him as an asset more than a liability, and he should do well here. He scored two knockouts over Dave Carstens, South African heavy, who whipped both Ben Foord and Tommy Farr, among some other worthwhile accomplishments—Mike Belloise turned in a victory over Maxie Fisher at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. It was Mike's first start since the Armstrong calamity at the Garden—Eddie Brink continued his Coliseum campaigning by whipping Al Roth in a hectic scrap before 15,000 fans. Brink continues to be the most outstanding attraction in that vicinity—The Illinois Commission rule calling a fight a draw when one of the principals suffers an injured eye, received its baptism of fire when Jackie Wilson stopped Armanda Sicilia in seven rounds, but officially the fight was declared a draw—Pedro Montanez participated in his delayed meeting with Eddie Ran at the Star Casino and disposed of Eddie in the sixth round after scoring two previous knockdowns—Montanez and Ambers is the tidbit for the lightweight title and should draw quite a gathering.

The English press has made quite a hullabaloo over Tommy Farr, the Welsh heavyweight, whipping Max Baer. It was a noteworthy achievement for Farr and it established him solidly as a potential figure in heavyweight circles, but they shouldn't take it too seriously. Baer is only the shadow of the Baer who fought Schmeling, Carnera and the like. But Farr fits in nicely with some of the current American heavyweights like Bob Nestell, Bob Pastor and Alberto Lovell, the new South American heavyweight sensation—Jack Doyle sprang a surprise by giving King Levinsky a good beating. The victories scored by Farr and Doyle will do considerable to revive boxing interest in England and their gate receipts in recent bouts have exceeded anything that has been presented here in months—Jack Kearns, who is really established as a big time promoter in Detroit, came to New York seeking high class talent for his two heavyweight cards, Roscoe Toles and Jimmy Adamick—Lew Raymond, who is now associated with Martin Burke in New Orleans, came to town with some new puns, while Larry Atkins, now running shows in St. Louis, closed a titular match between John Henry Lewis and Bob Olin—Bill Miller, best of fight publicity men, visited here for one day and then made a flying trip to handle publicity for the fistic extravaganza staged by Tom Gallery on the Pacific Coast.

Arturo Godoy and Tony Galento waged a good old swatfest at the Hippodrome, with Godoy winning the award after ten rough rounds of scrapping. Abe Simon exploded the Jack Torrance myth in the semi-final by finishing the New Orleans athlete in the second round after scoring three knockdowns. Torrance, the victim of unpleasant publicity emanating from Louisiana, proved that he does not belong in the boxing profession. Cuban Luis, one of Louis Gutierrez's light-heavyweight hopes, whipped Connie Granger in six rounds, while Cyril Josephs scored over Tony Forezzi over the same route—Enrico Venturi snared the verdict over Charley Gomer in their ten-round scrap at the Broadway Arena but he had a narrow escape. Gomer floored him in the seventh round and made it very uncomfortable for the Italian lightweight contender—Pete Scalzo, engaging in his first major test, came through with flying colors against Joey Wach at the Coliseum. Scalzo scored three knockdowns and won the eight-round verdict. Johnny Rohrig furnished a real surprise when he whipped Johnny Bonito in the eight-round semi-final.

The officials who declared a draw between Frankie Wallace, Cleveland lightweight, and George Zengaras in their eight-round scrap at the Ridgewood Grove recently could certainly use lessons in how a fight should be judged. Wallace, in the opinion of practically every person in the club, earned six of the rounds and the fight was not even close, but officials have the power to do right and wrong, regardless of outside opinions. They certainly did do wrong that night. Nick Pastore came from behind to score over Pete Cara in the eight-round semi-final.

Lorenzo Pack, Detroit heavyweight, celebrated his initial start under Eddie Walker's banner by scoring a four-round knockout over Unknown Winston at the Rockland Palace. Pack scored a knockdown in the first session and the finishing blow was a terrific left hook to the body. Pack is a terrific hitter with either hand and proved in several healthy gymnasium scraps with Bob Pastor that he is ready for the leading heavyweights of the country. The Winston victory should result in some lucrative engagements for him.

Harold Brown, likely looking welterweight from Chicago, looked impressive in his victory over Ray Napolitano after eight rounds at the New York Hippodrome. This was Brown's first start in this section and he should find plenty of work for him. Tony Rock disposed of Eddie Carroll of Toronto in the third round. Victor Vallee scored over Dominick Barrone in the six-rounder—Bernie Friedkin, Brooklyn's young featherweight, is rapidly climbing into first-class company. In eight rounds at the Broadway Arena against Henry Hook, he looked the part of a first-class mittster. Hook made it a tough fight all the way, which is typical of his style. Sammy Meadows and Vincent Pimpinella went through eight rounds to a draw on the same show—Lew Feldman came through against Irving Eldridge in good fashion at the St. Nicholas Palace. Feldman has speed and boxing skill galore and is fighting in top form. Stanley Hasrato stopped Frank Zamoris in the fourth round because of eye trouble. Walter Woods kayoed Joe Ryan in two rounds, while Mickey Farber scored over Young Chappie in a hectic six-round slugfest.

Peter Kane, the Liverpool flyweight, threatens to make flyweight history in England before the end of the season. Only nineteen years of age, he is setting a fast pace for Champion Benny Lynch to follow and ultimately the match between them will break attendance records for a flyweight match. His last victim was Phil Milligan, who lasted eleven sessions. The next match will probably be with Lynch for the title—Johnny Best, Liverpool boxing promoter, who is responsible for the development of many British stars, was one of the ones who selected Farr to whip Baer before the match took place. He promoted the Kane-Milligan fracas, which attracted over 20,000 fans—Petey Sarron received a tough break when he lost to Dave Crowley through a disqualification. He was winning easily when the referee disqualified him for hitting with an open glove. If all boxers were penalized for that infraction, there would be mighty few who would continue the practice.

Baby Salvy Saban showed that he is ready for the big time circuit by holding the seasoned Bobby Pacho to a draw in eight cyclonic rounds at the St. Nick's. It was nip and tuck all the way and created further excitement when Pacho, in the heat of the battle, landed a blow after the bell ending the fourth round. This infuriated Saban to such an extent that he retaliated with a healthy right-hand wallop which put Pacho on the floor. Referee Artie McGovern decided to disqualify Saban but was overruled by Deputy Commissioners Callahan and McOwen, which proved sage wisdom. A sure riot was averted by their quick thinking. It was a good break for the club, as a return match will probably break all records for attendance should they meet again, and there is no reason why they should not.

Millio Milliti, formerly a crack welterweight from Omaha, is now a licensed referee in Nebraska—To show you how inconsistent boxing commissions are with their rules, Young Rightmire was leading by a healthy margin in his bout with Pete De Grasse at the Hollywood Legion when the fight was stopped by Referee Abe Roth and De Grasse was given credit for a technical knockout. The rule in that state calls for a draw under those conditions. Several draws have been rendered under the same circumstances and it was a pity that Rightmire had to be singled out for such raw treatment.

Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight champion, gained further prestige when he held the hard-hitting Nathan Mann to a draw in their Hippodrome meeting. Mann lost two rounds for low hitting and the boxing skill of the New Zealander balanced the aggressiveness and superior hitting of the New Haven lad. Vittorio Venturi, brother of Enrico, outscored Lew Raymond in a rough eight-rounder. Henry Cooper whipped Phil Sommese while Jack Sharkey, junior, outslugged Joey Fontana in a corking scrap.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welterweight, is still going strong. He disposed of Werther Arcelli in the seventh round at the St. Nick's, after being in front all the way. Walker is fighting remarkably well for a veteran ringman. Jimmy Fantini shaded Jerry Paul in the eight-round semi-final—Baby Saban scored over Frankie Cavanna in a gruelling eight-round headliner at the St. Nick's. This was a grudge match, both coming from the same neighborhood, and neither one let down at any stage. Saban was the stronger and copped the award. Jimmy Fantini defeated Jimmy McLeod in the eight-round

semi-final. Jose Fogonero disposed of Al Luciano in the sixth round of an eight-rounder on the same card.

Fred Apostoli looked the part of a great middleweight in scoring a technical knockout over Solly Krieger after five rounds at the Hippodrome, when the referee refused to allow Krieger to come out for the sixth because of a badly damaged lip, which later necessitated seventeen stitches to close the wound. By the same token, Krieger fought much better than he did in the first Apostoli encounter. It was about even up when the fight was halted. Atilio Sabatino scored over Caspar La Rose in the eight-round semi-final. The show netted $7,968—Harry Balsamo showed his old-time hitting form when he put Tony Celli away in the first round at the Coliseum, after scoring three knockdowns. Balsamo is still the puncher of yore. Eddie McGeever outscored Benny Berman in the six-round semi-windup—Eddie Blunt stopped Jim Howell in the fourth round of their bout at the Rockland Palace when Howell dislocated his shoulder. Frankie Williams won over Tommy Mollis in the six-round semi.

It is expected that a reconciliation will be effected between Eddie Walker and Al Weill in the near future. There is a great deal of enmity existing between this pair, but personalities will be eliminated when Lou Ambers meets Henry Armstrong for the lightweight title. Armstrong, incidentally, impressed the critics highly when he disposed of Frankie Klick in the fourth round at Los Angeles recently and Willie Ritchie, former world lightweight champion, declared himself to the extent that Armstrong was greater than Ad Wolgast, from whom Ritchie won the lightweight title, and compared favorably with Terry McGovern, Abe Attell and others of that caliber—Joey Wach disposed of Al Reid in the third round when the referee stopped the fight because of Reid's badly injured eye. Alfred Katter defeated Mickey Salem in the six-round semi-final at the Ridgewood Grove.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In the only boxing show of the past month staged in the entire Coal Regions, Pete Susky, leading middleweight of the Region, continued his winning streak by outpointing Marty Cardone, rugged Binghamton veteran, in the star bout of eight rounds. Susky had no trouble gaining the verdict, winning all eight rounds. In the eight-round semi-final, Johnny McDermott of Philadelphia lost to Paul Cortlyn of Newark. In the six-rounders, Jimmy Young, Dunmore middleweight, decisioned Joe Petronis of Scranton, while Lou Fink of Paterson beat Chester Bart, Dickson City heavyweight. In the four-round bouts, Rego Dell of Dunmore beat Tommy McDonough of Philadelphia; and Joe Orlosky, Carbondale, drew with Young Gaylord of Binghamton.

Two of the leading glove tossers, Eddie Brink of Scranton and Tony Rock of Mayfield, emerged victorious in New York rings against top-flight competition. Brink decisioned Al Roth at the Bronx Coliseum before seventeen thousand fans. Two weeks later at the same club, Tony Rock kayoed Eddie Carroll, Canadian welterweight.

JUST RAMBLING—Chester Palutis of Scranton lost a decision to Dave Clark at Detroit . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton lightweight, was in town for a week visiting his many friends . . . . The Scranton Sporting Club will have a triple wind-up the next time out with Eddie Brink, Tony Rock and Eddie McGeever facing worthy opponents . . . . Jimmy Wilson, hustling Philly fight mentor, has a great stable which he keeps busy throughout the year . . . . Wilson has two great colored middleweight prospects in Bobbie Jones and John H. Johnson . . . . Jack (Three Star) Hennessey is trying to induce Tony Canzoneri or Lou Ambers to meet Eddie Brink for his opening outdoor number.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK, Jimmy Brady's heavyweight sensation, continues to bowl over opposition, and at this writing looks to be one of the best young fighters turned out around here in some time. "Doc" Casey, former local referee, but better known to the world as second of Jack Delaney and Max Schmeling, is helping train Adamick, and in recent starts Adamick has shown considerable improvement. Jimmy always was a devastating hitter, but a topnotcher must have more than just mere punching power.

George Sutka, Wyandotte's No. 1 citizen, got his chance in a Naval Armory headliner, but found Dominick Ceccarelli, Italian campaigner, a trifle too good and was decisively beaten over the ten-round route.

Kayo Morgan leaped right to the top of the bantamweight pile when he flattened Frankie Martin, Canadian champion, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-rounder on Nick Londes' latest card. Kayo floored Martin on six different occasions, and was complete master of the rugged and willing Canadian lad. Martin is a boring-in fighter, his best bet being to keep on top of his opponents, but in Morgan he found an adversary he was unable to catch up to.

Jackie Burke, rough and ready cowhand from Ogden, Utah, and Sammy Chivas, Detroit puncher, fought to a hard draw in the eight-round semi-final. Milton Shivers, Detroit's middleweight kayo artist, stopped a good boy when he stiffened Babe Denning, Cleveland, on the same card. George Burnette trimmed Cecilio Lozado, Edwin Waling outscored Leo Lidler, and Howell King flattened Forest Dickson.

George Burnette, former amateur star, turned in several notable performances during the month, his best one being a decisive win over Wad Sidorski, protege of Chuck Woods. Burnette's win over Sidorski was of the cleanest type, dropping Wad for nine-counts on two occasions.

Bobby McIntire, former amateur, who is going good as a paid performer, punched out a hard-earned decision over Eddie Scott, Ann Arbor ace, in the semi-final. Scott waged a heady battle, but McIntire scored a knockdown in the last round to clinch the verdict.

A recent announcement by H. G. Myron, superintendent of the Highland Park Recreation Commission, was noticed by the local fight fraternity. The reason, the appointment of Johnny Duffy, star bantamweight boxer of a decade ago, to the post of boxing coach of Highland Park schools. If Johnny can teach boxing as he used to do it, everything should be all right. And by the way, it might be said that, of former fighters, Johnny Duffy is just about "tops" as far as looks are concerned. Johnny is a handsome little guy, not bearing any marks of his many hard battles.

Reuben Saunders, Saginaw colored boy, who once defeated Jimmy Adamick, topped Louie Newman's last show at the Saginaw Auditorium, winning a ten-round decision over Bill Bommer, rugged Detroiter.

Joe Doty, Washington, D. C., socker, won an unpopular decision over St. Louis Kid, Johnny McIntyre's clowning clouter.

Jackie Young outpointed Mel Shirkey and Lee Schaaf scored over Les Patterson, and in the main preliminary, Bobby McIntire, flashy feather, scored a one-round knockout over Bobby Cummings, rugged colored biffer.

Wad Sidorski turned in a nice performance winning a one-sided bout over Harry Robertson, Port Huron puncher, at the Hazel Park Arena, Michigan's most steady club. Walter Sharp has a show there every Friday night. Tiger Billy Bengal, lightweight favorite, dropped an extremely unpopular decision to Teddy Dickerson in the semi-final. Bengal has been turning in some nice fights and this was a tough one to lose. Bobby McIntire stole the show, outboxing and outpunching the smart and willing Eddie Scott. Bobby scored three knockdowns, finally winning a technical knockout in the fifth round.

A group of Detroiters boxed in Mansfield, Ohio, a town which hasn't had any bouts for some time, and they furnished a small house with some real bouts. St. Louis Kid won over Ralph Barnett, Joe Doty outpunched Billy Bengal in a torrid eight-rounder, and Bobby McIntire ran into a tough customer in Paul Rockwell, Mt. Vernon, O., slugger, but managed to take a hard-earned decision.

An oddity that has been receiving notice by fight followers. Johnny McIntyre, former fighter, now managing boxers, has come up with Bobby McIntire, a featherweight. The similarity of their last names has everybody guessing, but there is a difference and they are not related, although both claim to be Scotsmen. McIntire, the boxer, has won six straight professional fights, four by kayo.

Scotty Strachan, manager of the Recreation Gymnasium, has the new gym packed at all times.

Steele, A Good Champion

IT was a regrettable incident for the New York fight public that Freddy Steele was paired with Babe Risko in his first New York showing. Risko, with his clever, awkward style, did not make Freddy look too well. Although Steele won the fight without much trouble, nevertheless it was far from his best efforts.

Steele took part in one more fight in the East. He took on hard-hitting Paul Pirrone in Philadelphia and there exhibited the form that has made him one of the Coast's outstanding fighters. He disposed of Paul in the first round, after scoring six knockdowns.

He then returned to Seattle and signed up for a titular match with Ken Overlin. Overlin unexpectedly took sick and they secured Frank Battaglia as a substitute.

Freddy defended his title in fitting style by registering a knockout in the third round. He scored knockdowns in the first and second sessions and finished his adversary in the next round. You cannot sell Steele short. Pound for pound, he ranks as one of our best champions.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO world champions defended their titles successfully during the past month when Freddy Steele, middleweight title-holder, disposed of Frank Battaglia in three rounds and Lou Ambers held his title against the attack of Tony Canzoneri in a fifteen-round affair. There were plenty of important contests among the smaller fry that had considerable bearing on the month's boxing activity.

Alberto Lovell, the South American, gained further prestige in scoring over Maxie Rosenbloom. Bob Nestell strengthened himself in heavyweight circles by scoring a ten-round knockout over Lee Ramage. Tommy Farr, British heavyweight, steps into the front line of contenders on the strength of his victory over Max Baer and advances into fourth place in the heavyweight contender class. Jack Doyle showed promise in outboxing King Levinsky. Henry Armstrong turned in a noteworthy feat by knocking out Frankie Klick in four rounds. Teddy Yarosz strengthened his middleweight standing by defeating Lou Brouillard.

Starting with the heavyweight division, we give you additional results. Lovell, in addition to the Rosenbloom victory, kayoed Hank Hankinson in three rounds. Hank was also beaten by Hans Birkie. Al Ettore scored over Freddy Fiducia. Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Phil Johnson in the third session. Tommy Farr established himself through the Max Baer victory. Bob Nestell kayoed Lee Ramage in ten. Eddie Blunt kayoed Jim Howell in the fourth. Roscoe Toles scored over Harry Thomas, who drew with Max Marek. Nathan Mann drew with Maurice Strickland.

Arturo Godoy scored over Tony Galento. Buddy Baer flattened Jim Wilde in four rounds. Andre Lenglet drew with Johnny Nelson. Unknown Winston lost to Yustin Sirutis and was kayoed by Lorenzo Pack in four rounds. Gus Dorazio lost to Red Burman but whipped Billy Ketchell. Jack Doyle defeated King Levinsky.

Bob Olin disposed of Leonard Bostick in one round. Jimmy Adamick kayoed Johnny Miler and Lloyd Clements in two rounds each. Abe Simon kayoed Jack Torrance in two rounds. Bob Tow finished Eddie Mader in the fifth. Marty Gallagher drew with Sandy McDonald and was beaten by Jorge Brescia. Isadoro Gastanaga kayoed Roberto Roberti in the first session. Buddy Know disposed of Scotty Fuller in the second. Billy Treest whipped Chet La Vere. Domingo Valin kayoed Lee Savoldi in six rounds. Lou Nova disposed of George Theodoratus in eight rounds. Henry Cooper scored over Phil Sommese.

John Henry Lewis, the champion, whipped Emilio Martinez and kayoed Millionaire Murphy in four and Pret Ferrar in six heats. Jock McAvoy defeated Dai Jones and kayoed Eddie Phillips in fourteen rounds. Jack Gibbons bested Eddie Schneider. Johnny Romero disposed of Sammy Christian in five rounds. Swede Berglund finished Jerome Lewis in the third.

Allen Matthews won from Joe Smallwood. Domenico Ceccarelli lost to Young Herrera but whipped George Sutka. Ambrose Palmer kayoed Roy De Gans in five rounds. Marty Simmons whipped Angelo Puglisi. Steve Carr won from Fanis Tzanatopolous. Red Bruce disposed of Frankie Lee in three and Charley Krist in five sessions. Dave Chester scored over Chester Palutis. Stanley Hasrato stopped Frank Zamoris in four rounds but was beaten by Buddy Ryan.

Freddy Steele asserted his supremacy in the middleweight class by knocking out Frank Battaglia in three rounds at the title weight. Teddy Yarosz scored over Lou Brouillard. Fred Apostoli stopped Solly Krieger in five rounds. Vince Dundee disposed of Willie Murphy and Leo Finnegan in three rounds apiece but was beaten by Billy Conn.

Erich Seelig scored over Carmen Barth. Harry Balsamo turned in one-round knockouts over Tony Celli and Jackie Aldare. Walter Woods kayoed Joe Ryan in two and whipped Tommy Jones. Eddie Pierce won from Al Diamond and kayoed Frankie Misko in six rounds. Gorilla Jones disposed of Battling Nelson in four rounds. Kid Tunero won over Nestor Charlier. Caspar La Rosa drew with Rudy Marshall but was beaten by Atilio Sabatino.

Al Hostack disposed of Young Terry in two rounds. Paul Pirrone kayoed George Baratko in four rounds. Ralph Chong was beaten by George Black and kayoed by Young Joe Louis in the fifth. Ben Brown defeated Joe Dundee. Tom Chester scored over Jimmy O'Boyne. Jimmy Clark kayoed Jimmy Belmont in four rounds and won from Ralph De John. Bob Turner defeated Alabama Kid and Jimmy Jones. Johnny Duca whipped Joe Butch Lynch, while Milton Shivers bested Johnny Rossi.

Ceferino Garcia occupies top ranking with the active welterweights because of his knockout of Phil McQuillan in two rounds. Gustave Eder whipped Mario Casadei. Holman Williams whipped Bobby Pacho. Bobby drew with Baby Saban while Saban defeated Frankie Cavanna, who was also beaten by Vincent Pimpinella. Cocoa Kid scored over Johnny Lucas. Saverio Turiello defeated Johnny Jadick. Bobby Allen was beaten by Joe Gelinas and Nat Bor. Nat, in turn, was whipped by Andrea Jessurun. Jimmy Leto lost on a foul to Alf Blatch in five rounds.

Phil Furr lost to Werther Arcelli but whipped Jimmy Best. Arcelli was kayoed by Paulie Walker in seven rounds. Cleto Locatelli disposed of Vuillamy in three rounds. Teddy Loder won from Sammy Chivas. Abie Miller defeated Billy Barnes. George Salvatore scored over Young Peter Jackson. Harold Brown won over Ray Napolitano.

Lou Ambers' defeat of Canzoneri for the lightweight title was the outstanding lightweight bout of the month. Lou also whipped Phil Baker. Tony disposed of Joe Zodda in seven rounds and whipped Frankie Wallace. Wallace drew with George Zengaras. Enrico Venturi whipped Mickey Duca, Pete De Ruzza and Charley Gomer. Gomer won over Howard Scott, who was also beaten by Joe Ghnouly. Ghnouly lost to Tommy Speigal, who also defeated Baby Miller. Miller kayoed Pete Leone in three and Charley Burns in four rounds.

Wesley Ramey scored over Jimmy Vaughn, who drew with Wally Hally. Red Guggino won from Chino Alvarez but was beaten by Lew Feldman, who also whipped Irving Eldridge. Davey Day kayoed Charley Baxter in two rounds. Norment Quarles disposed of Johnny Mason in four rounds. Billy Beauhold won from Joey Alcanter and kayoed Antonio Gonzales in one round. Eddie Brink scored over Al Roth. Jimmy Garrison kayoed Nick Torres in four and whipped Roger Bernard. Pat Kissinger won over Wesley Martin and Bus Breese. Jimmy Walsh kayoed Jackie Flynn in four and beat George Reynolds on a foul in five.

Benny Bass won from Gene Gallotto. Al Casimini was beaten by Paul Junior and Johnny Bellus. Maxie Berger whipped Orville Drouillard. Davey Abad disposed of Johnny Johnson in five. Maxie Fisher won from Phil Siriani. Lou Lombardi kayoed Pete Mascia and Geno Salvatore in five each. Ritchie Fontaine whipped Frankie Castillo.

Petey Sarron, featherweight title-holder, whipped Harry Mizler and lost via disqualification to Dave Crowley in nine. Henry Armstrong turned in a remarkable performance in knocking out Frankie Klick in four. Jackie Wilson scored a four-round kayo over Joey Brown, drew with Armanda Sicilia and defeated Freddy Miller. Sicilia was kayoed by Toby Vigil in three, while Miller defeated Dominic Mancini, who scored over Lew Massey.

Mike Belloise whipped Maxie Fisher and disposed of Freddy Foran in three and Johnny Cabello in six. Tony Chavez whipped Danny London. Pete De Grasse stopped Young Rightmire in the seventh. Ginger Foran outpointed Alex Alston. Baby Casanova won from Cleo McNeal. Joey Wach stopped Al Reid in the third but was beaten by Pete Scalzo.

Nickey Jerome drew with Jimmy Lancaster. Nick Camarata disposed of Jimmy Tramberia in five but lost to Pete Galiana. Bernie Friedkin scored over Henry Hook. Varias Milling won from Billy Marquart. Jimmy Perrin won over Lenny Cohen. Cristobal Jaramillo drew with Tony Dupre but lost to Johnny Hutchinson.

K. O. Morgan turned in a fine performance when he knocked out Frankie Martin in eight rounds and became No. 1 man in the bantamweight contender class. Lou Salica disposed of Bobby Leyvas in one and defeated Pete De Grasse. Harry Jeffra kayoed Jimmy Martin in seven. Johnny Cusick disposed of Al Capone in four. Johnny King won from Gustave Ancini. Speedy Dado kayoed Peppy Sanchez in one but was beaten by Horace Mann. Joey Archibald scored over Buddy Grimes. Tommy Forte disposed of Johnny Marcelline in five and Wilie Cubic in six rounds.

In the flyweight class, Peter Kane continued his fine work by stopping Phil Milligan in the eleventh round. Small Montana trimmed Pat Palmer. Ernst Weiss whipped Syd Parker. Tut Whalley won over Pedrito Ruiz and Herb Clarke. Katzumi Morioka defeated Johnny Griffiths.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jack Petersen, England.
Bantamweight—Pedro Suarez, New York City.
Featherweight—Ray Boree, Baltimore, Md.
Lightweight—Cuban Joe Gans, Cuba.
Welterweight—Charley Burley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Middleweight—Mickey McGuire, Edmonton, Canada.
Light-Heavyweight—Chuck Nickason, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.
Heavyweight—Ben Gosner, Shawnee, Okla.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending May 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Alberto Lovell	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
4—Tommy Farr	Fred Lenhart	Billy Conn	Fritzie Zivic
5—Al Ettore	Jack Gibbons	Lou Brouillard	Izzy Jannazzo
6—Maxey Rosenbloom	Johnny Romero	Oscar Rankins	Gustave Eder
7—Tiger Jack Fox	Swede Berglund	Young Corbett	Frankie Blair
8—Bob Pastor	Allen Matthews	Erich Seelig	Holman Williams
9—Bob Nestell	Carmen Barth	Solly Krieger	Cocoa Kid
10—Eddie Blunt	Tiger Warrington	Harry Balsamo	Saverio Turiello
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Henry Armstrong	K. O. Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Enrico Venturi	Jackie Wilson	Harry Jeffra	Tiny Bostock
3—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Lou Salica	Small Montana
4—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
5—Eddie Cool	Tony Chavez	Frankie Martin	Valentin Anglemann
6—Lew Feldman	Joe Conde	Aurel Toma	Pat Palmer
7—Red Guggino	Pete De Grasse	Johnny Cusick	Pierre Louis
8—Davey Day	Ginger Foran	Baltasar Sangchili	Ernst Weiss
9—Norment Quarles	Spider Kelly	Jackie Brown	Tut Whalley
10—Billy Beauhold	Young Rightmire	Bobby Leyvas	Jackie Jurich

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

TWO matches that would draw tremendous gates, with prices scaled at $1, $2 and $3, are proposed for this summer in Syracuse. One, a middleweight natural between Babe Risko and Ralph De John, would pull close to $10,000. The other, a non-title, or if Al Weill cares to make it a title affair, with Champion Lou Ambers meeting Bushy Graham of Utica, should do around $8,000 or better. Both shows would be staged under the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., banner at the Municipal Stadium.

Rivalry between Risko, dethroned middleweight champ, and De John is exceptionally bitter. The Babe is credited with making some caustic remarks regarding Ralph's ability to "take it" on numerous occasions to the press. De John resents Risko's tongue wagging, and would derive a great deal of self-satisfaction in making the former title-holder eat the words. Feeling between the managers, Genovese and Netro, is anything but friendly.

A natural rivalry exists in the Ambers-Graham stables. Bushy was a top-notcher when Lou was just a plain bootleg fighter, trying to make a name for himself. Now that Ambers has made the top rung of the 135-pound ladder, and is sitting comfortably on the throne, Graham is eager to prove he is still good enough to knock Lou off his perch. This battle would draw the entire Mohawk Valley, including fans from Albany, Herkimer, Ilion, Frankfort, Utica and the surrounding towns and cities of central New York, where both have appeared often.

The beef over the decision Jimmy Clark was awarded over Ralph De John following an eight-round thriller at Buffalo before 6,500 fans could be heard all the way to Syracuse. Clark was given the duke because he floored Ralph for nine in the sixth. It was the third meeting of the two, and an encore will do $10,000 if put on over the ten-round route.

Amateur boxing has hit a new prosperity here, and is packing the Arena every Friday night. The ace cards are: Bert Courage, light-heavyweight knockout artist; Tiny Jim Brown, heavyweight; Carl Delberta, welterweight, and Billy Furrone, Negro lightweight. Irving Robbins is director of bouts for the local Simon-pure organization, and can be reached at the Seymour Hotel.

Joey Brown will invade New York City to do battle against the best featherweights in the Big Town. Harry Gordon, the globe-trotting trainer, will look after the fiery little Syracuse Italian, who is one of the best club fighters in the division.

Having witnessed the Henry Armstrong-Aldo Spoldi and Lou Ambers-Pedro Montanez bouts in a two weeks' vacation in Gotham, we have to hand it to James J. Johnston, the old Boy Bandit. He is still tops in big time boxing promotion. Armstrong is a pocket edition cyclone, who never stops punching. Spoldi is a tough fellow with a good right hand. Ambers, now at his peak, is faster and smarter than ever, and Montanez is a deadly hitter with either hand, with an aggressive, walk-in style that keeps one on edge every second.

Eddie Borden, best informed man of affairs pugilistic in New York, is a grand guy, as is his boss, Nat Fleischer, a wizard at drawing colorful word pictures with his trusty typewriter.

LEFT HOOKS—A Syracuse business man offered Jimmy Smith, president of the Olympic Club, $750 for the fight franchise . . . . Smith laughed in his face and suggested $2,500 . . . . The S. B. M. beat a hasty retreat . . . . Gentle Jake Patterson, the wrestler, is putting on grunt and groan battles every Monday night at the Arena . . . . His big attraction at the present is Tor Johnson, the 365-pound Swede . . . . Jake wrestles at various out-of-town clubs five nights a week, and runs his own show on his night off . . . . Bill Reddy, sports editor of the *Post-Standard*, authors a bang-up column, "Sidelights on Sports," that does not appear often enough . . . . Johnny Nelson's draw with Andre Lenglet at Oakland, Calif., will get the local colored clouter a good Coast shot at one of the larger clubs . . . . No one was more surprised, unless it was Sam Gibbs, than us, to learn K. O. Morgan bumped off Frankie Martin in the eighth at Detroit . . . . A return at Montreal would do ten grand . . . . Eddie Saxon and Jeff Furrone, two crafty Syracuse Negro fighters, are doing well at Buffalo . . . . Saxon beat Ted Keating last time, while Furrone whipped Lee Bacca, the Mexican lightweight . . . . Gabe Genovese's heavyweight importation, Hans Havlicek, is being conditioned by Joe Woodman and George Lawrence at Stillman's in New York . . . . Jack McCann has quit managing fighters in favor of an excellent salaried job in the Sanderson Steel mill . . . . They call Art McGivern, former captain of the championship Syracuse University boxing team, "The Wild Bull of the Campus."

Babe Risko was married to Miss Sally Cibor last month and is as happy as a lark with his new bride . . . . Don Willets, Utica promoter, plans a couple of outdoor boxing shows this summer featuring Bushy Graham . . . . Red Herring is developing an amateur heavyweight who can fight in Frankie Noga . . . . Unable to get a liquor license for his Owega hotel, Joe Feldy, former lightweight boxer, is temporarily residing at Binghamton . . . . The eight buck a round increase for prelim fighters has the small clubs up in arms in this sector . . . . The nut is high enough as it is for the little fellows . . . . An indoor card topped by Patsy Perroni at Rochester, with Jimmy Clark and Johnny Rossi in the semi, was shelved by Flower City promoters, who think the show will do better outdoors . . . . Eddie Gallagher, Bob Moody's mentor, insists the big Negro has not hung up his gloves but is taking a ring vacation . . . . Sam Birney has a brand new haberdashery two doors west of his old store, while Guy Tobey, the cigar man who dispenses THE RING, has moved in the old ticket quarters . . . . Paul Swiderski, the sad-eyed Pole, is selling insurance in New York . . . . George St. Leger, Utica timekeeper for nearly fifty years, has passed away . . . . Carmen De John, kid brother of Ralph, is a potential lightweight comer . . . . Billy Coyne, former fight press agent for the late Joe Dunfee, is now W.P.A. publicist . . . . Steve Halaiko has been installed boxing instructor at the Elmira Y. M. C. A.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JACK SAVAGE, promising young heavyweight, recently returned from the Coast, is ready for the opposition here.

Following are the results of the best amateur bouts of the month: Mike Martyk, 118, St. Catherines, Ont., won technical knockout over Jackie Taylor, Binghamton, fourth round; Al Stevens, 135, St. Catherines, won decision over Sam Goritz, Rochester, five rounds; Lefty Jordan, 152, St. Catherines, won decision over Red Tokas, Binghamton, five rounds; John Sullivan, 200, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Bill Stoddard, Binghamton, in fifth round; Jimmy White, 135, Cleveland, won judges' decision over Hughie Smith, Rochester, five rounds; Nello Nucelli, 126, Rochester, won judges' decision over Tony Lanice, Cleveland, five rounds; Joe Birdie, 147, Rochester, won judges' decision over Jack Garlan, Rochester, five rounds; Ossie Sussman, 118, Rochester, won judges' decision over Sam DeRocci, Cleveland, five rounds; Don Stevens, 161, Rochester, knocked out Lefty Kovac, Binghamton, in second round.

The wrestling results are as follows: Orville Brown, Kansas, threw Fred "Legs" Grubmeir; Lee Wykoff threw Sammy Cohen; Paul Shikat tossed Ed Krun; Orville Brown won from Blue Sun Jennings; Blue Sun Jennings won from Rosy Ryan; Andy Roscher beat Sam Curry.

My new address is 136 Ontario Street, Rochester, N. Y. You can always get your RING Magazine on the first of each month at Clinton and Main Streets, Rochester.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

IN the main bout of the boxing show staged at Norwalk, Conn., Johnny Bellus of New Haven conquered Al Casimini in ten rounds.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Jimmy English, Norwalk warrior, earned the victory over Sammy Crocetti on points. Pinky Morris, Bridgeport, punched out a clear-cut triumph over Gene Gregory in a six-round bout. James Street of Norwalk belted out Tommy Brown in the third round with a hard, right-hand smash to the jaw. James Stewart, New Haven Negro, boxed his way to win a decision over Al Brown of Westport.

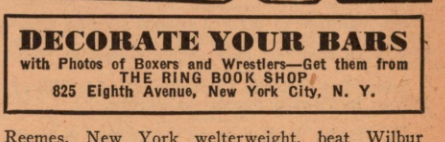
At the Columbus Hall, Stamford, Kayo Morgan, Stamford boxer, knocked out San Sanchez in the third round. Morgan smashed Sanchez with hard punches to body and head until he went down for the full count.

Sam Crocetti, lightweight from New York, and Snooks Lacey of New London fought a draw in a six-round bout. Eric Erickson, heavyweight of Stamford, blasted away with hard socks to the chin to win his fight from Johnny Hogan of New Haven in the second heat. Al Vasala, Stamford, scored a decisive victory over Al Brown by a neat margin in four rounds. The six-round bout between Gene Gregory of New Haven and Eddie McGraw ended in a draw.

Before six thousand fans, Lou Ambers, world's lightweight title-holder, decisively defeated Phil Baker in the ten-round attraction at the New Haven Arena. Ambers was too clever for Baker and throughout had the fight his own way.

Steve Carr, Meriden mauler, won a decision over Fanis Tzanatopolous in a six-round bout. George Fitch, New Haven light-heavyweight, was awarded the victory over Gene Bonin of Willimantic in a sixer. Eddie Moore, Bridgeport, gained the victory over Jack Barnwell. Jackie Reemes, New York welterweight, beat Wilbur Ackerly of New York in a four-rounder.

George Fitch of New Haven won a six-round decision from Gene Mickens of New York at Holyoke, Mass. Johnny Sullivan of New Haven banged out a four-round victory over Johnny Baronowski of Pittsfield. Johnny Mack kayoed Babe Synott in two heats.



MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

WITH the Paul Junior-Honey Mellody bout leading the way with a capacity attendance of six thousand fans, boxing is now on an upward trend in Maine with every indication revealing a prosperous summer for pugilistic offerings here this summer.

Speaking of paying houses, the Bangor bout featuring Dave Castilloux and Tommy Rawson, Jr., ex-New England lightweight champion, in which Castilloux was returned the victor by a census of Maine sports writers, 1,700 fans crowded the interior of the Bangor Auditorium to witness the extravaganza. This attendance shattered all marks in this city in over nineteen months.

Probably one of the chief causes why boxing is showing a prospective comeback is because of the fine cooperation coming from Bud Leavitt, sports editor of the Bangor *Evening Commercial*, and Bill Geagan, boxing writer for the Bangor *Daily News*. Both of these mitt authors have been giving the fans some swell writing which has them interested.

Austin Goodwin, dean of Maine's sports writers, is a staunch supporter of Paul Junior, the Lewiston lightweight belter . . . . I have had various offers from light-heavyweights and heavyweights throughout the country to come up to my camp during the summer months to train . . . . Al McCoy, New England heavyweight champion, will train here this summer previous to a main-event battle booked for Boston.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

TINY BOSTOCK, substituting for Small Montana, outpointed Billy Nash in a twelve-rounder at Sheffield.

Len Tiger Smith defeated Ambrose Perry at the end of a twelve-rounder at Hanley.

Johnny Finnerty and Joe Kerr, both Glasgow lads, fought for the vacant lightweight title of Scotland at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, over fifteen rounds, and the clever work of Finnerty earned him the decision.

In the other star bout, John Cusick of Manchester outboxed Frank McCudden in their twelve-round affair.

Jimmy Vaughan, deputizing for George Reynolds, defeated Arthur Harvey of Bedford in a great bout of twelve rounds at the Hippodrome, Cardiff.

Dave Finn, in his first contest since his return from U. S. A., whipped Peter Clarke of Liverpool in a ten-rounder at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Stafford Barton, the Jamaican middleweight, gave his best performance to date when he K.O.'ed Bill Hardy of Leicester in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round bout with a good right to the jaw at the Ring, London.

Freddie Mitchell avenged himself for a previous defeat by George Alexander when he scored a well earned points victory over twelve rounds.

Jim Warnock, the fighting Irish flyweight champion, defeated Pierre Louis, French flyweight champion, over twelve rounds at Belfast, and Dick Corbett, Southern Area featherweight champion, was outpointed by Spider Kelly, featherweight champion of Ireland, in another twelve-rounder.

Jackie Flynn of Belfast scored a T.K.O. over Johnny Finnerty in the sixth round when the referee stopped the bout.

Mog Mason outpointed Fred Dyer in a spirited twelve-round bout at Bournemouth.

Ginger Sadd again defeated Paul Schaefer in a ten-round bout at Norwich.

Johnny Lafferty, the young Greenock lightweight, again showed to an advantage when he forced the referee to stop his contest against Jim Brady of Belfast in the sixth of a twelve-rounder at Greenock.

Ben Valentine of the Fiji Islands scored a clear-cut points victory over Jack Robinson of Nottingham when they met over twelve rounds at Hull.

Sonny Lee of Leeds outpointed Frankie Hill of Barrow in a twelve-rounder at Barrow.

Joe Hardy, boxing in an aggressive manner, defeated George Marsden in a twelve-rounder at Manchester.

Jack Lord showed fine form when he defeated Ken Robinson of Canada at Morecambe. The referee stopped the contest at the end of the seventh when Robinson sustained a damaged mouth.

Jimmy Vaughan and "Lefty" Satan Flynn, welterweight champ of Jamaica, met in a return contest at the Ring, London. The bout ended as the previous one did, with Flynn being disqualified for hitting low.

Phil Bevan defeated Jerry Costello of Liverpool at the Devonshire Club at the end of the eighth round when the latter was caused to retire after an even bout with an injured jaw.

Pat Warburton, Welsh flyweight champion, and Dave Kellar, met in a thrilling ten-rounder at the Devonshire Club, with Warburton being returned the winner.

On the same card, George Powell of Liverpool was unlucky to be declared the loser in his bout with Jack Gubbins.

The last show of the season at the N. S. C. Earl's Court attracted some five thousand fans when George Daly accounted for Harry Craster, Northern Area lightweight champ, and thoroughly deserved the decision.

Dave Finn fought well under a cut eye handicap to outpoint Johnny Mack in a ten-rounder.

Len Lemeux, a sturdy lightweight from Portsmouth, readily defeated Phil Bevan over ten rounds.

At the Stadium Club, Benny Caplan was too fast and clever for Frank McCudden of Glasgow and the referee stopped the bout in the seventh of a scheduled ten-rounder and declared Caplan the winner.

On the same program, Ginger Sadd made short work of George Foort of Burnley, who was K.O.'ed in the third.

I paid a visit to Pete Brackenier's show in Antwerp at the Ruben Palace, when a packed house saw Gustave Roth, European and I. B. U. cruiserweight champion, defeat Ernie Simmons in a featured bout of ten rounds.

The following day I went to Brussels to witness the show at the Cirque Royal, where Felix Wouters, European welterweight champion, now in military service, met Fernand Viez of France in a ten-rounder. This ended in the fifth when Viez swung a right, missing, and finished up on the canvas with a dislocated shoulder.

A colored boy of class, Al Baker, was well on the road to victory when a left swing to the lower part of his opponent's body, Paul Rebel of France, left the judges no option but to disqualify Baker.

Frank Hough and Jack Robinson put up a hard-hitting bout at West Ham Baths that kept the crowd on its toes. Robinson weakened toward the ninth, and after taking three counts the referee stopped the contest in Hough's favor.

The Stadium Club, Holborn, was the scene of another charity show when Nat Franks of Dalston put up the best show of his career and outpointed Ben Valentine to give him his first defeat in 150 ring battles.

Paul Schaefer K.O.'ed Jackie Moody in the seventh; Jackie Hurst outpointed Joe Brahams, and Jimmy Lester outpointed Freddie Morris over ten rounds.

Peter Kane has come to the rescue of Jeff Dickson in Paris as a sensational drawing card.

Peter, who reminds me of Eddie Cantor, has taken the fancy of the Parisians, and drew a crowd of twenty thousand at the Palais Des Sports to see his contest with the former I. B. U. European bantam champ, Joseph "Poppy" Decico, at 118 pounds.

The contest lasted sixty-nine seconds and in that time Decico had taken three counts and had not landed one solitary punch.

Ginger Foran outpointed Alex Alston of Preston at the Liverpool Stadium in a twelve-round contest.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, defeated George Reynolds, lightweight champion of Wales, in the fifth of a ten-round bout, the referee disqualifying the Welsh boy for an alleged low blow at Chester Football Ground.

Jack Kid Berg defeated Pat Haley in the fifth of a ten-round bout at Cricklewood Skating Rink when the referee stopped the bout in Berg's favor, with Haley having very badly cut eyes and well behind on points.

Dave McCleave and Stafford "Buzz" Barton of Jamaica put up a thrilling ten-rounder which was declared a draw.

Jack Garrick of Hull scored a five-round K.O. over Billy (Kid) Brooks, who was put down for the full count from a right to the jaw at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Tommy Farr, British and Empire heavyweight champion, scored a great victory over Max Baer before a crowd of 12,000, who paid $100,000, at the Harringay Stadium. Farr, ex-bell boy and miner from Wales, outfought and outboxed Baer in every department of the game.

I am certain that Farr will improve one hundred per cent after this victory. He is only twenty-three years of age, and scaling two hundred pounds, he may soon be called upon to meet Braddock, Louis, Schmeling, Neusel, Pastor, etc.

Congratulations, Tommy Farr, on your great victory, and for putting Great Britain on the heavyweight boxing map once more.

Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, met Harry Mizler over ten rounds on the Baer-Farr card, and the Syrian-American showed plenty of speed and aggressiveness with flaying arms, and it was this that gained him the decision at the end.

In the other bouts, Harry Silver outpointed Jimmy Kelly over four rounds; Boy Boon drew with Angus McGregor, and Alf Robinson defeated Bob Carvill on points over four rounds.

Sonny Jones, the colored Canadian welterweight, easily defeated Jim Lawlor in their return ten-rounder at Cricklewood Skating Rink.

Katsumi Morioka, stablemate of Jones, outpointed Joe Griffiths of Wales in another ten-rounder whilst Johnny Ward and George Kelly, both from Ireland, fought in their usual aggressive manner for nine of their ten rounds when Kelly was forced to retire with a badly cut eye.

Jimmy Lester was awarded the decision over Arnold Lagrand of Holland in the seventh when the Dutchman was ruled out for continually hitting with an open glove at the Ring, Blackfriars.

In the other bouts, Billy Nash outpointed Kid Bonsor; Tommy Hyams made a welcome reappearance in the ring by stopping Billy Elward in the first round when the latter received a badly cut eye.

Promoter Jack Solomons was rewarded with a packed house at the Devonshire Club, and the results were as follows: Billy Walker outpointed George Powell; Peter Clarke was a points loser to Phil Bevan after ten rounds; Charlie Wise continued his non-stop fighting tactics to outpoint Smiler Bush, and Bob Savage outpointed Jackie Stevens.

Harry Morris of Wales caused a surprise in boxing circles when he outpointed Jerry O'Niel, ex-flyweight champion of Wales, in a ten-rounder at Mountain Ash.

Paul Schaefer was on the losing end in his return contest with Bill Hardy over ten rounds at Plymouth.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight ace, turned in a good win when he met Jackie Flynn, Belfast, in what was scheduled for ten rounds at Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

After taking the initiative from the first gong, Walsh unleashed a terrific right to Flynn's jaw, and the Irish lad went down on his face to be counted out in the fourth round.

Johnny King, bantam kingpin of Great Britain, was given a hard bout by Gustav Ansini of Italy in a ten-rounder which was won by King on points.

Jack Lord, Northern Area welterweight champion, was given the decision over Ercolle Buratti of Italy when the latter was ruled out in the fifth for continual holding.

Lefty Flynn, welterweight champion of Jamaica, was again ruled out in the second round for low hitting in his contest with Harry Craster at Bristol.

On the same card, Mog Mason defeated Young Chocolate of Jamaica in the seventh when the latter retired after taking considerable punishment.

At Ted Salmon's promotion at Embassy Rink, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, a crowd of six thousand gathered to see Max Baer box Bob Carvill a three-round exhibition and the smiling Maxie received a rousing reception.

In the serious boxing, Tommy Rogers K.O.'ed Dodo Williams of Jamaica in the fourth of a hard-hitting contest.

Len Beynon, bantam and feather champ of Wales, K.O.'ed Cyclone Weston in the ninth of a twelve-rounder at Swansea.

Jack Robinson well defeated Cal Rooney in their twelve-rounder at Great Yarmouth after a good bout.

Chris Benson outpointed Paddy Roche in a spirited contest over twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Pat Warburton defended his Welsh flyweight title at the Stadium Club, London, against Al McCoy of Argoed in a thrilling fifteen-round battle, which resulted in a points win for the holder.

Les Greenaway and Percy Enoch put up a sparkling ten-round contest at Pontypool, which was declared a draw.

Len Wickwar knocked out Fred Bustard of U. S. A. in the fifth of a twelve-round contest at Maesteg.

The colored Cuban champion, Cheo Morejon, lowered the colors of Jack Stanner, the Widnes cruiserweight, at the Liverpool Stadium, when the latter was well beaten throughout the twelve rounds.

In the supporting bout over eight rounds, Herbie Clarke, a local lad, knocked out Rafael Valdez in the first round with a right to the jaw.

Reinus de Boer, Holland cruiserweight champion, gave a brilliant display when outpointing Snowey Edwards over ten rounds at Norwich.

Beb Donnars of Holland and Jack Lord put up a hard bout over ten rounds, which went to a draw.

Ernst Weiss of Austria gave a clever performance when he outpointed Syd Parker in their ten-round contest at the Stadium Club, London.

In the other star bout, Ben Valentine defeated Hein Weisner of Austria on points at the end of ten interesting rounds.

Frank Erne, the Glasgow welterweight, showed plenty of improvement in his bout with Bert Gilroy, another local, and won on points at the end of ten rounds.

A future champion in the making is Johnny Lafferty of Greenock, who scored a T.K.O. over Dan McGoldrick in the fourth of a ten-round bout, when the referee stopped the bout after the latter had been put down for two counts.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

IF Young Corbett III, former welterweight champion, and Fred Apostoli, fighting Frisco bell hop, ever meet, there will be one fan missing. It will be Mrs. Ada White, wife of Larry White, co-manager of Apostoli, who formerly handled Corbett. White withdrew as Corbett's manager during one of Corbett's retirements. He joined with Joe Niderost in directing the ring affairs of Apostoli.

But the friendship of old is still there between the White family and Corbett, and if the match is made, Mrs. White won't see the scrap.

"I don't want to see it," she says. "I like both boys so well I hope the match is never made." The bout is "red hot" in San Francisco and would do better than $35,000 in Seals' Stadium during June or July.

Georgie Hansford of Los Angeles had no trouble punching out a ten-round win over Baby Tiger Flowers of Omaha, Neb., at San Jose. The same night, Pablo Dano, Jimmy Murray's aggressive Filipino, whipped Danny Laverne in ten heats at Modesto.

Jack Dempsey intends to see that his child is cared for in royal fashion while growing up. We hear every dime of the royalties he gets from the candy bar using his name—and they run into four figures weekly—goes into a trust fund for the kid.

Walter Woods, New York middleweight, who sparred with Freddie Steele for the middleweight champion's battle with Frankie Battaglia, may accept a few bouts in southern California during July and August before returning to New York.

"Los Angeles promoters won't go wrong on Woods," says Dave Miller, Steele's skipper. Miller hasn't any interest in Woods' contract but is one of his best boosters.

"Tops among the present crop of managers is Eddie Mead, who is handling Henry Armstrong and running a shoestring into a shoe factory for the colored lad," pens Mark Kelly. "Mead came from Cleveland and it now looks as though he were to be a permanent addition to the taxpaying public of Los Angeles . . . . A top hole fellow . . . ."

More from Kelly: "Charley McDonald's continued success as Hollywood manager-matchmaker has been responsible for many outside offers as promoter . . . . Chicago Stadium tried to get him, but McDonald is tied by contract as well as sentiment to his present connections . . . . When Lou Daro tried to woo McDonald away from the Legion and down to the Olympic twice in one year, McDonald laughed him off with, 'Keep your headache; I've got my lumbago to keep me warm'."

What some of the ex-fighters are doing in and around Los Angeles—Tommy O'Brien and Eddie Huffman are stevedores in San Pedro . . . . Ace Hudkins owns some ponies and is also trying to find another fighter as good as he used to be . . . . Earl Mastro has a string of promising young fighters . . . . Joe Glick is an extra in the Hollywood studios . . . . ditto Jack Silver, Wesley Ketchell, Sammy Schack, etc. . . . . Vigo Doman has a cafe in Santa Monica . . . . Frankie Garcia manages a stable of scrappers . . . . Tillie (Kid) Herman teaches boxing at Ryan's Gym in Frisco and works with most of the main event fighters in the bay region. Frankie Grandetta operates a private gym in Hollywood for business men . . . . Jack Root saved his dough and lives the life of Reilly . . . . Baby Joe Gans is training fighters . . . . George Godfrey is back in Los Angeles and plans a comeback under the direction of Baron Henry Von Stumme . . . . Johnny Conde is acting in a Main Street burlesque house and takes the movie folks slumming on the side . . . . Bert Keyes, a good lightweight twenty-five years ago, works in the flickers . . . . George Levine owns a cafe in Hollywood . . . . Vearl Whitehead is a cop in Santa Monica . . . . Fidel LaBarba is a screen writer . . . . Johnny Adams is a policeman in San Bernardino . . . . Dynamite Jackson is carrying the mail in Los Angeles . . . . Teddy Silva is an electrician at Paramount Studios.

SHORT LINES—Johnny Samson is bringing over two good Filipino fighters from Manila in July . . . . They are Cunning Nene, featherweight, and Little Dado, bantamweight . . . . Samson made a small fortune in the boxing game with Young Nationalista, Young Tommy, Varias Milling and several other Filipino fighters . . . . Willie Orner says wrestling would be faster and more interesting if contested by rounds . . . . George Blake has his own gymnasium in Los Angeles, where he trains Johnny Brown, Jimmy Christy and Sonny Valdez . . . . Sitting together at Suey Welsh's fight shows at the Olympic Auditorium weekly are George Burns, Ben Bernie and Jack Benny, radio's mirth-provoking threesome . . . . Dana Hayes, ace ticket man of the Olympic, says seventy per cent of telephone orders are never called for . . . . Jack Dempsey turns author in American Cavalcade and says the toughest fight he ever had was with Bill Brennan in the Garden . . . . Jack went to his corner at the end of the eleventh round so badly battered he feared the referee would stop the fight and give it to Brennan . . . . in the twelfth, Jack knocked out his man . . . . Hal Roach, Jr., is on the boxing team at Culver Military Academy . . . . Jack Curley's recent mat ratings list Dr. Len Hall in No. 2 spot behind Dean Detton, champion . . . . Hall is extremely popular with wrestling fans at the Olympic and has been headlining mat programs up and down the Coast.

Harry B. Smith, sports editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, doesn't think fans will support three fight clubs and three wrestling clubs weekly in Frisco . . . . He says, in part: "The way things stand, we are to have fights and mat cards six nights a week . . . . it's entirely too much to expect of the fans . . . . some of the boys will fall by the wayside . . . . of course, that's their business . . . . they will have to take their own chances . . . . as things go right now, we haven't even enough talent to have kept two fight clubs on the move." . . . . Young Stuhley is back in Los Angeles with his pilot, Eddie Stanton, training for a July fight at the Olympic . . . . Stanton says Stuhley retires at nine every night now, which is a tough break for the tavern keepers . . . . A Stuhley in condition is a boxer to be reckoned with . . . . Lou Salica made a big hit when he flattened Pancho Leyvas in fifty-nine seconds at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . The black-haired Brooklyn boy is "hot copy" at the famous Movie City club . . . . "Gig" Rooney has taken over Vic Nardoni's contract, former Los Angeles Golden Gloves middleweight champion, comments Bravey Dyer of the Los Angeles *Times* . . . . "That statement may not have any significance to you, but behind it is a broken and bleeding heart. Jackie Conway discovered Nardoni at Main Street Gymnasium in February, 1936 . . . . he nursed him through the amateurs, winning three titles and losing but two fights out of eighty-six . . . . then he turned him pro in January, 1937 . . . . Vic scored three knockouts in four starts, but he refused to sign a contract with Conway, and now Jackie is moping around town as if he has lost his own son . . . . there's little, if any, sentiment in the boxing industry." . . . . Joe Levy is figuring on some outdoor matches at Gilmore Stadium for July and August.

Some interesting lines on fights and fighters from Mark Kelly's widely-read "What-Nots" column in the Los Angeles *Examiner:* "Johnny Risko, the 'Rubber Man' of Fistiana, has a $200,000 trust fund that his manager made him take out . . . . now the manager, Danny Dunn, is said to be strapped himself . . . . Dunn got into the real estate boom, but it backfired on him . . . . Jim Buckley, oldest active fight manager (forty years on the firing line), is bringing Mike Belloise and 'Swede' Anderson to Los Angeles during July . . . . Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, and rated the shrewdest financier of the pilots, lost his pile in oil wells . . . . when the others ran to cover, he stuck out his chin."

Benny Whitman, the referee, is running weekly boxing shows at Pasadena Arena . . . . Milt Stein assisted Bill Miller in handling the publicity on Tom Gallery's outdoor show featuring Nestell versus Pastor, Lee vs. Jannazzo, and Armstrong vs. Hally . . . . Charley Martin, new manager of Maxie Rosenbloom, has an offer of $10,000 from English promoters for a Tommy Farr bout . . . . When Abie Miller fights at the Olympic, he brings his gang from Maywood, Boyle Heights and Compton . . . . Gerry Breckner, Hollywood fight announcer, goes to Catalina Island for the summer to tell the world about the Magic Isle via the mike . . . . Ralph DeJohn, Joe Netro's undefeated Syracuse boxer, may be seen in action next fall on the Coast . . . . Georgie Nichols, now in California, reports DeJohn has plenty of class.

Lee Lewis, former Olympic press agent, is handling the publicity for boxing and wrestling shows at Tacoma, Wash. . . . . Jimmy Vaughn looked the part of a classy mittman in his two starts at Hollywood, licking Baby Arizmendi, former featherweight king, in a sizzler and fighting a savage ten-round draw against the hard-hitting Wally Hally . . . . Eddie Mead, manager of Henry Armstrong, wants to know if "Jolson's Joy-Boy" is a good tag for the sepia assassin . . . . the portly Mr. Mead has done a fine job handling Armstrong's ring affairs . . . . "Jockey Joey" Greenberg, manager of Glen Lee, new Nebraska Wildcat, was formerly associated with Jack Kearns . . . . he trained Jackie Fields, Mickey Walker and other Kearns stars—but that was before he became manager of one of the world's best welterweights.

Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion, has made many friends since taking over the duties of chief boxing inspector of southern California and everyone in the boxing game in this section is high in his praise of Ritchie's work . . . . Gene Tunney, one of Bob Nestell's biggest boosters, writes Bravey Dyer of the Los Angeles *Times* from Hobe Sound, Florida. His letter follows: "I was thrilled to read of Nestell's victory over Ramage . . . . he certainly came through like a true champion . . . . from the pictures, he seemed to be practically out when Ramage put him down in the ninth round . . . . his recovery was extraordinary . . . . he seems to have an unusual nervous system which makes reflex action instantaneous in a crisis . . . . this is a rare quality and one that all great champions have had . . . . few people realize what it takes to get up off the floor and have enough steel in one's muscle to be able to knock the other fellow down . . . . Fitzsimmons had that to a marked degree . . . . Dempsey had it and some of the lighter champions have had it."

Boxers coming to Los Angeles who are not under contract to anyone can get action in California with Al Lang, boxing manager, care of Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

WITH Fred Apostoli in the East, Phil Brubaker in the discard and topnotch ringmen everywhere but here by the Golden Gate, boxing slipped into a state of lethargic unimportance during the waning months of spring. The leather pushers are reaping the golden harvest in Los Angeles as this is written and the "City That Knows How" seems to have forgotten how—pugilistically speaking—for the present, at least. During the month past not one really important bout was staged, fans staying away in abundance from the few punch programs that were staged by promoters in this city and Oakland.

However, Apostoli has now returned to his native heath, and with the battering bellhop as fifty per cent of a battle, it's a cinch to draw the gallery gods out of hiding. Promotor Tony Palazolo is trying to match Apostoli with an outstanding opponent, preferably Young Corbett, Fresno's veteran portsider, still a tough proposition in any man's ring. Corbett and Apostoli would pull the biggest gate in years and probably lift the game out of the doldrums.

Speaking of bellhops, it would appear that our Freddie did all right by himself in Gotham, the only person wishing him elsewhere might be a gent named Krieger. He established himself as the number one contender for Freddie Steele's 160-pound diadem with that bloody victory over the Brooklyn veteran.

During the month: Hans Birkie, German trial horse, pulled a surprise with a ten-round victory over Hank Hankinson, huge Swede, at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium. Birkie's body punching gave him a substantial edge, Hankus-pankus seeming reluctant to cut loose with the right flipper that brought him a scintillating kayo win over Jim McVey; "Swede" Berglund, battle-scarred San Diego middleweight, stopped colored Jerome Lewis in four rounds at Oakland; Marty Simmons, roly-poly Saginaw, Mich., middleweight, copped a ten-round duke over Angelo Puglisi at Dreamland. On the same program, Tommy Jones, Boston Negro, looked good by belting out a one-sided decision over Al Laboa of Mountain View in another full-length feature; Andre Lenglet, French heavyweight, floored Johnny Nelson, colored light-heavyweight, eight times in their Oakland bout, but got only a draw because of his incessant use of the illegal rabbit punch; Pablo Dano, Filipino bantamweight, whipped Danny LaVerne of this city in ten innings at Modesto, and Georgie Hansford of Hollywood trimmed Baby Tiger Flowers, colored lightie, in ten at San Jose; Dick Foster, Berkeley middleweight, had two victories during the month, over Johnny Foster (no relation) in six, and Mario Duchini in eight. He deserved the Foster victory; Young Joe Roche, 118-pound starlet from North Beach, took a sixer over Indian Johnny Martin locally; Little Tiger Wade, dusky welterweight, spilled Teddy Movan of Pittsburgh for the count in one heat; Frankie Santos sprang a surprise by trouncing Earl Booker, flashy San Jose lightweight; Al Rovay of San Jose stopped Karl Walker in five rounds; Johnny Bassanelli drew with Chief Paris and Danny LaVerne beat Tomboy Romero at Modesto.

San Francisco came through with one winner in the National A. A. U. tournament at Boston when Johnny Marquez of Redwood City copped the welterweight diadem.

The boxing game is on the ropes hereabouts and only the importation of some REAL fighters can remedy the situation.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

TWO hundred and twenty scrappers from all parts of the country, also Hawaii, participating in the senior branch of the national amateur boxing championships at Boston Garden furnished Hub followers of the sport with enough action to last for several moons. All told, 181 bouts were staged, 129 in the trial rounds on the opening day and night of the tourney. From the boxing angle, the tourney furnished plenty of sport, excitement and fun and, as a whole, was a success. The attendance, however, a grand total of about 13,000 for the three days, left much to be desired. The expenses were barely covered. However, there is a chance that the championships will be boxed here again in 1938.

One great trouble with the tourney was its length—it became tiresome, while on the first day two rings were employed which led to endless confusion. The spectators, in trying to watch both, saw very little in reality. Whether the event comes here or goes elsewhere in 1938, it would be well for the A. A. U. boxing committees to arrange for sectional tournaments on a large scale for the purpose of weeding out deadwood and reducing the number of contestants in the championship finale. More than twenty-four hours of more or less continuous boxing, as was the case here, is too much of a good thing for performers, officials and the cash customers.

Philadelphia and Detroit amateur teams split the honors, the boys from these cities each copping three championships, while one first went to Newark and another to San Francisco. The winners of the titles in the various classes follow: 112, William Speary, Philadelphia; 118, Morris Parker, Newark, N. J.; 126, Edgar Waling, Detroit; 135, Joseph Kelly, Philadelphia; 147, Johnny Marquez, San Francisco; 160, Ted Cerwise, Detroit; 175, Timmie Hill, Detroit; heavyweight, James Robinson, Philadelphia.

More Negro performers participated in the championships than ever before, probably due to the Louis-Lewis influence and, in many cases, they put up creditable bouts. Two of the dusky ringsters came through to win titles—Morris Parker of Newark and Timmie Hill of Detroit. The latter was regarded by many as the outstanding performer. There were several bad decisions, about the worst being the throwing down of David Young, a Chinese boy from Honolulu, in the 126-pound class semi-final with Edgar Waling, his opponent, which bout the former won beyond all question.

Aside from the amateur championships and two events for novices, which wound up the present season for the "pures," about the only boxing action has been that furnished by the Egleston Square A. C., known as Eddie Mack's "Stadium." In the feature there, Tony Bent, Cambridge welter, made it two straight over Buster Carroll of Lowell, while a fortnight later, George Martin of Boston, recently graduated from the amateur ranks, nosed out a ten-round win over Dom Colantonio of Walpole. Both are welters.

Promoter Mack staged a double-header the following week when "Wildcat" Connors of Fall River put another defeat onto Buster Carroll in ten heats, the latter spoiling his own chance of winning by holding. In the other bracket, a scheduled ten, Johnny Hogan, 176, of New Haven, forced Walter Wazel, 168, Fitchburg, to stop in five rounds. It marked Hogan's second win over Wazel in recent weeks.

Al McCoy, the New England heavy champion, is back at last from his annual vacation in Florida and, while looking physically fine, is continuing his rest period insofar as the ring is concerned. There is talk of his working in a Montreal ring, though no definite announcement has been made.

Nat Bor met with a bad reverse at Holyoke, losing in a ten-rounder to Andrea Jessurun of New York, the latter more or less of a continuous big card at the up-state club. It was Bor's third defeat in fifty pro starts.

Before these notes reach the readers of The Ring, Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh and Lou Brouillard of Worcester, both ex-world's middleweight champions, will have clashed in the Goodwin A. C. ring here in Boston, the first pro bout of any importance for weeks.

While Boston has little encouragement to offer the ringsters, a number of the locals are doing fairly well elsewhere. In a ten-rounder staged at Portland, Me., Paul Junior of Lewiston and Honey Mellody of Charlestown, the latter the New England 135-pound champion, clashed. Junior won the popular decision. The show drew a gate of more than five thousand dollars.

Another former Boston boxer, originally from Waterville, Me., who is making good, is Dave Castilloux, lightweight, formerly attached to the Bill Brennan-Al McCoy stable, but now under Canadian management. He is doing the bulk of his fighting in Maine rings and up to this writing, he has yet to meet with a defeat. One of his last victories was a win over Tommy Rawson, Jr., former New England lightweight champion, at Bangor, Me. Castilloux is a fighting fighter of the former Frankie Britt type—keeps going until he has beaten his opponent.

Eddie Carroll of Lowell got much "het up" recently over the announcement sent out from New York that he had been knocked out in three rounds by Tony Rock of Scranton, Pa., at the Coliseum. As Carroll was at Lowell the night of the bout, therefore not present at the New York Coliseum, he had reasons for feeling peevish. The Carroll who was kayoed, however, was later discovered to have been booked from Ottawa, Can., and not Lowell.

We note in the daily press, also the fictional writings of magazine contributors in connection with the present-day ring, frequent use of the terms "prize fighter" and "prize fight." Even amateur contests of three rounds have been so designated. Except that the writers are careless, ignorant or would ready-up their stories, we cannot account for the continuance of terms which have been obsolete for fully forty years. And, to make the employment of such more ridiculous, also entirely meaningless, it is a perfectly safe bet that there is not a sports writer under fifty who ever saw a regulation "prize fight" of any moment.

Salvatore Bartolo of East Boston, bright feather star of the recent amateur season, now a pro, has hooked up with the Johnny Buckley stable.

Tony Dupre, Manchester, N. H., now holds two titles. At Providence, R. I., he won from Joey Archibald of Pawtucket, the New England feather crown. Archibald lost in four rounds on a foul.

As usual, Boston is full of wrestling—always something doing with and among the burpers. While there have been shows and shows, two top events stand out. At the Boston Arena, Jack Dempsey, referee of a "battle royal," put up a great old scrap against four bad matmen, and was on his feet when it was over. However, he was bitten on the left hand by one of the outfit, the wound requiring the services of a physician, and also was considerably mauled.

Three nights later at Boston Garden, Steve Casey of Ireland scored a second win in recent months over George Clark of Scotland, thereby temporarily, at least, ending a rivalry between the pair which originated while both were residents of the British Isles.

Since the last issue of The Ring, Boston has lost two more of its sport veterans—Dennis White, who died suddenly April 10 at his home in Brighton, Mass., and George Byers, old-time colored ringster, who passed out at the Boston City Hospital on the same foregoing date. White, who was 72, had followed boxing and sport in general from early youth and had presided at various ringsides for years as timekeeper. As one of those who saw that hectic battle between Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, N. Y., in 1899, Denny, in reminiscing, was wont to declare that it was the last decent mill fought in America.

George Byers, colored middleweight, rated as a good performer in his prime, was born at Charlottetown, P. E. I., in 1872, came to Boston in his youth and made his ring debut in 1895. From that time on until his retirement in 1901, he showed his wares rather generally about the country, meeting such old-time ringsters as Frank Childs, Jack Bonner, Dick O'Brien, Tommy West, George Gardner, Billy Hanrahan, Jack Root, et al. On quitting the active ring, Byers acted as a second and handler of various ring notables. Of late years he had conducted a gym and boxing school in Bowdoin Square, Boston. His death was caused by pneumonia.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

ANDREA JESSURUN proved too clever for Nat Bor at the Valley Arena in Holyoke in a ten-round bout. In the semi-final, Pat Foley, Worcester lightweight, won a decision over Jimmy Stewart of New Haven in six rounds. Frankie Paul of Worcester was too much for Art Coll of Athol in a six-rounder. Gene Lasinski of New Haven scored a technical K.O. over Fiorio Marucco of North Adams in the fourth. Jackie Callahan of Worcester won on a technical K.O. from Tommy Dorsey of New Haven in the opener.

Yustin Sirutis of New York plied his trade of boxing instructor as he gave Eddie "Unknown" Winston a lesson in ten rounds at the Valley Arena. Sirutis showed how a boxer should box against a puncher like Winston. Winston subbed for Frankie Connolly of Boston, who showed up with a sprained leg.

Tommy Brouillard of Worcester received a decision over Stanley Morris of Brockton. Jerry Maloni of Springfield won his second victory over Tony Gouvia of Brockton in a six. George Fitch of New Haven won a six-round bout from Gene Mickens of New Jersey, both Negroes.

Nat Bor of Fall River won a ten-round decision over Bobby Allen of Boston. Bor subbed for Lew Raymond. Allen was on the deck for a nine-count in the last round, after carrying the fight the greater part of the bout. Buster Carroll of Lowell won a decision over Doug Murchie of North Adams in six rounds. Art Coll knocked out Ernie McGee of Brockton in the opening round with a right to the head. Barney Villa of Schuylerville, N. Y., won a six-round decision over Tony Gouvia of Brockton. Villa proved himself a clever workman in the ring. Terry Rogers of Amherst lost a close decision to Abie Baker of Boston.

Saverio Turiello of Italy won as he pleased over Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia. Turiello pasted him around throughout the ten rounds but could not put him away. Doug Murchie of North Adams got a draw with Alex DeAngelo of Worcester in six rounds; Ruby Bradley won over Norman Cournoyer in six; Eddie McGrath K.O.'ed Ronnie McLean in the first.

Johnny Baranowski of Dalton, Mass., will now fight under the name of Johnny Barry.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

BOXING during the past four months has been packing them in at the small clubs. The large clubs have been rather inactive. Benny Bass, Tommy Forte, Gus Dorazio have been the outstanding attractions where Frank Palumbo holds forth at the Olympia Club, while Johnny Burns packs them in at the Cambria Club.

Bobby Green, Philly's fighting little dynamo, again defeated Cristobal Jaramillo, Porto Rican featherweight champion. Green, in the writer's opinion, is another Henry Armstrong.

Gus Dorazio, Joe Martino's pride, is now ready to tackle the cream of the heavyweight crop. Gus lost a split verdict decision to Red Burman several weeks ago and followed up with a victory over Billy Ketchell.

Tommy Forte, sensational bantamweight, scored his twelfth K.O. out of fifteen straight wins when he outclassed Willie Cubic of Newark and stopped him in the sixth round.

Johnny Hutchinson, classy featherweight, defeated Cristobal Jaramillo in a sensational ten-round scrap at Atlantic City. This was Hutch's first start in several months.

Harry Rubin is again training after four months' layoff due to an injured mitt . . . . Tony Morgano is training for a June ball park date . . . . Jack Hiller scored another win when he defeated Johnny Cionek at Newark . . . . Joe Flocco defeated Steve Kahley, Buster Hardy and Roosevelt Rowe . . . . Rowe previously stopped Joe Duca, Steve Kahley, Jimmy Belmont . . . . Jimmy Wilson's Arcadia Gym is one of the nicest in the city . . . . Pete Panteleo is now instructor at Arcadia Gym . . . . Cliff Bent has the fighting Ducas, Johnny, Joe and Mickey, quite busy . . . . Jimmy Wilson now has quite a stable of leatherpushers, John Henry Johnson, Wickey Harkins, Bobby Jones, Johnny Palus, etc.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

A FEW decades back, the Southern fight fans focused their eyes on a youngster, still in his teens, and stamped him as a potential champion. This lad was the late W. Y. Young Stribling of Macon and Atlanta, Georgia.

A number of years back, on the streets of Pensacola, there stood a youth, amongst others, listening to the radio accounts of his idol, Young Stribling, when he faced Max Schmeling for the world heavyweight title. This lad, Jimmy Butler, became imbued with ambition to become a fighter and emulate Young Stribling in his successful career.

Out of a number of battles, Jimmy has lost one, and that while an amateur. Since then, he has been coming to the front steadily and within the next few years the South may once more boast of a heavyweight contender.

Promoters and matchmakers constantly write me for talent. If any fighters wish to come this way, drop me a line with full particulars as to your record and the results, photos, etc. Address your mail to me at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

Notice to our Wrestling Readers

Owing to lack of space in this heavyweight boxing championship issue, several wrestling stories had to be omitted but starting with the next issue the usual space allotted to the sport will be used.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE outdoor inaugural was presented in May at Marigold Gardens, one of the most popular fight clubs in America, featured by three bouts at eight rounds between Domenic Manceni, Louisville junior welterweight, and Mike Gamiere, 1935 Chicago Golden Gloves champion; Sammy Angott, Washington, Pa., featherweight, and Lou Gallup, Duluth, Minn., and Edwin Waling, Detroit junior lightweight, and Young Mickey Walker, Sioux City, Ia.

Inasmuch as Marigold was the scene of Chicago's greatest activity during the 1936-37 indoor season, the honor of conducting the first open-air show was a befitting one.

The second headliner of the new semester involved Buddy Knox, Dayton, O., heavyweight prospect, and Art Oliver, last year's American Olympic champion. Subsequent star bouts included those between Milt Aron, Illinois' leading welterweight contender, and Frankie Sagilio, Cicero slugger, and Davey Day, recognized as No. 1 lightweight challenger by the state boxing commission, and Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City, Mo.

It is the third straight summer that Co-Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun have conducted weekly shows at Marigold, they having subleased the place from Maurice Rivkin in June, 1935. At the same time it will be their first season as sole lessees.

As a result, the enterprising young fellows have enlarged the building and the adjacent outdoor arena at a cost estimated at $15,000. The remodeling inside included removal of pillars for steel beams. These maneuvers increased the seating capacity from 1,600 to 2,500. Then the uprooting of trees and removal of excess earth enlarged the new outdoor seating arrangement from 2,300 to 5,000.

The outdoor attendance record at Marigold was hung up last October 14 when 2,189 watched Davey Day whip Geno Salvatore in ten rounds. Receipts were $2,373.

The indoor finale set another mark at the North Side club when a capacity crowd of 1,553 turned out for the tenth straight time to see Varias Milling, veteran Los Angeles, Cal., Filipino featherweight, snap Billy Marquart's victory string at thirteen. Gross receipts were $1,926.

Other outdoor clubs in operation are: Western Stadium, Western and Devon Avenues; St. Phillip Field, Jackson Boulevard and Kedzie Avenue; Mills Stadium, Lake Street and Kilpatrick Avenue, and White City, 63d Street and South Park Avenue.

Mrs. Mique Malloy and the veteran Chicago promoter celebrated their thirty-first wedding anniversary in May. They have eleven children and three grandchildren.

Malloy promoted the state heavyweight championship draw battle between Champion Max Marek and Harry Thomas at the Coliseum a few days earlier. It was the biggest show he had conducted in several years. About 4,000 spectators paid approximately $5,000.

Eddie Stanton, former boxer, has established his residence at 247 East 87th Place in Los Angeles, after having resided on the South Side of Chicago for nearly twenty years. Hayden Stuhley and Ellis Bradley, middleweight stablemates from Kewanee, Ill., are on the Coast with Stanton.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind., Terror, successfully defended his bantamweight title by beating Tony Canzoneri in ten rounds at Wrigley Field.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

HOUSTON still leads the state in boxing receipts and attendance. Each week Promoter Hugh Benbow of the Olympiad fight arena plays host to some three or four thousand fight fans with youngsters in their ascendancy rather than well established fighters.

Off the beaten path between New York and Los Angeles, Benbow found that the transportation for well established fighters and their entourage was too much of a burden for a small club to shoulder. He sent out scouts to the fight centers of the country and is now importing youngsters who show promise but who are not yet ready for big time bookings.

Due credit is given Promoter Benbow for his matchmaking ability but it is remarkable how some of the boys (known only by their parents) can draw such fine crowds.

Houston is, truly, a very fight minded city at this writing and a mecca for developing young fighters.

Local youngsters who are about ready to meet outside competition are Jo Jo Passante, an Italian featherweight, and Mike Periera, a Mexican lightweight.

Passante is by far the classiest young boxer that has been developed here in some time, and if this article comes under the eye of some promoter who is featuring featherweights, he will do well to get in touch with the writer.

Passante has reached that stage in development where local fans discredit his performances and unjustly accuse the promoter of favoritism. He is ready to meet any featherweight in the country but it will take a showing in some boxing center for newspapers here to carry the story, "Local Boy Makes Good."

George Salvadore, our local welterweight, went through the same experience as Passante, but is now the toast of the Pacific Coast. He recently beat Young Peter Jackson in a thrilling battle in Los Angeles and is matched with Ceferino Garcia.

Red-headed Pat McDuff, local heavyweight, is well on his way to fistic heights if he continues learning as rapidly as he has in the past two months. He is one of the hardest punchers that this writer has ever seen and his defense, although awkward, is effective to the degree that he takes very few solid punches. As soon as he rounds out his boxing form and gets a little grace in his movements, he is going to be a hard nut to take out of there. He weighs 190 pounds and is five feet eleven inches tall.

Joey Parks, young middleweight from St. Louis, who operated here with great success before receiving a broken left hand, reports that he will return here soon. He will be met with stern opposition in Tony Bruno of Milwaukee, who invaded Houston a couple of weeks ago and captured the fancy of Houston fans with a five-round knockout over "Cowboy" Marlin Owens.

Kenny LaSalle of Los Angeles, a welterweight, who has been idle for some time after beating Izzy Jannazzo in New York two years ago, is essaying a "comeback" in Houston. He beat Lester Francis in his first start and repeated with a fine win over Willard Brown a couple of weeks ago.

Kid Azteca is being sought as his next opponent and Salvadore may have a tough opponent when he returns from the Pacific Coast.

Buddy Scott, a light-heavy from Ada, Oklahoma, who has been operating around Washington, D. C., had a novel experience here a few weeks ago.

The boxing moguls here ordered him to go through with a bout in Dallas that he thought had been cancelled. He left Houston Monday and arrived in Dallas in time to beat Billy Hood in ten rounds and then returned to Houston in time to beat Jack Rodrequez the following night.

Boxing all over the state seems to be on the upgrade and new talent is welcome. Dallas, Fort Worth, Galveston, Port Arthur, San Antonio and Corpus Christi are all operating regularly and reporting substantial houses.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE name Gibbons will always be one remembered in New Orleans for the phantom shrewdness of Mike and the boxing prowess of Tommy. This time the shadows of both visited the Mardi Gras city in the person of Jack Gibbons, light-heavyweight of St. Paul, Minn., and son of Phantom Mike. With his father-manager in his corner, Gibbons found little opposition in Carl Knowles of Rome, Ga., stopping the Cracker in three rounds.

An out-and-out upset was gained by Jack Burke, Ogden, Utah, welterweight, through his unanimous eight-round decision over the popular Hoosier, Willard Brown. The affair was the best on the Gibbons-Knowles card. Jimmy Perrin was given a durable French-Canadian in his bout with "Biff" Lemeiux of New Bedford, Mass. Although Perrin won with ease, the visitor proved a dangerous foe by dumping the local star in the seventh, but could not follow through. Ervin Berlier, veteran southpaw lightweight, again outraced Wesley Martin of Akron, Ohio. Martin failed dismally in attempting to cope his punch against the speed of the local boxer.

Shreveport, La., continues to stage profitable shows under the American Legion banner, this time with a card topped by Battling Burroughs of Pascagoula, Miss., and Bill Raggio of New Orleans, La. The Mississippian trounced the Louisianan with much to spare.

For years the Crescent City fans had longed to see the Cuban Bon-Bon, Kid Chocolate, step his fight, but they only saw a ghost of his once great self. Nevertheless, Chocolate received the unanimous decision over Frankie "Kid" Anselm of Philadelphia, Pa., over ten rounds.

After the Chocolate fiasco, Abe Katz announced his retirement from the promotional field. Katz held the reins for the past couple of years. His move leaves the city of New Orleans in the control of the Burke-Raymond duo, as far as boxing is concerned. To date, the latter organization's shows have been infrequent.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

LOUIS KID COCOA of New Haven, Conn., turned the tables on Andrea Jessurun of New York when he knocked out Andrea in round eleven of a scheduled twelve-rounder at Baltimore. Jessurun had previously licked Cocoa on two occasions but made the bad mistake of going into the ring with Cocoa in not the best of shape. Andrea had asked for a postponement owing to a siege of boils that had made it impossible for him to train for the bout, but went through with the match when the commission refused to grant him a postponement. The New Yorker did okay in the early rounds but Cocoa had too much on the ball as the fight progressed and gave Jessurun a handy pasting before the end. Jessurun has asked for a return match, and under the circumstances, deserves one.

Ray Ingram of Washington bested Nick Camaratta of New Orleans in a fast eight-round bout at Washington. Nick threw away what chance he had when he fouled Ingram on two occasions. Ingram came with a rush in the final round to hand Nick a decisive licking and, incidentally, grab the duke. Ossie Stewart knocked out Rudy Marshall in three rounds. Clarence Sloat of Baltimore licked Paul Baaffara of New York in a six-round prelim.

Cristobal Jaramillo of Porto Rico scored an upset at Norfolk, Va., when he won over Dick Welsh in ten rounds. Welsh is a popular favorite in Norfolk and Jaramillo's victory has put him in line for future work in the Virginia city. It was Norfolk's first boxing show in some months and the attendance was very encouraging.

Werther Arcelli of Boston took a ten-round duke over Phil Furr in Washington. Furr appeared to have the edge in most of the rounds, but nevertheless Arcelli was the favored one on a split duke. Arcelli did considerable work on the inside that possibly took the eye of the judges, but Phil was his master at long range. It was a good hard fight the entire distance, and both boys were banged up plenty from their efforts.

Baby Miller took his first licking in Richmond, when he stacked up against Tommy Speigal of Miami over the twelve-round route. Speigal gave the Cuban boy quite a lacing and is in line for a shot at either Norment Quarles or Cowboy Scott in the Virginia capital.

Bob Tow flattened Eddie Mader after five sluggish rounds at Washington. Tow, making his first start in many months owing to a back injury, was on the receiving end up until the timely punch that put Mader to sleep. Tow was entirely too big for Mader, who gamely spotted the Alexandria heavyweight some thirty-odd pounds and was doing a good job of outpointing the rusty Tow up until that one hard blow hit its mark. As the bout progressed, Bob did improve somewhat but he needs plenty of boxing to get by the more sturdy boys.

Louis Kid Cocoa bested Johnny Lucas in a twelve-rounder at Baltimore. It was Cocoa's fourth consecutive win in the Monumental City, but the margin in this one was very slight, the award being a split one. Lucas came fast in the latter rounds and took the final two heats with plenty to spare. Al Lowman of Baltimore and Red Busch of Cumberland fought the eight-round semi-final with Busch a winner. Calvin Calp beat Frankie McKenna and Charley Gilley knocked out Mickey Benson in the prelims.

Joey Straiges of Camden won over Frankie Terranova of New York in a sluggish ten-round bout at Washington. The boys, although of the same weight, were opposites in build. Straiges was a head taller and used his superior reach to good advantage. In the final heat, Frankie did finally land a wild swing on Straiges that set the New Jersey boy on the floor for a short count but up to that point, Straiges had hit Frankie with a million lefts and only a knockout could have won for him.

PICK-UPS—After six weeks of intensive work by a paid investigator, the boxing commission in Washington has exonerated Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn of charges presented by disgruntled parties that he was taking cut backs in violation of the commission rules . . . . The commission also agreed to adhere to some of its existing rules with regard to forfeits being posted . . . . It was also decided that boxers make their appearance twenty-four hours in advance of their scheduled bouts . . . . The entire affair is an aftermath of two successive runouts by Danny London and Teddy Loder, both of New York . . . . The commission also passed an additional rule that in order to be eligible to be a matchmaker in Washington, one must have been a resident of the capital for at least one year.

Ken Overlin got an awful break when he was confined to a hospital at Seattle, Washington, with a case of yellow jaundice after landing a shot at Freddie Steele's middleweight title . . . . Overlin intends to stay West, as he has been promised a shot at the title out there when he recuperates from his illness . . . . In the meantime, Frankie Battaglia has been substituted for Ken in the title shot . . . . The Scott brothers, together with their manager, Gabe Menendez, are sojourning in Florida, where both Howard and Buddy are scheduled for several bouts . . . . With Chris Dundee on the Pacific Coast with Ken Overlin and Phil Furr, Eddie Ross is looking after the rest of the Dundee stable, including Bob Turner, Nick Camaratta, Norment Quarles, Buddy Grimes, Stumpy Jacobs, Frank Tymosko and Freddie Wallmeyer, and is making his headquarters at the Annapolis Hotel in Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE new Olympic Club of Cincinnati will open its boxing activities early in June, according to reports received by the writer. The Olympic will split the weekly season with high class fighting programs at the spacious Parkway Arena with Herman and Maxwell Katz of the Parkway Club. With the Parkway and Olympic Clubs in the field, Greater Cincinnati boxing fans will be in line for some high class boxing during the summer season.

Herman Katz's Parkway Club has Jack Dempsey working on his early May program at the Music Hall, which will probably ring down the final curtain on the indoor season around here. Dempsey's appearance here, his first since last May, should draw another record breaking house. Katz has several former amateur stars fighting pro on his Dempsey program, including "Do Do" Woods, Negro feather, and Herschel Joiner, also a colored lightweight. Don Koon, the big heavyweight who kayoed Bob Hill in a couple of heats in his home town, Hamilton, Ohio, before a mobbed house, was also slated to appear on the Dempsey bill. This Koon is a mighty fine piece of scrapping engine and with the present management, should go far in the game.

Johnny Gump, popular Cheviot sportsman, was named as matchmaker of the Cheviot Veterans of Foreign Wars Club and staged two good fighting programs at the new Cheviot Auditorium. Frankie Gilmore, Fred Batsche's ace lightweight, took Georgie Eshman into camp in ten rounds and then repeated with a trouncing over the same route to the veteran but still cagy Joe Lynn of Evansville, Ind. Herb Gilmore, brother of Frankie, also won a lot of new admirers on these programs, scoring a decision over Nelson Franks and coming back with a technical knockout over Charlie Lightfoot.

A likely looking bantamweight again fast coming to the fore after a short layoff is Georgie Scheyer, West End 122-pounder. Scheyer's manager, Joe Altman, is claiming the bantamweight championship of Ohio. Georgie fits in the photo well, with decisions at the expense of Joey Palmo, former state king, Georgie Hahn and Sonny Brentz. Altman's bantamweight is shooting at the top and is ready for the leaders in his division.

Wendall Bubp, Indiana's welterweight champion, will probably show in Cincinnati soon. Both the Olympic and the Parkway Clubs are after the Hoosier's services and it is probable Bubp will show on one of the early outdoor bills.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack Moran, former manager of Tiger West, is back in harness with Ray Costello, reported to be a clever welterweight . . . . Moran is after a shot at Wendall Bubp on one of Archie Hindman's Centerville, Ind., shows . . . . This would be a corking good scrap, as both are colorful battlers and experienced . . . . Wendall Bubp took the sign over Wild Bill McDowell on a recent Centerville, Ind., fight crowd . . . . Newspaper clippings showed that 1,500 fans attended the program to see the Indiana champion safely defend his Hoosier title . . . . Warren Magee, St. Augustine, Fla., fight manager, sends along the information that his battlers are going great guns in the Southern state . . . . Magee numbers among his scrappers Joey Estrada, 138-pounder, and Texas Joe Dundee, middleweight challenger . . . . Jack Moran is looking for good fighters without strings . . . . Address him at 817 Locust St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . Lloyd Pine, the Akron featherweight, is fast gaining weight and will soon invade the lightweight ranks, according to information received from Detroit, Mich.

Jackie Wilson, out of Jack Laken's Pittsburgh stable, took a decision over ten rounds from Freddie Miller before a fair gathering on Jimmy Shevlin's program at Music Hall. The Negro outpunched and outsmarted the former featherweight champ and won a split decision. This is the second verdict the colored boy has copped over Miller. Shevlin is now after a Wilson-Norment Quarles scrap. The latter is the boy who beat Miller for number two time here and then followed up with an easy win over Johnny Stevens. This fight, Quarles-Wilson, lacking local color, should still draw a pretty good gate.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

BOB CROWLEY will promote professional boxing cards at Dubuque, Ia., this summer and fall. Crowley, who has been connected with the boxing game around Iowa for several years, will stage his cards in one of Iowa's finest ballrooms. Boxers and managers would do well to get in touch with him.

Boxing is again on the boom out in this section of the country. Towns that have not promoted a card in months are now drawing old-time gates. The reports that have hit this department during the past month are very promising, and it appears that a banner season is in store for the leather pushers.

We regret that, owing to lack of space, it has been impossible to carry all the news mailed to us during the past month. So if the result of your pro or amateur card is not listed, please forgive us. Correspondents having news for this column are asked to send in only news of interest, and mail same to either the Sioux City *Tribune*, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Dubuque, Ia.—Champions in the Dubuque C. Y. O. tournament staged here were as follows: Jimmy Rang, 90-pound class; Franke Stieber, 100-pound class; Carl Ruff, 112-pound class; Kid Emerson, 118-pound class; Tuffy Beschen, 126-pound class; LeRoy Stierman, 135-pound class; Hank Henkel, 147-pound class; Hooky Hipschen, 160-pound class; Mel Linden, 175-pound class, and Jerry Roth, heavyweight.

Omaha, Nebr.—John Henry Lewis, 184, light-heavyweight champion, scored a T.K.O. over Harold Murphy of Springfield, Mo., in the fourth round of a billed ten-rounder. In the semi-windup, William L. (Gorilla) Jones, 156, Milwaukee, Wis., knocked out Battling Nelson, 158, Norfolk, Neb., in the fourth round.

Red Bruce, 180, Pittsburgh, Penn., technically knocked out Frankie Lee, 179, Kansas City, Mo., in the third. Jimmy LeGrone, 140, Des Moines, Ia., defeated Pete Alcante, 143, Kansas City, Mo., in six rounds. In another preliminary match, Les McDonald, Grand Island, Neb., former University of Nebraska footballer, lost a decision to Quinten Hill, Des Moines. McDonald's weight was 195, Hills 175. Joe Mathieson, 149, Herman, Neb., defeated Floyd Barker, 150, Marshalltown, Ia., in six rounds.

Washington, Ia.—Bus Hacker, 155-pound Lone Tree, Ia., comer, scored a six-round win over Oscar Willard of Moline, Ill., before a good crowd. Jimmy Wyjack, Iowa City featherweight, won a four-round T.K.O. over Johnny Nelson of Moline, Ia. Carl Brade shaded Billy Higgins.

Bismarck, N. D.—Dick Demaray, Bismarck welter, won from Louis Rikes of Kansas City in the second round of a billed ten-rounder. Rikes went down from a hard left midway in the second and refused to fight after that. Bat McDaniel, Bismarck welter, scored a T.K.O. over Don Chadburn of Casper, Wyo., in four rounds; Johnny Netterman, Louisville welter, won over Eddie Munger of Rugby, N. D., in four rounds.

Newton, Ia.—Floyd Barker of Marshalltown, Ia., won a six-round bout over Jimmie McDermott of Newton. Slick Jesnick of Newton won over Bud Mangus of Muscatine.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Fred Lenhart, Tacoma, Wash., light-heavyweight, won a decision over Bert Paxton of Detroit in ten rounds. Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welter, won over Billy Gladstone of Chicago in six. Al Bache, Superior, Wis., lightweight, knocked out Frank Kouba of Winona, Minn., in five rounds. Tony Ciancola, Milwaukee welter, knocked out Mel Sullivan of Winnipeg in four. Billy Miske, Jr., St. Paul heavy, stopped Roy Jeffries of Foley, Minn., in two rounds.

Winona, Minn.—Al Bache, Superior, Wis., lightweight, won an eight-round decision over Tiger Marcos of La Crosse, Wis., before a good crowd.

Des Moines, Ia.—Results of Pinkie George's new talent card, which was well attended, were as follows: Ralph O'Dell (193), Ottumwa, Ia., won from Ed Smith (187), Winnipeg, Can., on a technical knockout in sixth round; Quentin Hill (172), Des Moines, Ia., and Earl Peterson (175), Cedar Falls, Ia., drew in six rounds; George Eckstein (185), Minneapolis, Minn., knocked out Chief Lehigh Duncan (180), Tama, Ia., first round; Mel Sullivan (144), Winnipeg, Can., shaded Wild Bill Hendricks (145), Perry, Ia., six rounds; Chester Jones (134), Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Gene Waller (135), Des Moines, Ia., four rounds; Kenneth Cockayne (132), Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Don Milligan (132), Des Moines, Ia., four rounds.

Sioux City, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, making his first start in months, scored a six-round decision over Harold Murphy of Springfield, Mo.

Des Moines, Ia.—John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, scored a six-round kayo over Pret Ferrar of Des Moines. In the other bouts on the card: Ralph O'Dell (196), Ottumwa, Ia., knocked out Bruce Jaffey (205), Gary, Ind., in fourth round; Tony Cianciola (149), Milwaukee, Wis., won on technical knockout from Wild Bill Hendricks (144), Perry, Ia., in third round; Wyman Sweezy (124), Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Morton Graves (126), Des Moines, Ia., three rounds; Chet Jones (145), Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Bill Hayes (144), Des Moines, Ia., three rounds; Kenneth Cockayne (135), Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Don Milligan (133), Des Moines, Ia., three rounds.

Mason City, Ia.—Dick Daniels, St. Paul, Minn., light-heavyweight, scored a six-round decision over Vern Trickle of Graettinger, Ia. George Eckstein, Minnesota light-heavy, scored a decision over Mike Klomp in six. Other results were: Lyle Thiederman, 145, Mason City, Ia., shaded George Katz, 145, Mason City, four rounds; Jimmy Salvatore, 123, Fort Dodge, decisioned Killer Kilcorn, 122, Albert Lea, Minn., six rounds, and Carl Meyer, 162, Osage, shaded Buck Jackson.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Ralph O'Dell, the Ottumwa, Ia., heavyweight, knocked out Roy Jefferies at Ottumwa in two rounds . . . . and halted Ed Smith of Winnipeg, Can., at Des Moines . . . . But had his winning streak halted when he dropped a decision to Mike Klomp, a rugged southpaw from Lime Springs, Ia. . . . . O'Dell was unable to do a thing with Klomp . . . . Sioux City will have two outdoor arenas in operation this summer, the Riverview Park and the Uptown . . . . Both are making plans for a busy season . . . . Cecil Apple of Dallas, Tex., has a number of boys he would like to show around Iowa . . . . Apple always has a stable of good club fighters on the cuff . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin has taken over the management of Benny O'Dell, a good heavyweight prospect from Miami, Fla. . . . . Correspondents sending in notes are requested to mail clippings of the results of the bouts . . . . Bob Crowley can be reached at 491 Burch Street, Dubuque, Ia. . . . . Alan Morin of Missoula, Mont., is seeking talent for his cards there . . . . Mail will reach him at 420 West Pine Street, Missoula, Mont. . . . . Homer Sheridan, former Sioux City middleweight boxer, is a manager on the Coast . . . . Ross Abramo has a number of Sioux City boxers under his wing . . . . Working in a warehouse in Sioux City is the brother-in-law of Joe Bowker, former bantamweight champion of the world.

Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, outpointed Eddie Schneider of Marshfield, Wis., in ten rounds at Eau Claire, Wis. . . . . Pete De Grasse, New York featherweight, scored over Everette Rightmire in seven at Hollywood, Cal. . . . . Rightmire was forced out with a cut eye . . . . ahead on points . . . . Carl Vinciquerra, the Omaha heavyweight, is coming along fast . . . . Des Moines, Ia., with Pinkie George at the helm, is doing fine . . . . Other towns around Iowa that are holding shows are: Waukon, Armstrong, Washington, Spencer and a number of other small ports . . . . Johnny Miler of Albia, Ia., was knocked out by Jimmy Adamick at Detroit, Mich. . . . . Sioux City was represented in the A. A. U. bouts at Boston by Bob Morley and Walter Brey . . . . Both lost . . . . Jack Peppin, Winnipeg boxing manager, was in Des Moines and thinks very highly of Ralph O'Dell . . . . O'Dell is trained by Mike Cantwell, and backed with plenty of dough . . . . Eddie Hart is another co-manager . . . . Babe Barnes has started to train for a comeback . . . . Barnes at one time ranked with the toughest around Iowa . . . . Dan Desmond, sports editor of the Sioux City *Journal*, says: "To make boxing successful again in Sioux City, it is necessary that new talent be developed" . . . . On January 13, 1887, John L. Sullivan and his party stopped off in Sioux City on their way to LeMars, Ia., for a boxing card . . . . King Tut, former lightweight contender, was third man for a boxing card at Des Moines . . . . Jim Braddock, heavyweight champion, paid Minneapolis a visit from his training camp at Stone Lake, Wis.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By WILLIAM PIKER

OUTSTANDING fighters in this section are Teddy Yarosz, Billy Conn, John Henry Lewis, Fritzie Zivic and Jackie Wilson. Of this group Billy Conn is the newcomer. Conn made his presence known by soundly thrashing Babe Risko, former middleweight champion, after piling up twenty-six consecutive victories. A ten-round win over Fritzie Zivic earned Conn the crack at Risko.

Teddy Yarosz won the world middleweight crown from Vince Dundee in a fifteen-round contest at Forbes Field in 1934. Yarosz lost the championship in fifteen rounds the following year to Babe Risko.

John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavyweight champion, makes Pittsburgh his headquarters. The champion's manager—Gus Greenlee—is a resident of the Smoky City.

Jackie Wilson, a clever Negro featherweight of the East End, every now and then manages to pop into the first ten by outpointing one or two of the highly-rated boys in his division. Wilson's latest feat was whipping ex-champion Freddie Miller and the New York featherweight king, Mike Belloise, within the period of two weeks.

Fritzie Zivic is Pittsburgh's best welterweight since the days of brother Jack Zivic and Cuddy De Marco. Fritzie is hot on the trail of welterweight champion Barney Ross.

From the financial point of view, the biggest attraction in the Smoketown was, and still is, Teddy Yarosz, who is a credit to the game.

SPARRING AROUND—Tiger Joe Randall came back to the ring after a layoff . . . . Randall scored at McKeesport over Harold Dettman of Cleveland and then easily beat Sammy Grippe of Ashtabula, O. . . . . Anson Green was beaten in ten rounds by George Baratko, budding middleweight star from Cleveland . . . . The managing advisers of Billy Conn, sensational middleweight youngster, are Johnny Ray, ex-lightweight fighter, and Johnny McGarvey, former Pittsburgh boxing promoter . . . . John Henry Lewis kept plugging away at the heavies . . . . John Henry put the skids under Don (Red) Barry in the fifth at St. Louis, then stowed away Millionaire Murphy at Omaha . . . . Red Bruce, the Smoky City's hard-hitting Negro light-heavy and stablemate of Champion Lewis, came through with a kayo victory at Omaha on the Lewis-Murphy bill, the victim being Frankie Lee . . . . After scoring eight straight knockouts on the Coast, Sunny Jim McVey, Pittsburgh Negro heavyweight, was stopped in the first session by Hank Hankinson . . . . Fritzie Zivic wowed Detroit fans by staging a sensational fight against Chuck Woods, winning handily . . . . Jack Kearns, promoter of the bout, has been making overtures to Luke Carney, Zivic's mentor for a contest between Zivic and Barney Ross, the match to be held in Pittsburgh or Detroit, preferably for the title.

MISSOURI NOTES

By ROBERT D. DANA

JOHN HENRY LEWIS got the new promotional combine of Larry Adkins and Tom Packs off to a flying start when he lured nine thousand patrons into the Auditorium. He stopped Red Barry in five rounds. Barry took the place of Fred Lenhart, who was originally signed to the ordeal. Such was Lewis' turnstile magnetism that, despite this eleventh hour substitution, the pew-holders all but packed the place to watch him dent the dial of Mr. Barry. Donald the Red brought little fighting equipment with him other than a stout heart and a stubborn chin. Such was the nature of his Horatian bridgework that Referee Tommy Sullivan decided to do the humane thing and call it an evening.

The fight that stole the show brought together Joey Parks, local favorite, and Honeyboy Jones, Negro speedster from Pittsburgh. Both boys major in the uses of the left hand and the battle was waged along those lines. Parks seemed to carry more authority in his mauly, while Honeyboy was a mite quicker on the draw. In the second session Joey caught Jones smack on the chop with a looping southpaw slant. The colored battler was obviously out on his feet. Gradually Honeyboy began to take command of the situation and when Parks hit the deck, every mouth in the house was ajar. All in all, it was a whale of a fight.

Billy Beauhold returned home after a triumphal tour of the East and headlined Jack Callahan's card versus Joe Alcanter. Billy was awarded a belt, emblematic of the state lightweight championship, after his hand had been raised. Bill the Beaut won all but two of the torrid ten and had the Kansas City Mexican in a bad way at the finish. It was a good scrap and Alcanter held up his end by a very courageous performance.

Jackie Wilson, THE RING'S No. 2 featherweight, has been showing his wares in one of our local gymnasia the past two weeks. This little chocolateer is a finished performer. His manager, Jack Laken, seems engrossed with the idea of jousting our Mr. Henry Armstrong, at best a very hazardous undertaking.

POINT AND COUNTERPOINT — Allen Mathews beat Joe Smallwood in Indianapolis. Al was down twice, Joe thrice. Mathews won. They did it all over again two weeks later and again Allen came home first . . . . Archie Moore scored a one-round kayo on the latter card . . . . John Connell, Beauhold's manager, thinks Bill can take Armstrong . . . . Joe Alcanter thinks otherwise . . . . Joey Parks took his defeat by Honeyboy Jones like a true sportsman. He had no alibi when he could have mentioned that he hadn't boxed a lick in preparation for the match. Joe held his man too cheaply . . . . It was a good lesson to learn early in life and Joe's too bright a boy to make the same mistake twice . . . . Our wrestling fans are long suffering. Almost thirteen thousand fans took up space at the Arena to see Marshall flip Ali Baba for the twelfth time in ten months . . . . An unlucky number, but not when it is in thousands.

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IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

CHUCK NICKASON, reigning light-heavyweight sensation, scored two very impressive wins via the kayo route this month. Nickason stopped Bob Frazier in the third round and K. O. Swanson in the same canto. Frazier, who went ten rounds with Sonny Buxton, had no chance whatsoever with the Vancouver boy. As for Swanson, who was more experienced and had NEVER been stopped, it was an easier fight for Nickason.

Al Hostack, young Seattle middleweight, is also carving a name for himself in Fistiana's hall of fame. This time, Hostack stopped Young Terry of Trenton, N. J., in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Al closed Terry's eye in the first round and the referee saved the Trenton boy from further punishment by awarding the fight to the Seattle youngster on a technical kayo.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Johnny Kilbane fought a six-round draw with Jock MacComber . . . . Ray Price drew with Frankie Villa . . . . Young Corpuz kayoed Bob Kayser . . . . Morris Schonlik stopped Al Thornley . . . . Eddie Hossack beat Young Hogan . . . . Willie Jones drew with George Haslam and stopped Tommy Ryan . . . . Danny Murray kayoed Young MacKay and decisioned Ed Jones . . . . Eddie Wise was beaten by Eddie Hossack, but Wise decisioned from Bob Keist.

Another promising young fighter in these parts is dynamic little Eddie Ryan, hard punching featherweight. This blond battler won a well earned call over Joe Calder, veteran Filipino. It was a bitter battle all the way, but Ryan proved he can hold his own in good company.

Bobbie Carrington, young Calgary welterweight, who is growing into a middleweight, caused his rating to rise when he scored two deserving decisions over good battlers. Carrington beat Jimmie Best and scored over Wild Bill Harrington.

Al Ford and "Winnie" Mails practically stole the show twice on Ted Moore's fight cards. In their first meeting, the two boys stood toe to toe and slugged it out from bell to bell. The result was a win for Mails by a slight margin. Their second engagement was equally as thrilling from a spectator's viewpoint, with the result being a draw.

Phil Furr, Washington, D. C., welterweight, who accompanied Ken Overlin and Chris Dundee to Seattle, won an easy ten-round decision from Jimmy Best. Furr had no trouble winning the bout and won every round except the first, which was even.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Eddie Brady, Diamond Belt light-heavyweight king, has left for a trip to England to view the Coronation . . . . Joe Gollob, flashy Montreal lightweight, will soon be seen in Pacific Coast rings . . . . Al Hughes, former Northwest bantam fighter, is conducting a school of boxing in Calais, Me. . . . . One of his stars is young Tony Tamaro, clever two-fisted lad with a dynamic wallop . . . . Johnny Nemis, who kayoed Bobby Orr recently, is after Gordon Wallace . . . . This writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

NEW WATERFORD, N. S.—Allie McSween, Dalhousie law student, announced he would accept the appointment of Cape Breton member of the M.P.B,A,A, U. of C.'s Boxing Commission.

The Reserve A. A. Club has made application for the Cape Breton amateur boxing championships. Since their application will very likely be the only one from the Island, and they are affiliated, they probably will get the choice.

Don Carmichael lays claim to the welterweight title for the Province of Alberta. Carmichael appeared on a boxing card in Halifax, New Year's Day, and made a favorable impression. He is trying to earn his way to England.

CORRECTION—"Kid" Dalke of Saskatoon, Sask., did not fight Law Ferguson in Edmonton, Alta. Someone used his name there, and same was recorded by the press. This practice should cease, pronto!

New Waterford, Nova Scotia—Angelo Diamond, husky Italian ring warrior, is out with a challenge to Pordena Smith of Sydney. The youthful husky has had experience in several previous performances against Jess MacDonald and other local welterweights.

Springhill, Nova Scotia—Billy Holm, well-known Cape Breton boxer, who has been training here for the past three weeks, is anxious to meet Johnny Nemis. Holm stated that he will meet Nemis anywhere in the province of New Brunswick in a ten-round bout, winner take all, or any other terms satisfactory to Nemis.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

FRANKIE MARTIN suffered one of his few reverses when Kayo Morgan of Detroit stopped him in eight rounds at the Motor City after holding the upper hand most of the way, but the decisive defeat may do the Canadian bantam champ a lot of good. Not that Martin is inclined to swell-headedness, far from it, but now that his consistent march of victories has been rudely halted, he may find himself more acceptable as an opponent by the other bantam leaders. Martin is the type who needs lots of work to be in peak form, and the fact that he hasn't been getting enough bouts does not reflect on his hustling mentor, Sammy Gibbs, as the cause lies in the steadfast refusals of rival bantams to crawl through the ropes with him.

The Montreal commission had a busy session the day before we went to press, which probably indicates an opening of a busy season here shortly. The tangled managerial troubles of Joe Marsh, leading local welter, were settled when the commission accepted and filed a contract between Marsh and Lou Wyman, which means Marsh now wears the silks of the Slitkin-Slotkin Enterprises, who also share, along with Jimmy Doyle of New York, managerial responsibilities of Maxie Berger, local lightweight, who was a winter sensation at the Bronx Coliseum.

Dave Castilloux is now officially a challenger for the Canadian lightweight title as a result of his manager, Raoul Godbout, filing the challenge, along with a birth certificate proving Castilloux's Canadian birth, with the commission. It would be no surprise to see Maxie Berger and Castilloux battling it out for the vacant title and such a match would be a "natural" here.

Billy Marquart, Winnipeg's walloping featherweight, has been making rapid progress in and around Chicago. His lengthy chain of victories in pro ranks was broken when he dropped a ten-round decision to the rugged Varias Milling, who has battled the best of them. Marquart, who represented Canada at the Olympics last summer, found Milling too experienced a campaigner and lost by a decisive margin, though suffering no damage.

Toronto and Edmonton have been doing well. Toronto is "hot" on welters while Edmonton is "middleweight minded." Sammy Luftspring and Frankie Genovese, rival Torontonians, headlined the last card in the Queen City and their stirring battle ended up in a general controversy over the hair-line decision to Luftspring so a return battle appears to be logical. The boys went at it hammer and tongs, Luftspring the faster and Genovese the harder hitter. Genovese, who is handled by Julius Goldberg, scored the best blows and did the most damage, but Luftspring used more generalship, particularly in the last round, to catch the eye of the judges.

The Marsh brothers, Joe and Doug, were on the same card and came through with wins. Joe decisioned Billy Lee, Vancouver Indian, in the eight-round semi-final, while Doug stopped Billy Evans, Reginal welter, in the fifth of a scheduled six-rounder. Toronto writers did not give the Marsh boys much of a play, but they must have done well enough as the brother act goes on there again. Doug quit his job as copy boy at the Montreal *Star* to make the ring his full time vocation.

STRAY SHOTS—Eddie MacSporran won the middleweight tourney staged by Fred Osborne in Edmonton and is likely to obtain official recognition as the western Canada title-holder . . . . He will then likely be brought East by Osborne in a campaign for the Canadian crown . . . . Mickey McGuire appeared on two of Osborne's shows and scored impressive knockouts in short order, but suffered a broken thumb that may keep him on the sidelines for a while . . . . George Shank, promising young heavyweight, keeps on scoring knockouts and looks to be a good prospect . . . . Jack Corcoran and Playfair Brown are Toronto's rival matchmakers . . . . Speculation is rife concerning who will be staging matches in Montreal this season . . . . Gene Brosseau filed a challenge with the commission for the Canadian flyweight title on behalf of his Desse Greene . . . . The title is vacant with the retired champ, Greggie Gregersen, operating a small restaurant in Verdun . . . . Greggie apparently figures that as such retired stars like Dempsey, Walker, Loughran, and etcetera, are now in that line he must do likewise in his role as retired undefeated champ . . . . A copy to hand of the *Topical Times,* leading British sports weekly, has a listing of British boxers . . . . Sonny Jones tops the welters, which is no surprise in view of his consistent successes over there . . . . Jones and his uncle-manager, genial Jimmy Jones, are probably coming back to Canada in the near future.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

VINCE DUNDEE, former middleweight champion of the world, is well on his way to a successful comeback. He outpointed Joe Duca, flattened Willie Murphy in the third round at Plainfield, and next he scored a three-round technical knockout over Leo (Red) Finnegan. His first real test came when he fought the promising Billy Conn in Pittsburgh. Dundee lost a close decision to a boxer who recently defeated Babe Risko and Fritzie Zivic. Pittsburgh papers said Dundee was impressive against Conn and had Billy on the verge of a knockout in the last round.

Tony Galento, New Jersey's ranking heavyweight, missed a grand opportunity when he lost the decision to Arturo Godoy at the New York Hippodrome. If the Orange "Night Stick" had come through a winner, he would have been good for several major bouts this summer.

The writer has taken an interest in Danny McNichol, Merchantville featherweight. Danny was recently called one of the best prospects in the country by Eddie Borden in his RING column. McNichol has been boxing with much success around Philadelphia, Camden and Atlantic City. He is taken care of by his dad, Frank (Pop) McNichol, a true sportsman. Danny learned the rudiments of the game from Nat Fleischer's boxing course.

Bobby Pacho knocked out Dewey Anderson at Jersey City in the second round . . . . Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion of the world, was scheduled to take part in a unique fight angle at Paterson . . . . Frankie was going to promote a boxing card headed by Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight, and Ralph Barbera of New York . . . . Genaro was supposed to fight on the same card against Tony Aboyoun of Garfield in the semi-final. The boxers, managers and officials were there but the crowd wasn't—so the whole show was called off.

Abe J. Greene, city editor of the Paterson *News*, has been appointed by the governor to succeed George E. Keenan as state athletic commissioner . . . . Willie Ratner, highly respected boxing writer of the Newark *News*, says Greene "is the first man named to control boxing in this state who really knows the ins and outs of the game." Greene was secretary when John McCutcheon had control of the sport and the Patersonite did much good for boxing. He has been interested in the development of boxing ever since the Hurley law was passed in 1918, legalizing the sport in this state. He started as an inspector appointed by Newton Bugbee and has risen in prestige ever since.

Paul Cortlyn of Newark traveled to Scranton, where he defeated Tom McDermott at Town Hall . . . . Cortlyn originally came from one of Scranton's suburbs. He may box Tony Rock there this month . . . . Cortlyn is managed by Jimmy Marsillo, who also handles Freddy Fiducia, Jimmy Cogman, Buster Hardy and Jay Macedon . . . . Joey Woods of Newark was stopped by Pete Lello of Gary, Ind., in the third round at Chicago . . . . We have never heard of a boxer going under the name of "Freddy Cincinnati," advertised from Newark, who was knocked out in Philadelphia by Jack Carter.

Sammy Perro, who once managed Young Terry, now has several promising amateur boys, including Dulford Reed, state 160-pound champion . . . . Reed, hailing from Trenton, was adjudged the best fighter on the benefit card for the Melvin Hollander Milk Fund, arranged by Andy Watts at the Mosque Theatre in Newark . . . . Jack Dempsey, with his beautiful wife, Hannah Williams, visited Newark to take part in the Hebrew orphans' benefit show . . . . Local boxing experts call Tom Ross of Kelly's Gym in Newark the best trainer of fighters in the game . . . . Tom is a credit to boxing!

There is room in New Jersey for many good fighters from other states . . . . If you are willing and possess ability, you can make good here . . . . There's a battler with the euphonious name of Roosevelt Rowe boxing out of Atlantic City . . . . In a recent bout, he stopped Jimmy Belmont of Pittsburgh in the fourth round . . . . They are middleweights.

New Jersey boxers took a "fall" in out-of-state rings when Young Terry of Trenton was stopped by Al Hostak at Seattle, Washington; Frank Zamaris was technically knocked out by Stanley Hasrato of Yonkers at St. Nicholas Palace in New York and in the same arena Joe Ryan of Roselle Park was the victim of a knockout at the hands of Walter (Popeye) Woods of New York . . . . It was "lights out" for Terry in the second, the fourth for Zamaris and the second for Ryan . . . . On the same New York card, Tony Greb of Hoboken lost a four-round decision to Larry Anzalone of New York . . . . What's the matter with our New Jersey boys? Oh, for the good old days when such state men as Charley Weinert, Mickey Walker and Jack Rapaport licked everyone in sight! Jimmy Braddock must uphold New Jersey's reputation when he fights for the title this summer!

Harry Rapaport, the popular fight manager and sportsman, is back in Newark again after his annual seven-month stay at Miami Beach. Harry has developed some of the best fighters in the state. He has always been on the level and we'd like to see him in the role of promoter or matchmaker again. . . . Angelo Pucci, the popular Nutleyite, manages Tippy Larkin, Garfield slugger . . . . Young Terry has received the appointment of boxing coach at Manhattan Beach for the summer season.

Johnny Rohrig, former state amateur champion from Clifton, is doing well in New York rings . . . . One of his recent victims was Johnny Bonito at the New York Coliseum in an eight-round bout . . . . Lou Lombardi scored again when he stopped Gino Salvatore of Tacoma in the fifth round at Braddock Bowl, Jersey City . . . . Tiger Jack Fox of Spokane, Washington, flattened Phil Johnson of Bayonne in the third round at New York . . . . Johnson is a protege of Joe Jeanette, another great fighter of other days.

Joe Wagner, former Clevelander now living in Newark, continues his winning ways. He stopped Jerry Hall of New York in the first round in Newark and then decisioned Bearcat Jones of Pittsburgh in six rounds on the Dundee-Conn card . . . . Allie Tedesco of Jersey City defeated Harry Gentile of Hartford in two bouts at Allentown, Pa. . . . . The Ryan brothers of Roselle Park were featured on a card in Philadelphia. Buddy Ryan drew with Billy Ketchell and brother Joe lost to Jack Munley of Scranton in the semi . . . . Bobby Green of Philadelphia outpointed the Puerto Rican, Cristobal Jaramillo, in a ten-rounder at Atlantic City . . . . Seaborn Ashley, Bayonne middleweight, stopped Jetty Royal at Rockland Palace in New York in the first round.

Bucky Jones of Morristown writes a letter to this column:

"I was forced to retire due to serious injuries to my nose in my last fight (Bobby Pacho). I had ninety fights, won thirty by knockouts, forty-eight by decisions, had six draws, lost three by technical knockouts due to injuries.

"I was never knocked out. My manager was Jimmy Reilly of Elizabeth, N. J. The reason I'm asking you to write a piece in your column is so all my friends will know about my retirement."

Enrico Venturi, European lightweight champion, outpointed Pete De Ruzzi of New York at Jersey City and six days later decisioned Mickey Duca of Paulsboro in Newark . . . . We saw the Venturi-Duca fight, and like the rest of the fans, disliked Venturi's foul tactics.

Paulie Walker, a worn-out fighter from Trenton two years ago, has become rejuvenated and is winning many bouts . . . . He outpointed Tony Ciaccio of Norristown, Pa., in Newark and stopped Werther Arcelli of Boston in the seventh round at New York . . . . Buster Hardy lost a close fight to Tony Joe Flocco of Philadelphia . . . . Jackie Pannone of Bound Brook and Billy Hildebrandt of Morristown fought to a six-round draw at Plainfield . . . . Lou Lombardi stopped Pete Mascia of New Haven at Jersey City . . . . James Cogman, popular Newark Negro lightweight, gained a decision over Johnny Cangiano of Bayonne in the six-round semi-final . . . . Six days later Cogman was rushed in as a last-minute substitute against the tough Frankie Retanto of New York, managed by Harry Lenny . . . . Cogman was stopped in the sixth round, another example of bad management in the case of the Newarker . . . . Willie Skidmore, former state amateur flyweight champion, now battling as a featherweight, was kayoed by George Holmes of New York in the fifth round at Jersey City . . . . Skidmore is a protege of Pete Van Oostendorp, popular manager on the Newark battlefront.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—George Gunther, one of the greatest heavyweights of all time, has been a masseur in Newark for ten years and lives at 19 Marshall Street in that city . . . . Gunther defeated such great fighters as Joe Walcott, Joe Grim, the Iron Man; Georges Carpentier, Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, and many, many others . . . . Johnny Dundee, former featherweight champion of the world, lives in West Orange . . . . Bud Gorman is coach of the Rutgers University boxing team . . . . Harold Mays has become a New Jersey fight referee.

Maxie Fisher, Newark lightweight, who has been doing well in New York, lost a hard-fought bout to Mike Belloise, rated the featherweight title-holder by the New York State Athletic Commission . . . . Fisher then outpointed Phil Siriani at Madison Square Garden . . . . Belloise came over to Jersey City to decision Freddy Foran of Hartford . . . . The three Duca brothers from Paulsboro fought on the same card in Plainfield.

At this writing it appears that the operators of the Laurel Garden Club in Newark will team with Harry Mendel, bike race promoter, in holding bouts this summer at Nutley Velodrome, and Ollemar Stadium in Irvington. Babe Culnan will be matchmaker and Jack Friedlander will be in on the promotion . . . . The talkative George Kobb will run bouts in Elizabeth and his club will also house the Rudy Dusek clan of wrestlers who have been appearing in Newark .

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JIMMY CLARK, hard socking Negro middleweight from Jamestown, evened things up with Ralph De John of Syracuse by whipping the down-stater in a furious eight-round bout. Although De John was the better boxer, it was Clark who made the fight, always walking in and trying. De John was down for a long count, almost out, in one round, but the bell came in time and Ralph rallied in the remainder of the rounds, only to be eased out of a close decision. The match took place April 19.

Many ringsiders thought De John won, but your correspondent was not one of these. Clark carried dynamite in his fists and was always the aggressor. It was a narrow margin that went to Clark, but he won.

Paulie Mahoney just isn't in Jimmy Clark's class, as was evidenced in the Jamestown colored boy's victory over Paulie in their six-rounder at the Queensberry Club's show. Clark weighed 154 to Mahoney's 163, but in this case weight didn't mean a thing. This victory is the third Clark won over Mahoney so far this season.

Other matches on the Clark-Mahoney card resulted as follows: Jimmy Adamick knocked out Sergt. Johnny Snyder (whoever he is) in two rounds; Tony Paul defeated Lee Bacca, six rounds; Charlie Douglas knocked out Lou Presto, one round; Jeff Furrone stopped Tommy Tedesco, second round; Milton Shivers won from Red Finnegan, six rounds; Carl Menza beat Napoleon Isaac, four rounds.

Art Johnson's Chicago-Buffalo inter-city amateur show was replete with action. Over six thousand fans jammed the Broadway Auditorium for the best Simon-pure fight card presented here in years. Clever matchmaking on Johnson's part gave fistic devotees more real action than has been dished up here in some time.

Jackie Donovan, clever little Buffalo featherweight, won from the Golden Gloves Chicago champion, Billy Joyce, in a rip-snorting battle of five rounds. Four of the rounds were captured by Donovan, who showed splendid boxing ability and was master of the situation at all times.

In other good matches, Harry Smith, Indian, knocked out Nunzio Raimondi, Chicago, third round; Verne Patterson, Chicago, defeated Lou Lodestro, Buffalo, five rounds, decision.

Hiram Jackson, Lackawanna Negro featherweight, showed exceptional form in winning from Dave Schimel, Chicago, five rounds, decision.

Ray Fahey, former South Side lightweight, now quite a heavyweight in local politics, is a candidate for a referee's license. Ray knows the boxing game, is reliable and honest and would make a dandy referee.

Boxing is booming in Buffalo. A great opportunity awaits good fighters here. Experienced boxers who are free from managerial tie-ups will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Jimmy Brady has a real prospect in Jimmy Adamick. The Detroit light-heavy is knocking them out with regularity and should develop into a wonderful card by next fall. Brady deserves all this good luck.

Bobby Cortez, known as the mad Mexican, is making Buffalo his home for the present. The Mex gave Irish Eddie Dolan a mighty battle and lost by a narrow margin. Bobby's next bout will be in Toronto with Eddie Carroll of Ottawa.

SHORT STUFF—Red Murray and "Itchkie" Robbins of Syracuse had quite a fanning bee the other night . . . . Robbins was up with Bob Courage, the collegian heavyweight, who boxed at Art Johnson's Orioles' show . . . . Jackie Donovan, Irish kid, is making headway in the Simon-pure ranks . . . . Johnson plans a bigger amateur season next fall . . . . And he may take a crack at the open-air game with some real attractions.

Mimeo's Gym is getting a big play here. This nifty little training emporium at Jefferson and West Eagle Streets is conducted by the Mimeo brothers, Frank and Sam, who know the game and are real gentlemen.

FISTIC MISCELLANY — Playfair Brown, well-known Toronto promoter, was at the ringside for the Clark-De John match . . . . Brown has again secured the Arena Gardens for his Toronto shows . . . . This building can seat close to nine thousand and is ideally built for boxing . . . . Although it is reported that Knockout Brennan has been given a referee's license, Old Kayo hasn't had an assignment as yet . . . . Brennan should make a first-class ring arbiter . . . . Plenty of courage and knows boxing like a book . . . . The Roesch Memorial Stadium, with a seating capacity of thirty-five thousand for boxing, will be ready for occupancy late this summer . . . . It will take a great match to fill the new amphi-theater . . . . Pete Scott of Hamilton, once a good welter, is now selling flowers around the night clubs . . . . Jimmy Duffy of Lockport, the gentleman who really made Buffalo a big time fight center, is now working for the Harrison Radiator Corporation in Lockport . . . . Duffy had the best left hand your correspondent has yet observed, and Jack Britton, former world's welter champion and a red-hot rival of Duffy's years ago, agrees with me . . . . I had a long talk with cagy Jack when he was in town with his son, Bobby Britton.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

BARNEY KOFRON, Cleveland's physical culturist, who stepped into the picture as a boxing promoter, was very successful on his first venture.

One of the greatest fights in the history of the fight game here was the feature bout between Eric Seelig, middleweight champion of Germany, and Carmen Barth of Cleveland, who won the 1932 Olympic boxing championship. Both boys stood toe to toe for ten solid heats and slugged it out, using elbows, heads and fists. There was not a round that the paid customers did not stand up and cheer. Seelig won the verdict.

"Belting" Paul Pirrone, the clouting deputy sheriff, put the works on George Baratko. Paul crashed a left hook to the jaw in the first round, dropping George, but he gamely pulled himself up to go three more heats to get a smashing left hook to the pit of the breadbasket to drop for the count of nine. After getting up, Paul let go with his Sunday punch, a looping right hand to the chin, dropping Baratko helplessly to the canvas. It was evident he would not get up, so his handlers threw in the towel before the count of ten.

Lou Laurie, who was a member of the United States Olympic boxing team, and also picked as the most scientific boxer in the Olympic Games, lost his first pro fight to Joey Wells in a bang-up affair. But how they gave the bout to Wells is more than I can understand, along with the 4,500 cash customers. Laurie won the first, third and fourth rounds by a wide margin, losing the second round to Wells. Jackie Burke won from Eddie Morgan via the T.K.O. route, the referee stopping the bout in the fifth round when Morgan suffered from a deep cut. Jack Patton defeated Frankie Sims in six rounds.

Ross Widen, who has dealt in many phases of the boxing game, now presents himself in a new light, nothing less than a main-go fighter. His present feud with Young Oscar Gardner has jammed the halls wherever they appear and this fiery pair has brought boxing back with a boom in Cleveland.

Tris Speaker, one of the greatest baseball players that ever lived, who is now chairman of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, was seriously hurt when he fell from the second floor of his home. He is still in a critical condition at Lakeside Hospital.

Doctor George Greene, a fight fan of first class order, has varied interests to provide him with variety. He is very friendly with Fred Allen, the radio star, and is well acquainted with Eddie Borden of THE RING staff.

Walter Taylor, matchmaker for the Ohio Sports Club, is planning a weekly show at the Stadium this summer. He figures on bringing in well known fighters. His wrestling shows every week are a success.

At Lorain, Ohio, Joe Malinky stopped Billy Gardner in one heat. This Gardner has not had a glove on for two years and has no business boxing as a heavyweight. They drew a nice house with Mike Getz as the matchmaker. Gussie Smallwood defeated Jimmie Dot; Offut Huff defeated Eddie Moran; Billy Feightner kayoed Bill Bender; Steve Barcis kayoed Jerry Dostal.

Mike Carriere, manager of Mikey Gamiere, was elected vice-president of the Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association. Carriere also has Al Sivillo, Midge Mangine and Pat Scrano, all of whom are promising fighters.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Vaughn came back from the Coast long enough to get married . . . . Chuck McCarthy is doing all right in Chicago . . . . Billy Welch has the best stable of amateur boxers in Cleveland . . . . His boys are Tiger Brown, Joey Sper, Young Oscar Gardner and Paul Almy . . . . Johnny Downs goes to the wrestling matches to relax . . . . Matt Brock plays handball every other day with your writer, Lew Silverman. Billy Welch, Frankie Chatterton, Johnny Papke and Henry Feld . . . . Earl Williams is doing very well at the grill room business . . . . Henry Palmeri's winning streak was broken when he was the victim of a bad decision at Detroit . . . . Barney Kofron wants to bring Eddie Mead's fighter, Henry Armstrong, to Cleveland . . . . Taddy Kara is working out daily.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 3913 Denison Ave., Cleveland, O., before the first of the month.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Fort Sumner, N. M.—Jim Perry, New Mexico heavyweight champion, was awarded a ten-round decision over Eddie Cerda, rugged Brooklyn mauler. The fans thought Cerda was entitled to no worse than a draw.

In the semi-windup, Joe Perry, Fort Sumner lightweight, scored a five-round knockout over "Dynamite" Tito, Dawson, N. M., in a rip-rousing slugging bee.

Another member of the old brigade of western sportsmen passed to his last reward with the death of Frank Newhouse. Back in the days at the turn of the century, Newhouse was a cracker-jack lightweight boxer, counting among his souvenirs, a torrid twenty-five-round draw with Young Corbett in the then bustling old silver camp of Aspen. With the passing of his fistic endeavors, Newhouse turned to baseball. In this sport he became one of the most noted umpires in the Rocky Mountain region. He had been in poor health for the last couple of years. He was sixty-one years of age.

At Silver City, N. M.—Seems like Jim Perry and Eddie Cerda are off on some sort of marathon contest. Staging their third conflict in less than as many months, the pair slugged their way through ten torrid rounds to a draw.

Joe Perry made short work of Battling Duran, Albuquerque lightweight, by nailing him to the mast in twenty seconds of the second round.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Winners of the Colorado state amateur tourney were as follows: Flyweight, Ivan Porter, Florence; bantamweight, Eddie Gurule, Trinidad; featherweight, Phil Gallegos, San Luis; lightweight, Larry Cisneros, San Luis; welterweight, Ray Stewart, Pueblo; middleweight, Le Roy Shackelford, Pueblo; light-heavyweight, Vincent Smith, Salida; heavyweight, Frank Knaflec, Pueblo.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.—Some sort of a new "low" record was hung up when Ted Garcia of South Dakota won a ten-round decision over Al Reynolds, Denver Negro, in a featherweight battle. Promoter Abe Marylander raked in a bare two hundred dollars for the evening's entertainment. Evidently the Springs fans weren't overly excited about this one.

At Silver City, N. M.—Billy Firpo, up and coming New Mexico lightweight, received a rather raw deal in his ten-round go with Verlin Jenkins, local star, when he only got a draw for his feat of winning nine of the ten rounds. Jenkins was down five times in the course of the battle.

Dave Rivette, El Paso 175-pounder, won the nod over rough, tough Eddie Cerda, Porto Rico mauler, in a savage six-round semi-windup.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Ray "Showboat" McQuillan, veteran Denver middleweight, scored a surprising knockout victory over Eddie Cerda in the fifth round of their scheduled ten-round bout. McQuillan was far too experienced for the rugged Porto Rican.

Returning to the ring wars after a long layoff, Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas welterweight, won the nod over Santos Ramirez, Wyoming welter champion, in the semi-final.

At Hobbs, N. M.—Johnny Johnson scored another victory when he dropped Bill Parks of Fort Worth, Tex., for the full count in the opening round of their ten-round go. Parks was down for two nine-counts before Johnson shot over the finisher.

Mexican Pete Regal made short work of Woody Windham, Anson, Texas, blacksmith, scoring a knockout midway in the opening round. The latter pair are lightweights.

By the way, this state of New Mexico is a hotbed of fistic activity right now. Half a dozen cities are staging regular shows and drawing well. Clovis, Las Vegas, Hobbs, Silver City, Albuquerque and Santa Fe are all running on a full-time schedule.

Any boys wanting to show out here in the Southwest can no doubt be accommodated if they are willing to fight on a reasonable basis.

While New Mexico fight business is practically booming, Colorado and Wyoming are at a standstill. Most of the native fistic colony has moved en masse down into Billy the Kid's old stamping grounds.

Colorado Springs is tinkering with the idea of pulling a "big time" fistic attraction this summer. There's no doubt it can be put over if they get solidly behind the proposition.

A good many annums back, this city, nestling in the shadow of Pike's Peak, staged the Charley White-Freddy Welsh twenty-round go for the lightweight crown. To this day, the gate receipts of that attraction is "tops" for a Colorado fistic go. Something in excess of $16,000 was attracted through the turnstiles. Not many years later, Mike Gibbons and Battling Ortega did almost as well.

Now, after all these years, Colorado ought to be able to put over another world's championship affair.

At Hobbs, N. M.—Johnny Johnson stowed Joe Ritchie of Philadelphia away in the opening heat of their ten-round go. A smashing left to Ritchie's body broke three ribs. The boys are welters.

Archie Archibald, Hobbs middleweight, was knocked out in the opening round of his semi-final bout with Eddie Cerda.

Remember, the writer has a list of active promoters out here in the mountain region that you can have for a thin dime. I will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the beak-spearing business out this way. Be sure to inclose postage for reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—One of the greatest amateur boxing tournaments ever staged in the Queen City of the Middle West, from a standpoint of thrilling, sensational, hard-fought battles, came to a climax after three days of savage competition. The cream of fighters from Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri fought for honors in this gigantic event. The show was sponsored by the American Legion and although it was not a financial success, it was the greatest fistic show ever staged in Wichita. Winners in Class A: Heavyweight, Alonzo Mills; light-heavyweight, G. Middleton; middleweight, Red Hall; welterweight, Cocky Webb; lightweight, Carl Parks; featherweight, Ray Smith; bantamweight, no entries; flyweight, Jimmy McLean. Class B: Light-heavyweight, Jack Jarvis; middleweight, Tuffy Caywood; lightweight, Clay Cerday; featherweight, Doug Richardson; bantamweight, Jim Cikathy; flyweight, Bobby Anderson.

Harry Ortmeyer, a congenial Wichita sportsman, directed the tournament assisted by the competent Frank Sullivan. And ever-willing Jack Slattery did a mighty splendid job at matchmaking, the reason for the great fights witnessed in this tournament. Jack is a keen observer in the boxing game and really knows the ability of most all the boxers in the Middle West. Three referees handled the job in great style.

We missed Les Showers at this big show. He is touring in the South at the present time, and we are hoping to have him in Wichita this fall or next spring to direct a show. And for the first time, Frank Gilleece missed this annual event owing to being confined from illness.

Salina, Kansas—The American Legion staged the amateur state boxing tournament and it was a real success with big crowds attending each night. Kit Carson of McPherson and Johnny Apt of Salina directed the tourney. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the boxing commission, in a letter to me, states the organization and the directors conducted the show in an exceptionally fine manner.

Winners in Class A: Heavyweight, Babe McCurdy; light-heavyweight, Harold Lowe; middleweight, Claude Brown; welterweight, Max Keshick; lightweight, Don (Red) Matthes; featherweight, Ray Smith; bantamweight, Jerry Godsey; flyweight, Jackie Linnens. Class B: heavyweight, Oscar Rosebrook; light-heavyweight, John Georges; middleweight, Ray Vargas; welterweight, Bert Scott; lightweight, Manuel Gonzales; featherweight, Jean DeBaun; bantamweight, Berdine Adams; flyweight, Bobby Anderson.

Croweburg, Kans.—Billy Atkinson and Steve Salina continue putting on weekly amateur fight shows in this little hamlet and seem to be getting over as they are giving the fans some great fights and have some real fighting talent in that section.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger will start the fight game in this thriving little metropolis in the next few weeks. Boxers from the surrounding territory will be brought in to meet boxers at the C.C.C. camp which is located at the edge of the city, with an outdoor arena situated in a ravine making an ideal spot for such shows. Earl Bartholomew has just accepted a position at the C.C.C. camp to whip the boxers into shape and condition them for the summer campaign.

Kansas City, Mo.—Pat Kissinger defeated Bus Breese in a ten-round headliner. The Irishman was out in front most of the way. John Gordon beat Elmer Carson in six. Babe Breese knocked out John Donohu in four. Carl Akers beat Chuck Gulloti in six. Bud Lasnak beat Karl Lautenschlager in four rounds. About three thousand spectators witnessed the show.

Lawrence, Kans.—Frank Carmondy is the new athletic director at the Haskell Indian Institute. He has Jimmy Report for boxing instructor and they are really doing a capable job in athletics. They have one of the best amateur boxing teams in the Middle West. They are showing in most of the amateur tournaments in Kansas and Missouri. They made a fine showing in the Topeka, Wichita and Kansas City tournaments.

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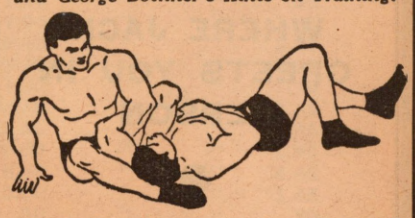

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS

By STANLEY R. PRING

AMBROSE PALMER, retired heavyweight champion of Australia, returned to the ring at Invercargill, N. Z., to defeat Roy de Gans, who retired in the fifth round with a badly damaged eye. Whether it is the beginning of a comeback campaign, or to enhance his popularity with boxing fans in New Zealand it is not yet known here. Palmer is by no means "through." His defeat by Leo Kelly last year was principally due to his being in a run-down condition over domestic worries. Palmer's retirement was a setback to Australian boxing for at that time he was in his prime. Billy Ahearne, who managed Palmer in England, said he considers that in proper training and condition, Palmer would reverse the decision if he met Kelly again. Ahearne says Palmer is one of the best light-heavyweights in the world today. He considers John Henry Lewis the only light-heavy likely to defeat Palmer at his top.

Cyril Pluto, western Australian boxer, is on his way to England. He is a free-lancer and should do well.

Tod Morgan, who held the world junior lightweight title for four years, and who has been in Australia for some time, was matched to fight Mickey Leonard at Broken Hill, N. S. W. Morgan retired after being defeated on points by Saverio Turiello at Sydney Stadium in February last year and for some months past has been boxing promoter at Wollongong (N. S. W.) Stadium. Morgan says he is making a comeback, but even if, as expected, he wins this bout, he should not hope to regain his form of former years. In training at present he weighs on ten-stone level.

Leo Kelly, at West Melbourne Stadium, gained a technical K.O. decision over Jack Wilson, young Victorian middleweight champion. Wilson had a string of K.O. victories to his credit, but was overmatched when his manager signed to meet the heavier, more experienced Negro. The fight was uninteresting, with Kelly increasing his points lead until the eleventh round when Referee Jack Carroll stopped the contest and declared Kelly the winner. Kelly weighed 11.13 and Wilson 11.8. Wilson has a heavy punch in either hand and is game. Incidentally, it was Kelly's second appearance in Melbourne, the first being in a drawn contest with Maxie Rosenbloom last August.

Hughie Mehegan fell from a horse last week and injured his arm. It was unfortunate, because he recently defeated Jack Roberts of Newcastle for the Australian junior welterweight title and the national belt presented by Jock Arnold, well-known sportsman of Newcastle. Hughie Dwyer, manager of Newcastle Stadium, said he expects Mehegan's injury will keep him out of the ring for at least two or three months.

Mickey Miller, bantam and featherweight champion of Australia, is sighing for new foes. His latest victory was a substantial points decision over Max Richards (8.10) at Brisbane Stadium.

Jack Carroll said that if he defeated Jimmy Leto, it could be taken for granted he would visit America and challenge Barney Ross for his world title. Offers have been made for Carroll's services but he said he would accept none until he saw how he fared against Leto. Leto will most likely fight a return contest with Carroll in Melbourne.

Charlie Lucas' boxing program at Sydney Sports Ground was marred by unfavorable weather. Bill Pluto, West Australian, outpointed Jimmy Purcell in fifteen rounds. Harald Baker was the referee. Pluto was more aggressive, and showed that he is much improved. Dick Humphreys, N. S. W. welter, outpointed Jack McNamee, Victorian champion, fifteen rounds. *The Referee* boxing editor, Jim Donald, said: "Humphreys won by more points than a porcupine." The sparkling contest of the evening was a fifteen-rounder between Terry Reilly (10.13¾) and Herb Bishop (10.13¾). Reilly floored Bishop in the first round but not for the full count. Bishop scored with left hooks and rips in the second round. The contest was willing, exciting and at times a K.O. was anticipated, first for Reilly then for Bishop. Bishop, however, after frequent toe-to-toe rallies, emerged the winner on points.

Latest news about Sydney Stadium is that Stadiums, Limited, of Melbourne will probably take control. The largest boxing organization in Australia, Stadiums, Ltd., in the past have been content to lease their stadiums. Considering their connections, they have done little promoting and actually have not contributed to any extent to the advancement of boxing in this country. That is a pity. When they take over Sydney Stadium, it is expected they will take an active part in promoting contests and importing attractive boxers. Such a plan of action is wise and should invoke new blood and spirit into the now comparatively inert body of Australian boxing. New arrivals would be seen in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane.

George Simpson, American heavyweight boxer, was married to an attractive Australian girl in Sydney early in February. Simpson is beginning light training and expects to have his first contest after his spell with Young Campbell at Newcastle Stadium.

Sydney Stadium management presented another boxing program last month. Leo Kelly outpointed Ron Richards, Australian middleweight and heavyweight champion, over fifteen rounds. In two previous contests Richards outpointed Kelly. On this occasion they met over three-minute rounds at catch weights. Kelly weighed 11.13 and Richards, 11.7. It was a solid, stubborn battle in which Kelly well earned the decision given him by Referee Joe Wallis.

Ron Richards, in his dressing room after the contest, was alleged by a Sydney daily newspaper to have said, "I have fought my last fight, and I intend going up to Cairns, Queensland, with my manager, to settle down on a sugar plantation. We have a small holding up there." However, next day Richards expressed the desire to box Kelly again, and it may be taken for granted that the Australian double title-holder will make his presence in the ring felt again.

Alf Blatch, Australian lightweight champion, has commenced light work in preparation for his contest with Charlie Gomer at Sydney Sports Ground. Gomer is expected to arrive in Sydney during April and will have his first contest a fortnight after landing.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

FOR the first time in local fistic history, rival promoters and managers put their heads together and organized a fighting fraternity called the Territorial Boxing Association. It is headed by Mark Choo as president; Charlie Miller, vice-president; and Sam Ichinose, secretary. The aim is to help helpless boxers whose careers have ended and are in a bad way with Lady Luck.

The fighters will be classified into three divisions and they will be used throughout the territory under the association banner. Each island is represented with a contact man.

Pro boxing is definitely on a comeback, as witnessed by the new arrivals of fistic talent from the States. Among them were Jackie Jurich, a promising bantamweight in California; Tommy Cobb, Manuel DiSopa, Al Ontiveros, Roay Rameriz and Tootsie Tousint. The boys are managed by Emory McLaughlin and trained by Mackay Wright.

Honolulu—A large crowd saw Star Frisco cop an easy decision over our bantamweight champion, Adolph Samuels, in an eight-rounder at the Civic Auditorium. Ben Ahekuelo made his professional debut with an easy victory over Tetsu Yamaoka of Japan in the semi-windup. Ben sent Yamaoka to the floor for an eight-count in the fifth with a crashing right. Hilo Francisco T.K.O.'ed Toy Tamanaha in one round. Kid Waianae won from Joseph Chir. Charley Higa decisioned Young Basillio and Sonny Lebaste fought a draw with Federico.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO, Cuba's lightweight champion, earned the decision in his fifteen-round title bout against Chocolate Pinareno. Both southpaws supplied plenty of fireworks, and the announcer's "Winner and still champion" met with great applause.

Mariano Arilla, Spanish bantam, had little trouble defeating Red Hutchinson from the U.S.A. Kid Pintado, bantamweight, won over Kid Rapidez.

Ramon Rebollar, Cuban lightweight, won from Panchon Martinez in a fast battle at the Cristal Arena. Felipe Ortiz and Baby Chichi drew in the opener.

Red Hutchinson defeated Juancito Alvarez at Camaguey, and Kid Bururu beat Nicolas Lauces.

Joe Corona of Mexico is having good results with his promotion of wrestling. He is always trying to put on interesting bouts to satisfy the customers.

WRESTLING RESULTS—Felipe Romano of Mexico defeated the Ethiopian Panther; Jackson Hagen of Wyoming beat Al Szasz of Hungary; Gabino Camino of Spain won over Dorsetti of Italy; Tarzan Rodriguez of Cuba defeated Luis Pino, also of Cuba; the Ethiopian Panther won from Gabino Camino of Spain.

Geraldo Hierro, Cuban matman, looked great when he won from Dorsetti of Italy. Al Szasz of Hungary beat Walda, and Felipe Romano of Mexico won from Jack Hagen of Wyoming.

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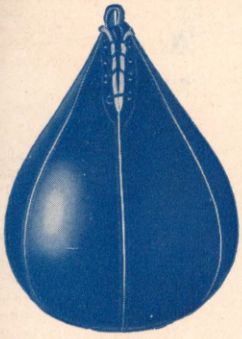

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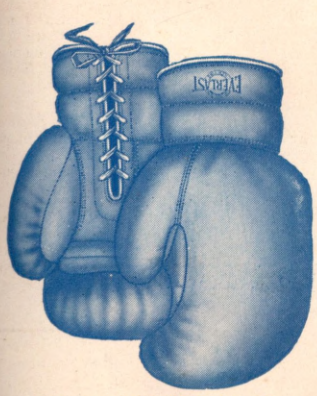

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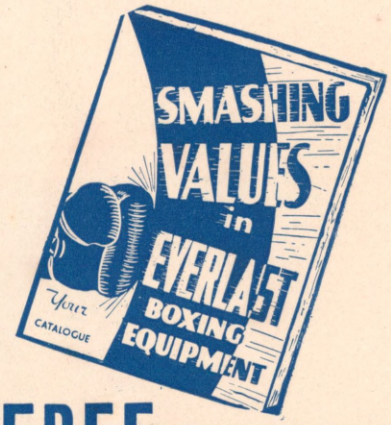

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